

July 15, 1959

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9d



How lovely you look tomorrow...



depends on how well you clean
your face tonight... and cleansing means more
than just soap and water!



Quick, refreshing — each night it takes only 3 minutes for a luxurious deep-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a glorious fresh-clean feeling for your skin — keeps you at your loveliest for the fashions you'll wear tomorrow.

Hat by courtesy of William Beale, Melbourne.

Tonight—see and feel how POND'S COLD CREAM
cleanses completely—whisks out dirt and make-up.

Did you know?

- Modern make-up is designed to *stay on*. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap.

What do you do?

- You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one *sure* way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Cleans Deeper

- Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean — refreshed.



Tubes 2/9, jars 4/11 and 7/11.

ANOTHER POND'S BEAUTY AID

Now! bring youth-giving moisture to your skin—



with moisturized lanolin in
POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM.

Every day, every year — your skin loses some of its precious oils, and some of the inner moisture of youthful skin.

Even from the age of 19 the first signs show — in tiny lines, crow's feet, flaky patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin. It provides rich lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines... relaxes tautness... sinks deep, helps soften and firm your skin.

Beauty products of Chesebrough-Pond's.

C193

Tubes 2/11, or jars
5/3 and 8/11.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 15, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 1

Our cover

- The nine different varieties of camellias on our cover and the blooms for the lovely camellia arrangements shown in color on pages 40 and 41 are from the Camellia Grove Nursery, St. Ives, N.S.W. Here is a chart identifying the cover varieties:

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (variegated)	CHO CHO SAN	DEBUTANTE
ORCHID PINK	EMPEROR OF RUSSIA	DAITAIRIN
PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM	PUKEKURA	ELEGANS

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The Weekly Round

- All the recipes in the Family Doctor Cookbook are a little different, without being outlandish or expensive, says British cooker expert Evelyn Rose, who prepared them.

MRS. ROSE studied at the Manchester College of Housecraft.

She said: "My family has had to ask for the recipes many times before I considered them good enough to include in the cookbook."

"We home cooks have a big advantage over the restaurant chef. Our customers never leave us."

"So let's make mealtimes and snacks happy family occasions by having a lot more variety and fun with our food."

The Family Doctor comments in the cookbook are by Dr. John Clyde, one of Britain's top nutrition experts.

JAZZ-LOVER Charles Chirnside was enthralled by the native music he heard during his 18 months in Africa (story, pages 8, 9). He was impressed particularly by the Wakamba tribe.

He told us: "There is a terrific beat in their music. Of course jazz originated in Africa."

"Their dancing is fabulous too. They get so worked up they froth at the mouth. They begin learning to dance when they are toddlers."

THE shells used by Mrs. John Halls for her pretty hat (page 11) came from beaches all round Western Australia coastline.

She found some on the sheltered beaches of Flinders Bay by Cape Leeuwin lighthouse on the far south-west coast.

Her husband collected other along the Eighty Mile Beach between Port Hedland and Broome in the far north-west.

WE received so many interesting letters when we asked readers their opinions on a controversial article, "Love and Marriage Don't Mix" that we are awarding £2/2 for each letter published on pages 28, 29.

NEXT WEEK

- All the questions you'd like to ask about flower arranging are answered in an eight-page pull-out section in our next issue. Written by floral art expert Miss Margaret O'Brien, a New Zealander, the section is illustrated with glowing color pictures.

Third baby for Princess Grace?

An exclusive interview with Prince Rainier of Monaco about his children and the special problems of royal parents.

● If Princess Grace of Monaco has a third baby towards the end of the year, the happiness of the Rainiers will be trebled. Both Princess Grace and Prince Rainier adore their children, as is evident in this exclusive interview.

ROYAL parents face the same minor day-by-day explosions as anyone else while raising their children.

This surprising fact was brought home strongly to me as I sat in a hotel suite listening to a proud young father tell a story about his two youngsters.

The father was His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III, sovereign ruler of Monaco, and he was revealing in an exclusive interview intimate glimpses of family life behind the cinnamon-pink walls of his 200-room royal palace.

"One morning," the Prince was saying, "the little boy lay in his crib playing with a new toy I had bought for him. In a little while the little girl toddled over, and, intrigued by the thing, demanded that he hand it over."

"Now she had just got something like it, but, of course, that didn't mean anything. She wanted his."

"Naturally, the boy refused. So the little girl did what any two-year-old might be driven to under similarly frustrating circumstances. She gave him a good slap."

"The little boy instantly set up a wail which brought his parents on the run. We comforted the baby, then let his sister know we take a dim view of such behaviour."

In a few minutes, the Prince concluded, peace was restored, and he who got slapped — His Highness Prince Albert Alexandre Louis Pierre, Marquis des Baux, heir to the ancient throne of Monaco — was all gurgles once again.

His sister, the golden Princess Caroline, played happily across the room. And the parents, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, had successfully weathered another family incident.

During my long talk with the Prince of Monaco, I learned:

● That princes, too, can have those heart-stopping moments

by
LESTER DAVID

when someone rushes in with the cry: "The child has been hurt!"

● That royal children can toss temper tantrums and royal parents must figure out their own ways of handling these crises.

● That sovereigns also remember with photographic clarity the dramatic seconds when a child walked unaided for the first time.

We spoke in a New York hotel suite while their Serene Highnesses were vacationing in America.

At close range the Prince

appears younger than his photographs, his face leaner, and his features more cleanly etched. When he sheds his in-public dignity he relaxes on a couch, chats easily, and smiles often.

He speaks British-accented English, but sometimes, when he gropes for the right phrase, he slides into French, then translates.

Like most fathers, the Prince was perfectly willing to talk endlessly about his children. It seems there was a lot to tell.

Blonde Princess Caroline turned two at the end of January and fuzzy-haired Prince Albert was a year old in March. "Are they very much alike?" I asked the Prince.

"Oh, no," he replied. "They are completely different in temperament and personality."

"Caroline is always alert and bubbling. She's constantly on the go. In fact, she is already an outrageous flirt, thoroughly feminine in her ways."

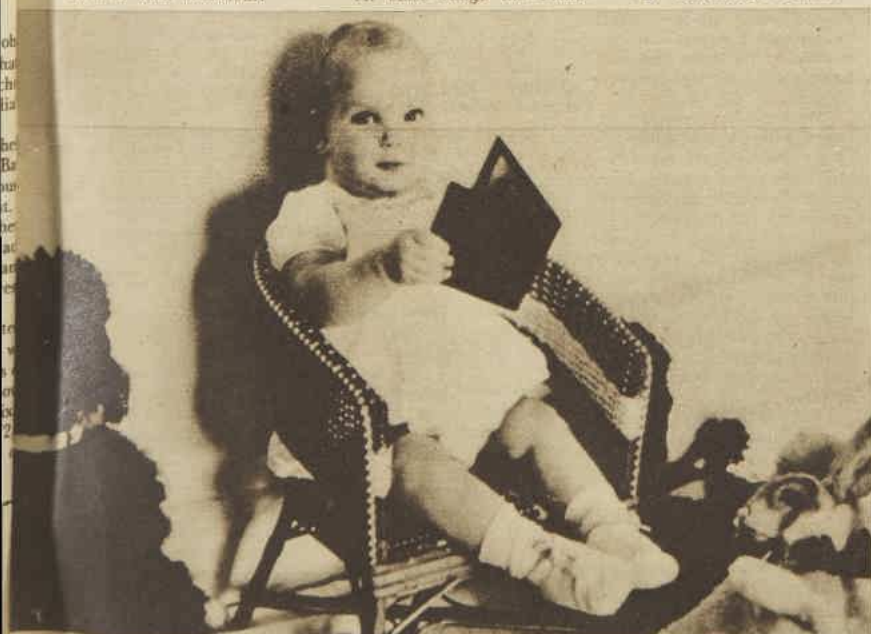
"She is learning to speak in two languages at the same time, picking up phrases in French as well as English. She started with 'how do you do?' and 'au revoir', and then there is 'bye bye.'"

"We haven't quite figured out if that's English or French, but no matter. It loses nothing in the translation."

● Continued overleaf



MONACO'S ROYAL COUPLE with their first child, Princess Caroline, soon after her birth on January 23, 1957. Rainier said: "My first emotion was numbness . . . then great responsibility for this tiny human being."



CROWN PRINCE ALBERT II, of Monaco, when he celebrated his first birthday on March 14 this year. "We're certain he'll grow up to have a tranquil disposition and a quiet character," says Prince Rainier.



PRINCESS CAROLINE. "She's bouncy and sparkling," says her father, "altogether different from the baby." The Rainiers have the problem, familiar to many parents, of the elder child's jealousy of "the baby."

Princess Caroline—"jealous"



CHUCKLING MERRILY, Princess Caroline is nursed by her father. "She's an outrageous flirt," says Prince Rainier fondly.

CHARMING study of Princess Grace and Caroline. These pictures and the color portrait on page 3 by Howell Conant, of New York.

"CAROLINE is altogether different from the boy," said the Prince. "She's bouncy and sparkling, while he's the philosophical type. He will sit for a long time and regard you gravely. We're certain he'll grow up to have a tranquil disposition and a quiet character."

"Is there much rivalry between the two?" I asked. "Do they battle a good deal?"

"The little girl loves her baby brother," the Prince answered. "She hovers over him a good deal, kisses him, plays with him, and makes him laugh. Very often she will stop what she is doing and walk over to his crib just to pat him. But Princess Grace and I have noticed that every now and then those little loving pats can become slaps if we aren't watchful!"

"Of course, it's perfectly normal jealousy and Caroline is so transparent about it. If I make a fuss about the baby, Caroline will take my hand firmly and lead me over to the other side of the room and earnestly start to show me her teddy bear."

"When I bring toys for them, there is always one for

each. But every now and then Caroline marches over and tries to appropriate Albert's, even when it was a teething-ring."

"However, I'm rather confident that this will not be a permanent state of affairs. Within a year or so at most Albert will be big enough to put up a spirited battle in defence of his property rights if need be, and Caroline's little forays are going to end."

I asked His Highness how much time he and Grace spend with their children. His answer: "Just as much as we possibly can."

"I heartily disapprove of the upper-class European practice which relegates children to an upstairs nursery for most of the time in the care of a 'nanny'."

"Actually, such children do all their growing up with nannies instead of parents. The result is that children and their mothers and fathers become virtual strangers."

The Monaco Royal Family lives about eight months of the year in a private apartment within the palace. Added on to the apartment are several rooms which comprise the children's nursery.

The main nursery room is an immense chamber about 20 feet by 40 feet, high-

Continuing — MONACO'S ROYAL CHILDREN

from page 3

ceilinged, light, wonderfully airy. It's all done in primrose-yellow and white, with white wicker furniture and sliding glass doors which open on a terrace. From there the family can descend a flight of steps into the garden.

Each child has a nurse—Albert's is Swiss, Margaret Stahl, formerly Caroline's; Caroline's is British. Attached to the main chamber are a nurse's room, kitchenette, and a large dressing-room lined with closets and drawers for the children's things.

Princess Caroline is constantly puttering about with her collection of dolls and stuffed animals, and she is especially fond of flowers. She picks these herself from the palace gardens and she's rarely without a bloom of some kind in her tiny hand.

Another big favorite with the Princess is her pony cart, which is kept at a villa Prince Rainier built in France about 30 minutes by car from Monaco. Caroline loves to be taken on rides along the paths nearby.

Both the little Prince and Princess sleep in the large

nursery chamber, which can be divided into separate rooms by sliding screens. Prince Rainier plays with the children in the morning after breakfast, then joins them in the garden following their afternoon naps. He's with them once again in the evening before their bedtime.

Princess Grace is always about them, though she has her own busy schedule, which includes attendance at many official events, supervision and planning of frequent palace functions such as dinners of state, and answering voluminous correspondence. As mistress of the huge royal residence, she must see that it operates smoothly and economically.

One wish

Rainier and Grace agree on all major problems of child-raising, especially on the grave question of safeguarding their two youngsters from the abnormal stresses which their public positions can create and at the same time imbuing them with their responsibilities.

"We both have one deeply rooted wish for our children," Prince Rainier told me. "We pray that they become fine, decent human beings, able to serve their fellow men."

"On the question of schooling, perhaps the boy will attend an excellent preparatory school in Switzerland, where he will be in contact with other lads his age. But since he's only 15 months old, there's still time to make that decision."

That Prince Rainier is adept around infants and toddlers is evidenced by the following:

● He has helped diaper both Caroline and Albert.

THE CARESS that might become a slap. Princess Caroline reaches out to her baby brother, held by his Swiss nurse, Margaret Stahl.

● He has, on occasion, given both children their bottles and burped them. ("Caroline has a good appetite, but that boy! He eats like a vacuum-cleaner!")

● He has firmly and capably handled those rare occasions when Princess Caroline gives her parents a rough time by throwing a temper tantrum.

"It became quite plain that the more attention she got the more she was like'y to carry on. So we ignore them. It's remarkable how well this works."

How about those frightening moments which occur in all families, the ones which make a parent's heart skip beats?

This incident happened not long ago: "Princess Caroline was walking in the grounds of our villa above Monaco," the Prince recalled, "her left hand held by a nursemaid. Suddenly she stumbled and pitched forward. To keep the little girl from striking the ground, the maid pulled her upright by the hand she was grasping. In her anxiety to prevent a bad fall the woman apparently yanked too hard. Caroline cried out in pain and clutched her shoulder. Her right arm dangled uselessly at her side."

"I picked up Caroline, put her in a car with Princess Grace, got behind the wheel myself, and rushed down to the office of an X-ray specialist in Monaco, a short distance away."

"We all gathered around, wondering and worrying, as the doctor sat Caroline down and produced several brightly colored picture books. The little girl stared at them—then stretched out both arms and took the books! Her tears vanished and she was soon engrossed in the pictures."

"It proved there was nothing wrong—a pulled muscle at worst. Everyone breathed easier, and then the father collapsed!"

But there were shining, memorable moments, too—that first walking step, for example.

Prince Rainier recalled the day:

"Caroline was 11 months

old, and it was Christmas-time. For many weeks she had been able to pull herself upright and get around by holding on to things. On this day, I held her—and all at once she took off."

"She walked, very wobbly, but all by herself, to her mother across the room. It seemed like ages, but she finally made it."

"It was a moving experience. There was anxiety, pride, and a little sadness, too, because Grace and I realised right then that she was growing out of the baby stage."

"Incidentally, she walked for only a day or two. She's been running ever since!"

He was numb

I was interested in learning what had gone through the Prince's mind when his first child was born—what his initial reactions were to the realisation that he was a father.

"Oddly enough," he told me, "there was no special emotion that I could recall, except one of numbness. It was later, when the excitement had settled, that the reaction came. The knowledge that the responsibility for a little human being rests in your hands is a sobering one, and thus my first real emotion was one of anxiety, coupled with a hope that I would discharge that grave responsibility well."

Does the Prince have any special ideas on child-rearing? Would he, for example, follow the child-care books?

Surprisingly, he would not. He has, like many fathers, dipped into the manuals, but relies mainly on his own parental instincts.

"Too many parents seem to mistrust their natural feelings," he said, "and are allowing the books to do their thinking for them."

It was time to go. As I got up, the Prince explained that while he was having a fine time vacationing he was eager to return to Caroline and Albert.

And every father who has ever gone off with his wife on a trip will know what he meant.

He missed the kids back home.



A new way of living

HOME UNITS ARE IN THE BOOM

● Next week we announce a fascinating contest in which the prize is a magnificent two-bedroom home unit, in Sydney, valued at £7500.

● This informative article discusses the advantages claimed for home-unit living.

EVERY day more Sydneysiders are becoming home-owners of a new type, in a new-style £5,000,000 building boom which is creating a quite new way of living.

They are the home-unit dwellers.

They argue: "A man on his own can't buy much with a £1 note, but when £1 each is pooled by fifty men the money gains real purchasing strength."

This young couple can now live in a £4000 home unit, built on land which cost £10,000 and higher, which they couldn't possibly afford on their own.

They can buy into a building with a view, have up-to-date amenities which reduce the cost of furnishing to a minimum, and live within a short distance of the city, saving time and money.

The appointments in many of the buildings include sound-proof walls and ceiling, television aerials, washing and drying machines in laundries, garbage disposal, cleaning and caretaking services, garaging, landscaped gardens, and often a swimming-pool.

There are now more than 160 blocks of home units under construction in the Sydney metropolitan area, and about 6000 home-unit dwellers.

They pay anything from about £2500 for a unit up to £25,000 for penthouses.

Maintenance charges on the

majority of home units are from 30/- to £3/10/- a week.

This usually covers all expenses, from a sinking fund to meet repairs, rates, insurance, cleaning, and gardening charges to the fee paid to a managing agent or secretary.

Home-unit owners are mostly people who like to own their homes without doing garden chores, or confirmed flat-dwellers who just can't find a flat.

A former Sydney business-woman, who loved living in a flat, recently decided to buy a £5000 home unit in a large, well-appointed, former block of flats at Potts Point.

By
MARY COLES,
staff reporter

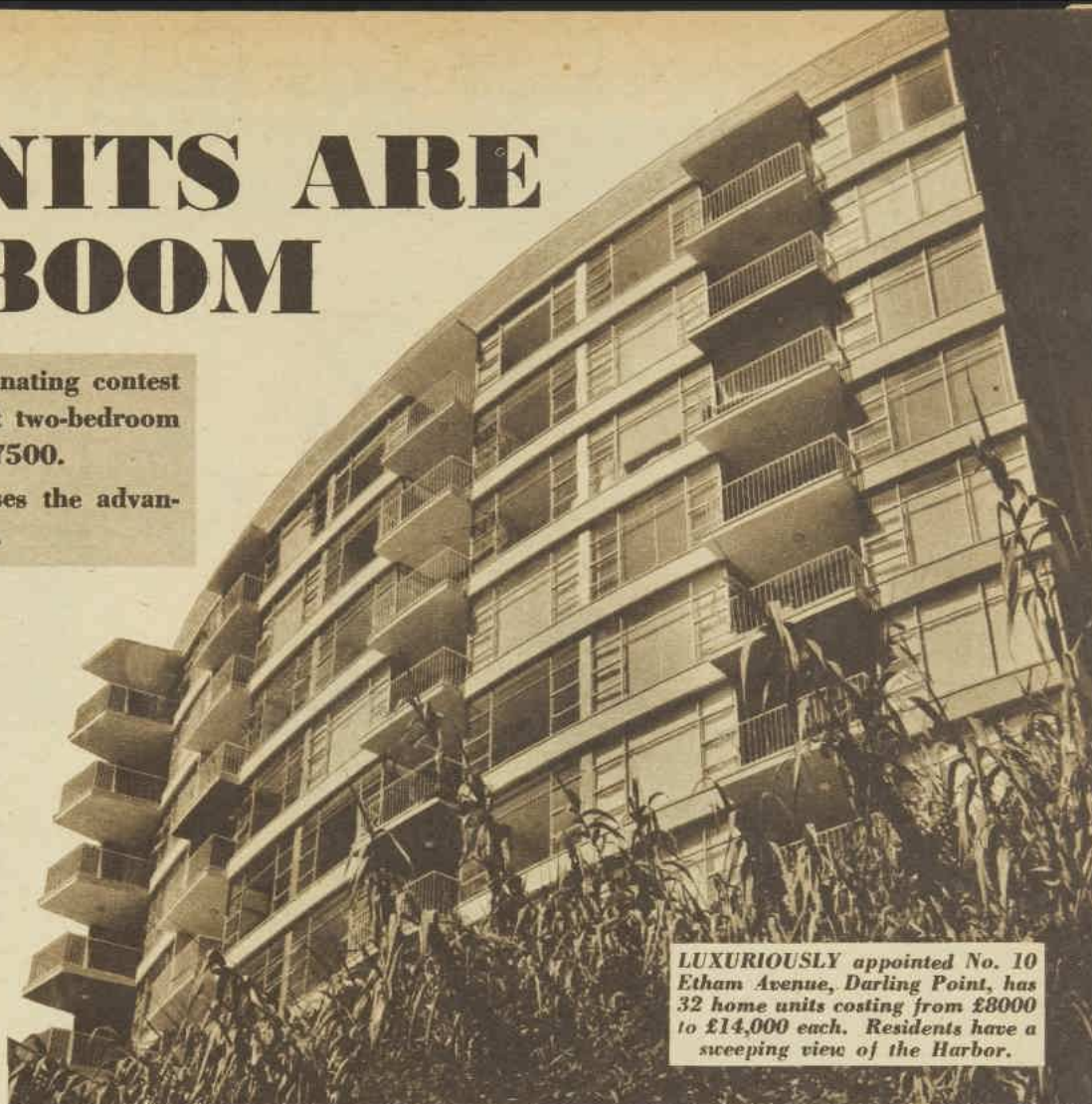
She pays £2/16/9 a week maintenance; but says her two-bedroom unit, which has a panoramic view of the city and harbor, would be reasonably priced at £15/15/- a week, if let as a flat.

She points out that the unit really costs her the equivalent of £7/16/9 a week.

"If I had put the £5000 into gilt-edged stock exchange shares at five per cent. per annum, it would yield me £5 a week interest," she explained.

"Mentally linking this £5 a week with the £2/16/9 maintenance costs equals paying a rental of £7/16/9 a week—quite a lot less than £15/15/-—with my capital there to be reclaimed, if I should ever want to sell the unit."

The views of former house-and-garden owners who have been won over to home-unit living are expressed by a middle-income young couple,



LUXURIOUSLY appointed No. 10 Etham Avenue, Darling Point, has 32 home units costing from £8000 to £14,000 each. Residents have a sweeping view of the Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Goldfinch, of Kirribilli.

"When we were married eight years ago I kept my job for four years so we could save and build our own home on land we bought at Middle Cove," Mrs. Goldfinch said.

"But after we settled in our dream house we found we were its prisoners."

"The gardening was never ending. Instead of visiting friends or going to the beach, we had to stay at home and slave in the garden."

"There was always money spent on upkeep, too."

"In the end we decided it wasn't worth it. Six months ago we sold the house and bought this home unit."

They have a garden setting with a sweeping view of the harbor in a new block of eight

home units which sold at prices ranging from £4250 to £5750.

A garage was included with each unit.

The Goldfinches pay a maintenance of £2 a week.

Apart from a big reduction in capital expenditure, they find their expenses are less.

"At Middle Cove we paid about 22/- a week rates, plus

ing shares to equal their financial stake.

The shares, which give right of residence in a home unit, can be bequeathed to a relative or friend, or transferred to another by sale. There is also provision for letting to a tenant.

For the protection of all unit owners in the building, a new owner who buys a unit from a previous owner must be approved by an elected Board, consisting of owners of units in the building.

A beneficiary who becomes the owner of a home unit must also be approved, and so must any tenant.

As companies, the various blocks of home units are conducted along lines framed by the occupants, who draw up their own code of regulations.

Prospective buyers should pay close attention to the Articles of Association of the home-unit companies.

Any doubts about their rights and responsibilities as

shareholders in a particular project should be cleared up with the help of a solicitor before making a purchase.

At present, ownership of a home unit does not involve a title to the property because the unit is, in fact, only a part of the property.

But the N.S.W. Government, realising that home units are now an established method of home purchase, is preparing a bill which will give a "stratified" title to home units.

Holding a "stratified" title means that the purchaser owns the unit to a depth of half the outside walls, half the floor and half the ceiling. Owners of units above, below, and adjoining that unit own the other halves.

Ownership of the unit will thus be able to be registered with the Registrar-General just like a house.

When these arrangements become law, people will be able to borrow money from banks, etc., to buy units on terms similar to those now available to purchasers of houses.

Cheaper living

insurance and repairs on our house, valued at £8000.

"If we had not done our own gardening, just having the lawns cut would have been another £1 a week."

"Fares used to cost 1/7 for a 25 minutes' trip to town."

"Here we are only seven minutes away by ferry (the fare is 1/-)."

"But the thing we love most is being able to afford a waterfront view."

"At night it's like fairyland."

Most blocks of home units function as companies, with individual unit owners hold-

BELTANA, at Mosman, has ten home units. Maintenance is about £2 a week per unit.

BREAKFASTING in their home-unit dining bar are Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Goldfinch.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1959

Page 5

DISCOVERY! DISCOVERY!



Modess *because*

More and more women are turning to Modess with SUPER SOFT MASSLINN COVER.

The luxurious softness of Masslinn plus all the other fine features of Modess . . . the full length safety shield, extra absorbency and side strips inside the cover mean new comfort with complete assurance at all times at no extra cost.



Modess Masslinn® in the Green Pack . . . Modess® Gauze cover also available in the Blue Pack.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

Happy reunion on Royal train

From ANNE MATHESON, in Canada on the Royal tour

● The moment when Canada's Royal train set off from Ottawa for a whistle-stop tour became a friendly reunion.

THERE to receive the Queen and make her comfortable were all the staff who had looked after her when, as Princess Elizabeth, she did a coast-to-coast tour with the Duke in 1951.

Porter Percy Corvin, who brings the Queen's breakfast, had put off his retirement to serve the Queen once more and to keep the pretty Royal apartments as immaculate as the Queen's own suite in Buckingham Palace.

Corvin has attended every member of the Royal Family since King George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth crossed Canada by train in 1939.

Steward Wilfred Notley was planting out the mint in his garden when summoned to duty on the Royal train.

He ported two of the mint roots and brought them with him to add a little relish to some Royal dishes.

Chef Jack Pelletier, a French-Canadian, brought his whole repertoire of new dishes.

Each morning he presents the Queen with menus for the day—two for each meal from which she makes her choice.

Chef Pelletier's kitchen hasn't a modern gadget. And that's the way he likes it.

A fuel store

A heavy, fuel-burning range, blacklead, and with the Royal coat-of-arms gleaming beneath the cooking pots, dominates the train kitchen.

Above are heavy copper cooking pots, so heavy no housewife could possibly handle them.

A special staff board the train at intervals along the route to clean and polish this kitchen.

Ice for the Royal coaches is trundled in enormous blocks and loaded into old-fashioned icechests.

First member of the

Queen's staff to arrive on the Royal train was her maid, Miss Margaret ("Bobo") Macdonald. She brought with her the ironing-board which was installed in the tiny ironing-room. The wide old-fashioned board was banished to porter Corvin's working cupboard.

"Bobo's" ironing-board is now quite famous, for it has travelled many thousands of miles on the Queen's tours and State visits.

On it "Bobo" presses three dresses for each occasion, and has them ready for the Queen, with one eye on the weather.

Three hatstands on the cabinet in the Queen's bedroom support hats for each dress, and tucked into a corner of the minute bathroom is the new hair-dryer, rushed at the last minute to replace the Queen's, which was broken in transit to the train.

Shampoo and set

Hairdresser Henry Joerin washes the Queen's hair in the basin before setting it and putting her under the dryer between whistle-stops.

There is only one other bathroom on the train. It is used by the Queen's lady-in-waiting, Countess Euston, and by "Bobo"—a measure of the esteem in which "Bobo" is held.

In the next carriage to the Royal coaches Lady Alice Egerton and the rest of the Queen's staff live in a carriage named "Thunder Bay," with a communal shower-room.

Here is the Privy Purse office and a tiny Royal post office, which handles all the official mail as well as mail for the rest of the train travellers.

The Royal Household have their own dining-room and kitchen, presided over by Dick Dechene, 59-year-old car at-



SMILING HAPPILY, the Queen and Prince Philip pictured on a visit to a miner's home in Quebec. Not all moments have been as happy as this.

tendant, who keeps fit by cycling and is an "oldest competitor" in amateur cycling events.

Beyond the buffer coach—which separates the Queen's coaches from those accommodating the tour officials, top security men of the Royal Canadian Police, and 57 Press people—life is hectic.

Here there is a bar, dining-room, and single roomettes which double as sleeping compartments and day-rooms for working.

The problem of laundry—always trying when travelling over such great distances—is for the time being resolved, and the Press end of the train was festooned with drip-dry shirts and dresses within minutes of pulling out of Ottawa.

Dumbbells, too

The newly built "Thunder Bay" has every gadget from walkie-talkie to dumbbells for the Royal detectives to do their "daily dozen."

As the Royal train travels by the green farmlands dotted with bundles of hay and small beflagged towns, the Queen and Prince Philip wave from an observation platform at the rear of the train.

They left the train at 18 different towns along the route, including Stratford, Ontario, where they visited the Shakespearean Festival Theatre for a performance of "As You Like It."

While the Royal train is doing sterling service, it was the engine-room of the Royal yacht Britannia which came to the rescue when there was a Royal dress crisis.



THE QUEEN accepts a moose-skin beaded jacket from an Indian Chief in Schefferville, Quebec.

WHERE TO SEE LUCILLE RIVERS

David Jones, August 3-8:

● 2.30 p.m. on the Fifth Floor, Market Street store. Tickets are 2/6 each, available in the fabric department, first floor, Elizabeth St. store, from July 20.

Miss Rivers will answer sewing queries in the fabric dept. at 10 a.m. each day, including Saturday.

She will give additional dressmaking advice on TCN, Channel 9, daily between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m.

It was bad luck

● The Queen's Canadian visit has been dogged by bad luck almost from the beginning in Newfoundland on June 18.

In the first week criticism marred the tour and there has since been one mishap after another.

● A magazine writer and a TV star caused controversy by claiming Canadians were indifferent to the Queen.

● A Montreal City Councillor threatened to boycott the city's lavish £A44,650 Royal ball because "it is not pleasant for me to be drinking champagne and eating pheasant when the city is laying off workers."

● The Royal yacht Britannia was involved in three scrapes—once, with the Duke at the helm.

● At Montreal's extravagant Royal ball the Queen and Prince Philip stayed only

half an hour because the 1900 guests became an "unruly mob."

● Because of heavy fog the Queen arrived three and a half hours late for the St. Lawrence Seaway opening.

● Obvious mistakes in the Queen's speech on her arrival in Toronto brought laughter from a crowd of 5000 shirt-sleeved citizens.

● Prince Philip's outspoken speech on Canada's health standards was interpreted by some as tactlessness.

● During a traditional military ceremony at the races in Toronto the Queen was shaken when Mounties pulled up their horses sharply and she was pitched forward in her landau.

CALL OF THE HUNTER

● Charles Chirnside, 20-year-old big game hunter whose ancestors were pioneers in Victoria, wears two bracelets of knotted elephant hair on his left wrist. He will wear them for the rest of his life.

CHARLES believes a superstition among hunters in Africa that the bracelets bring good luck—provided that once put on they are never removed.

Superstition? "Once, after a Kenya safari, I took off one and gave it to a friend," said Charles. "Within 48 hours I was booked for two driving offences and went down with malaria."

But Charles, who spent 18 months in Africa and whose great-uncle Thomas Chirnside hunted most of his life in the same area at the beginning of the century, brought back to Melbourne more than the superstitions he admits to.

His luggage consists mostly of lion, leopard, and buffalo skins, elephant tusks, and elephant feet—made into cocktail trays complete with toenails and hair—buffalo-hide shields, spears, and bows and arrows. They were won during long months of safari hardships and not, of course, without some extremely close shaves.

He had been in Kenya only four months when he was sent to Elementita to shoot a lion that had been killing farm stock. "I trailed it for three weeks, during which I saw it three times," he said. "But I was never close enough."

Then one night my tracker, Thiro, and I were waiting silently in the car when the lion loomed up level with the windows. He circled us twice, then headed for the bait—zebra meat—about 40 feet away.

"I whispered to Thiro to switch on the headlights when I called. Slowly, I got out of the car. But I made a noise opening the door and the lion froze. Then he turned and padded back toward us."

"He went right round the car twice before going back to the bait. I followed a little way, then hissed 'Sussa!' (Now!) to Thiro. The poor fellow was a little over-excited and he pulled the starter switch instead."

"The lion spun round and roared. He made a couple of charging bounds, then he leapt. He was about 12ft. in the air when I shot him. He landed on the bonnet of the car."

In one six-month period of Charles' stay, two men were killed and three badly mauled while hunting.

A member of one of Victoria's foremost grazing families, Charles is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chirnside, of "Moorallah," Carranballo. His sister Jane says he has talked of hunting since he was a small boy. She describes him as a crack shot, and remembers him blasting apples yards away when he was hardly big enough to hold the rifle.

Charles took his rifle and cameras to Kenya soon after leaving Geelong Grammar School in 1957. Until then he had shot only rabbits and 'roos. But he bagged a fair selection of the jungle's "Big Five": 2 elephants, 2 rhinoceroses, 1 lion, 1 leopard, and about 50 buffalo.

Charles approached hunting methodically. Before his first safari he learnt to speak Swahili, the art of tracking, the vulnerable points to aim at when shooting various animals, how to do without water, and how to sit in a "hide," silently, without moving for hours.

"The natives weren't sure of me in the beginning because I was rather out of condition and lagged behind a bit on the first few hunts. But when they saw that I could shoot, go without water, and stand without quaking when an elephant appeared, they decided I was okay—or, in their language, 'Bwana' (big sir)."

"My friend Jeff Walker, who comes from Warrnambool (Vic.), is a colossal shot, so he is 'Bwana makuba' (very big sir). Jeff spent about five years in Kenya. He used to take his wife and daughters Marion (aged three) and Deborah (18 months) out on safari to toughen them up."

Charles and Jeff are now sole Australian agents for a Kenya safari firm. They will arrange every detail for anyone who wants a taste of big-game hunting.

That the lion is king of the jungle is a myth, Charles claims. "The elephant is king. And those tales about elephants being clumsy are wrong, too."

"They're probably the daintiest animals in the jungle. They can walk right through a sleeping camp—with pots and pans strewn about—without making the slightest noise. All they leave are footprints—24 inches across."

"And their hearing power is incredible. Once, on the trail of an elephant herd, we had to walk 33 miles in silence, communicating in sign language."

"An elephant ambles along about five or six miles an hour, so trailing them is fairly strenuous. If they didn't halt for a mid-day sleep, trackers wouldn't have a chance of catching up."

When Charles' safari caught up with this herd, they walked within 15ft. of an elephant before, through the thick bush, Charles spotted one of its ears twitching and claimed his second big trophy.

"No, elephants don't dance, nor do they go to any particular spot to die. They may head for water because it is soothing, but that's all. You never find tusks on an elephant's carcass—porcupines eat them."

"But elephants are telepathic. Jim Wilson, a Kenyan hunter, and I proved it. Every herd has its rogues. These are old bull elephants, no longer useful to the herd, and they live apart. Jim and

By
A STAFF REPORTER



● In the path of a charging elephant, Charles Chirnside risked vital seconds to get this picture before he fired.



● Enjoying a shower bath in a river, this African elephant was luckier—Charles decided to "shoot" him only with his camera.



• Charles Chirnside, of Skipton, Victoria, sits atop a rhinoceros he had just killed on a Kenya safari. Behind are Thiro, a tracker, and another native.

• Buffaloes are among the most dangerous animals to hunt. Below is a group of native bearers with the carcass of a buffalo shot by Charles.

I went out one afternoon, and while he stayed with the main herd I went on to the rogues, about seven miles away.

"Our watches were synchronised. At 3 p.m. I frightened the rogues and they charged off to the north-west. Jim reported that at exactly 3 p.m. the main herd suddenly stopped grazing and headed off north-west."

Charles described how African natives sit down to an elephant feed after a kill. "They build fires around the carcass, heat it for about 30 seconds to clean the skin, then climb inside and start eating."

An elephant-hunting licence costs £75 and allows the holder two kills. Tusks are worth 17/- a pound. Charles' first elephant had tusks weighing 103lb. and 105lb.

"Rhinos are the most exciting animals—the silliest and most unpredictable. At 20 yards they might ignore you—but they might charge from 50 yards. They weigh up to four tons and move at 25-30 m.p.h.

"Buffaloes are more dangerous. They travel in hundreds, and if you're surrounded by a herd there's not much chance for you. Of course, you can try knocking off three or four of the closest ones and taking cover behind their bodies to shoot your way out."

One of the first buffaloes Charles shot was so close that when the final bullet struck he had to leap out of the way as the still-charging animal fell.

His leopard kill was made after an eight-hour wait, during which the beast closely circled him five times.

"You bait leopards by stringing blown meat between two trees in the gullies where they live. Then you settle down in a 'hide' as comfortable as you can make it, because you're likely to be there, with mosquitoes and bugs, for many hours. And you must never move an inch.

"If the leopard is obliging, he climbs one of the trees, hugs the meat to him, and begins eating. That's when the hunter moves, but he has to be quick. There's nothing faster than a leopard fleeing up a tree."

For five months Charles managed a £30,000 firearms business in Nairobi. "I was more frightened behind that counter than I was face to face with a wild animal. It is one of the world's biggest gun shops, and we sold up to 2000 rounds a day. Because the terrorist situation was so bad, every round had to be accounted for."

Despite his hunting instincts, Charles insists that he is an animal-lover. "Every hunter is," he said. "If you ask why we hunt, we haven't an answer.

"I'll go on the land eventually—help the 'old man' down at 'Moorallah' for a while—then get a place of my own somewhere. But first I want to go north and do some more hunting. It's hard to give it up once you start."



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FATHER CUSTOMS



"Declare what? I barely got back with my shirt!"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"If anyone is going to be cranky this morning, it's going to be ME!"

It seems to me

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT ought to become the patron saint of plain women.

I watched her the other night on a British television interview.

She is now nearly 75. Looking at her it is possible to believe in those theories about personality transcending beauty.

I have always regarded most of those statements as eyewash, but Mrs. Roosevelt makes you think again.

She has never been within a mile of good looking. Her features were the despair of a generation of still photographers.

But her personality comes through the TV cameras. It was clear that her male questioners were enchanted.

They looked as if they felt like one of the male reporters who covered her wartime tour in Australia. He was talking on trunk line to his chief-of-staff one night and complained that the photographs weren't doing justice to Mrs. R.'s charm.

The chief-of-staff made a flippant answer. Back came the pained voice: "But I'm telling you. You don't understand. She's beautiful."

FROM Mrs. A. Holland, of Mayfield, N.S.W., comes a letter that will bring memories to many people:

"Reading your par about the things you would throw out if you won the big lottery took my mind back to the war when my brother was a prisoner-of-war in Thailand.

"Imagine our joy when we received the first postcard from him.

"My young niece said, 'Let's celebrate, Aunt. Let's throw something out.'

"So I gave her a dinner plate that was made in Japan and with great satisfaction she threw it in the garbage can.

"This was quite a gesture when you remember how difficult it was to get china in those days, but how good we felt about it!"

SOON it may no longer be compulsory to put bathtubs in New South Wales houses.

"Very good move," I remarked on hearing the news. "Everybody has showers nowadays."

"It's easy to see," said a mother within ear-shot, "that you don't know much about the facts of family life. Have you ever tried to wash a three-year-old under a shower?"

I conceded the point.

"Until they're six or seven," she went on, warming up, "it's essential to use floating ships and ducks to lure them into water."

"When they're eight or nine they need to be soaped, scrubbed, and submerged—not once, but twice at least—to move the dirt. Showers are for adults."

Bathtub manufacturers, it seems, need not despair.

Unless someone invents a child-washing machine. Now, there's an idea.



Dorothy Drann

NOW that Pierre Balmain is designing a uniform for the Balmain "Tigers," one can look forward to a new atmosphere on the football field.

To be dressed by a celebrated Parisian designer will give the Balmain team a distinction formerly unknown.

Other N.S.W. teams are bound to be envious. Complacations will arise.

Girls who formerly accompanied their boys to football (not, half the time, because of an interest in the game) will say: "Oh, that old match."

Can't we go and see those boys with the costumes?

The Balmain team is bound to be troubled by barrackers at first. And until the boys get used to their new clothes their play may be affected.

You can imagine some scornful post-mortems: "What's the matter with you, Threemorton? Frightened of getting mud on your Paris pants?"

RECORD covers get more elaborate every day.

Last week I acquired one which reaches new heights of protection.

The disc itself was in the usual plastic cover inside a cardboard cover, which was inside the cover proper. On top of that was a slip-cover of transparent paper.

Fortunately, I preserved the shop's paper bag, so there's no need to spoil the slip-cover.

Some people have to put out cats and dogs at night.

I have to cover up my records.

A READER who signs herself "Advice Unwanted" has written to complain that women's papers are full of articles telling wives how to please their husbands. "What a pleasant change it would be," she writes, "to see similar articles addressed to men. Mostly there need is far greater than ours."

Be kind to her, not sharp and snappy.

A civil word will keep her happy.

Just recollect, the man she married

Was debonaire, not glum and harried.

Remember how you worked to win her

So come at once when called to dinner

Don't loiter about unshaven on Sundays,

But try to look as neat as Mondays.

Don't grumble if the bills get bigger,

But watch your temper and your figure

Don't grizzle at those invitations

To go and visit her relations.

Just follow the advice above

If you'd deserve to keep her love.

(Though it's only fair to add that, owing

to the nature of a dame,

You can probably flout the lot of it and

she'll put up with you just the same.)

HAT TRICKS WITH SHELLS



Mrs. Halls.

• *These pretty hats were made from seashells — plus a little glue, ribbon, and varnish, and a lot of patience*

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

It all began when Mr. John Halls, of St. Kilda, Victoria, visiting the far north of Western Australia, found some beautiful shells on the isolated beaches.

He packed them up and sent them to his wife.

On later trips, Mrs. Halls also gathered shells, and she finished up with a very large collection.

The idea of making a floral cocktail hat with shells came to her quite suddenly.

With some plastic ribbon, a hat shape, a pot of glue, some paints, she made a hat within three hours.

She experimented further, and now she can toss one off in just under the hour.

The hats shown here are modelled by third-year trainee nurse Jonnine Jamieson, of Cottesloe, W.A., a State finalist in last year's "Miss Australia" contest.



DELICATE SHELLS and 36 bought green leaves were used by Mrs. Halls to make this party hat. She used glue to fix the shells on. All pictures by Alan Yates, Cottesloe, Western Australia.



FLOWERS made of pure white shells with tiny pink hearts made this hat, created by Mrs. Halls on a base of self-patterned pale plastic ribbon.



COCKTAIL HAT. This was the first "shell" hat Mrs. Halls made. She painted pure white shells pink, and teamed them with black plastic ribbon.



CARNATION-PINK shell-flowers and floral plastic ribbon are the "ingredients" on this half-hat. Each shell-flower has a tiny shell at the heart.

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Whenever the recipe calls for
chocolate — always use
CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA

TRY THIS TESTED RECIPE
CHOCOLATE PUFF

1½ cups fresh milk. ½ cup sugar. 2 level tablespoons
CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA. 1 teaspoon
vanilla. 1½ cups chilled, unsweetened, evaporated milk.
3 level dessertspoons gelatine. ½ cup water. ½ cup coconut.
½ cup cake crumbs. ½ cup soft, white breadcrumbs.

METHOD — Soften the gelatine in the cold water and
dissolve over boiling water. Combine the cocoa, sugar
and fresh milk in a saucepan and stir over a low heat
until well blended. Cool slightly and
add the dissolved gelatine. Chill until
the mixture begins to set. Whip the
chilled evaporated milk until frothy.
Add the vanilla to the slightly thick-
ened chocolate mixture and whip until
fluffy. Combine with the beaten milk.
Grease a pie dish and sprinkle with the
coconut, breadcrumbs and cake
crumbs, reserving some for the top.
Pour in the chocolate mixture and
cover with the remaining crumb and
coconut mixture. Chill until set. Cut
into squares and serve with a walnut
and a spoonful of whipped cream
if liked.



67/11/4



• Using her husband's miniature camera, Joyce Grenfell takes Sydney Harbor from her Potts Point flat.

The private faces of Joyce Grenfell

• British comedienne Joyce Grenfell, starring in a one-woman revue, "Meet Joyce Grenfell," for a 12-week season at Sydney's Phillip St. Theatre, has missed real beauty by little more than a hair's breadth.

THIS may sound strange to those who remember her coy hotel receptionist role of "Genevieve" and romance-hungry Policewoman Gates of the "St. Trinian's" films.

She has a girl's figure, an

English pink-and-white complexion, and hazel eyes that she says turn green when she wears that color.

"Otherwise, they're just nice and muddy. Not that I mind. I quite like mud."

Joyce Grenfell's American mother was one of the three beautiful Langhorne sisters, who became celebrated as the boater-hatted, wasp-waisted Gibson Girls, created by American artist and illustrator Charles Dana Gibson, who married one of them.

The other sister is Nancy, Lady Astor.

Joyce Grenfell's professional speciality is a sort of winsome, never-say-die old maidishness, easily recognisable as being the Top or U variety.

It is very funny indeed until — quite unexpectedly — it can become quite amazingly touching.

Joyce Grenfell is, indeed, something of a breakaway Top person herself.

Before she began to act, she was radio critic for London's intellectual Sunday newspaper, "The Observer," which also published some of her poetry.

She was painting a lot, too. "Flowers, and sketches of people—which I still like to do. Nothing modern."

Despite her celebrated American mother, Joyce Grenfell is the very essence of the awfully nice, awfully well-brought-up Englishwoman who wears reasonable heels and good suits.

And that frank, endearing, slightly toothy smile — only England could produce that.

She must be the most un-

theatrical show-business personality alive.

Her handshake is the firm grip of Policewoman Gates, her slightly coltish grace (at 49½) belongs to the St. Trinian's playing fields.

To ambitious young actresses with "difficult" looks, the temptation to model themselves on her is irresistible. She has had more copyists than Marilyn Monroe.

Of all her screen roles Joyce Grenfell says she likes best what she calls that "little, tight" study of the determinedly bright hotel receptionist in "Genevieve."

She may not have time to include any specially Australian material in her Phillip Street programme.

"I don't go looking for it," she says, "it has to hit me. I don't know that I would have time to digest anything new."

A typical Grenfell revue programme will contain as many as 20 items—in most of which she becomes totally different characters.

Now, after 30 years of marriage ("isn't it awful!") and wonderful stage and screen characterisations, she keeps a firm limit on professional engagements, and manages to be "rather more often Mrs. Grenfell than Joyce Grenfell."

The Grenfells, who have no children, live "very quietly" in a Chelsea flat. "No cats, no dogs, because I think it would be unkind."

"I have a housekeeper—half-time, because I like to be left alone in the mornings, and I cook dinner at night."

Joyce Grenfell was awarded an O.B.E. for her services in entertaining small and isolated units in 15 countries during World War II.

By
AINSLIE BAKER



• Joyce Grenfell, who, after 30 years of acting and marriage, tries to be "rather more often Mrs. Grenfell than Joyce Grenfell."

King Harry played it

IT'S ROYAL AND ANCIENT

• A number of dedicated Australians still play a type of tennis that was once the sport of the old kings of Europe.

BLUFF, bearded King Henry VIII played it at London's Hampton Court, while ladies of the Court watched through a window.

Napoleon prohibited the game in France when a number of aristocratic players banded together and defied his authority.

Steeped in tradition, this type of tennis is known as royal, real, or court tennis. It is one of the oldest competitive sports known.

From it the present game of lawn tennis was developed, but the only resemblance between the two games now is that each is played with racquets and balls and the court is divided by a net.

Exclusive

Balls and racquets for royal tennis cannot be bought in Australia. They are made by one English firm which supplies the world.

Royal tennis is an exclusive sport.

There are today only 25 clubs left in England, 22 in America, a few on the Continent, and two in Australia—one in Melbourne, one in Hobart.

Together the two Australian clubs have about 80 active players, all men.

The royal tennis court in Hobart's Davey Street is Australia's oldest.

It was built in 1875 by Samuel Smith Travers, a tea merchant who had migrated from London. He brought

out a professional player, Thomas Stone, from England to teach the game.

The court, about 35ft. long and 40ft. high, is housed in a squat, freestone building.

A roofed corridor reminiscent of a medieval cloister, and known as a penthouse, runs along two ends and one side of the court.

Spectators sit in the penthouse behind a string mesh to protect them from whizzing balls.

The atmosphere of the court is medieval. The only modern note is provided by the fluorescent lights used for night games.

In the hall of the club is a large painting showing some

stables where our ancestors kept their horses and carriages while they played inside.

Mr. Finch, 71, is short, bespectacled, and a pipe-smoker. He was Australian royal tennis champion for many years.

On one memorable day in London in 1930 Mr. Finch beat the then reigning English champion, Mr. W. Groom, at Lord's.

Mr. Finch recalled that, in his young days, royal tennis championships attracted fashionable crowds.

Spectators at royal tennis games at Lord's were dressed as smartly as for Royal Ascot.

"Noble prince"

He said that, although women had never taken an active part in the sport, they had frequently helped to liven things up.

"There was a princess who had a crush on a sporting prince who was a skilful player," he said. "When he was losing a game the princess would throw gold coins on the court and shout, 'Go on, my noble prince, go on!'"

"He hardly ever lost a game, they say. I can quite believe it."

Membership of the Hobart Royal Tennis Club costs 15 guineas a year and players pay 4/- for each game.

HOBART'S royal tennis court, built in 1875. Spectators sit in the meshed, cloister-like galleries, known as penthouses.

Players' ages range from 17 to 73.

The 73-year-old is Mr. W. E. Fuller, who looks a score of years younger. He is fit, agile, and strong-wristed.

He said: "I've played royal tennis for 20 years. It appeals to me because it is a game which calls both for brain and brawn. You have to think up new tricks all the time and be able to hit the ball hard."

Although royal tennis does not seem to attract young people, 17-year-old Geoffrey Hillier is an exception. Both his father and grandfather were enthusiastic players.

Lawn tennis champion of Hutchin's School, young Hillier finds royal tennis more interesting and tougher.

"You've got to hit harder and you've got to cut the ball as well," he said. "Poking shots are no use in this kind of game."

He complained that none



PLAYER John Spooner in action on Hobart's royal tennis court. The crown marks the partition for doubles, and the fleur-de-lis marks a winning point.

of his friends was interested in the game.

"I've brought a few along to watch, but they just didn't seem to take to it," he said.

In the early days of the

Hobart club, championship tournaments against Melbourne professionals were staged there, and spectators paid up to 10 guineas for a front-row seat.

Jean found a hidden talent-art

• When Jean Anderson, a Melbourne nurse, went to London on a working holiday she had no thought of fame.

YET in the two years she has lived abroad she has built a solid reputation in art circles.

"The Royal Academy has accepted her paintings for the past two years.

Today she is being paid 30 guineas for her oil paintings and eight guineas for charcoals. In August she plans to return to Australia to hold an exhibition of her paintings.

"No one suspected I had any talent for painting," said Jean Anderson, a very pretty girl in her twenties with wide-set vivid blue eyes and dark hair.

"I didn't know I could draw and wasn't even addicted to doodling.

"I had attended art classes at school in Geelong, but I wasn't very interested.

"But one day I did a few sketches for fun. I was so fascinated with London, especi-

ally on a wintry day when the light is soft, that I tried to capture the scene.

"Friends insisted I take lessons. So I did part-time nursing to pay for private art lessons. My tutor sent me to art school.

"To pay for my lessons and have time free for evening classes, I worked for a year at Australia House in the surgery.

"Now I take private nursing cases in between bouts of painting."

Jean doesn't have a studio and doesn't paint in a smock.

"My nurse's uniform is all I wear when painting. That way I wear the old ones out."

Many of Jean's best paintings have been done while her patients slept.

Jean has exhibited at the New Art Centre, the Royal Society of Arts, the Royal Institute, the Royal Water

Color Society, the Imperial Institute, and the Artists' International Society.

She rents a particularly large and lovely room in the house of a wealthy Englishwoman in the heart of the West End.

Here Jean's paintings hang with her hostess' old masters—charcoal drawings of Westminster alongside Renoirs, studies of the wintry scene along the Thames beside Picasso.

Jean says she loves best of all to paint the London scene in winter, in all its misty greys and whites, the trees bare of leaves and the snow falling.

"I think Westminster and along the Thames is the most beautiful place in the world," she says.

Jean, shy and modest, is happy that her work is appreciated. "For me painting is a hobby, nursing my career. But it's a costly hobby, so I'm glad when I sell my work."



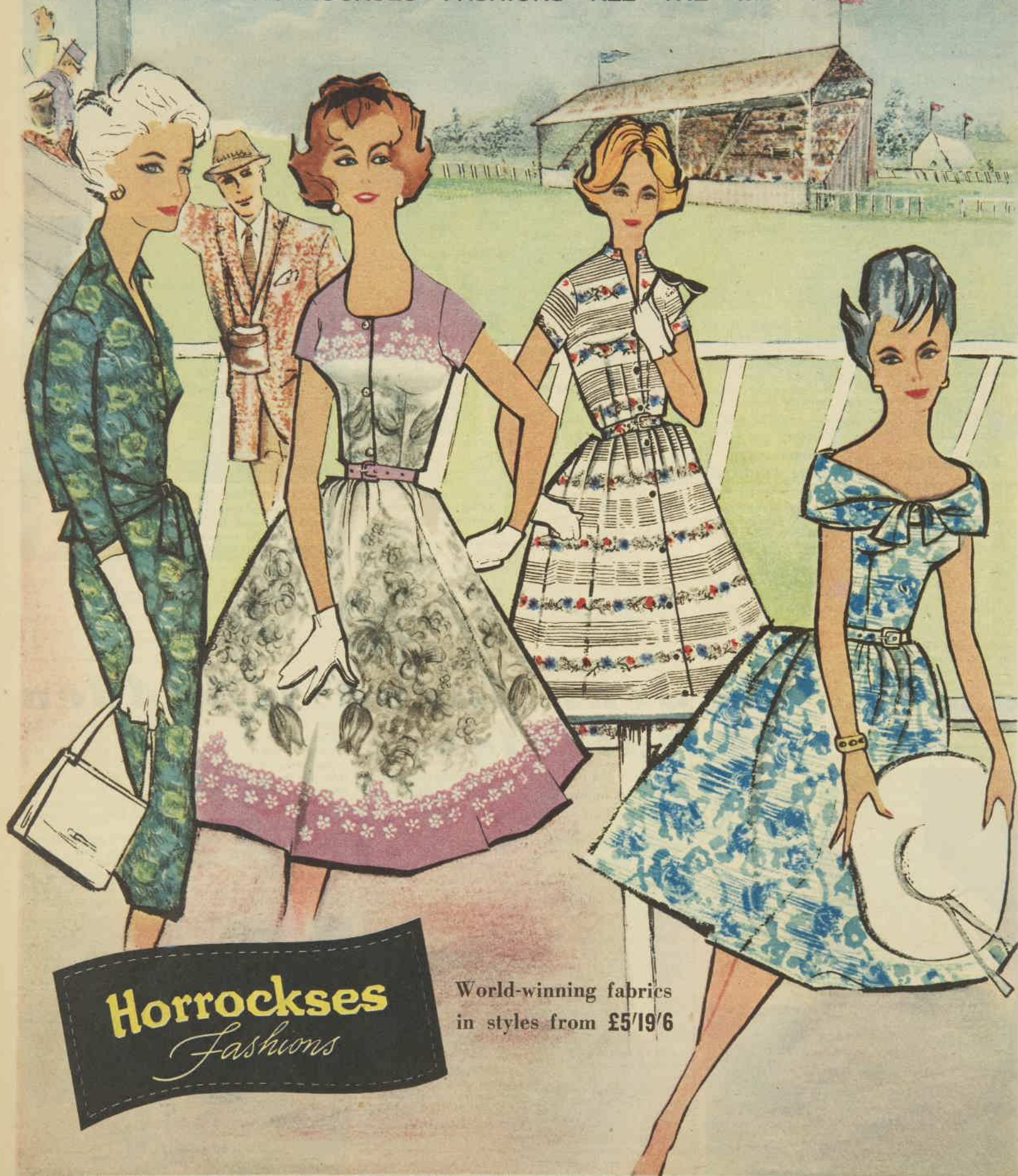
Jean Anderson at work on one of her oil paintings.



COACH and marker at the Hobart Club, Mr. P. Finch, marks score while a game is in progress. Mr. Finch, 71, was Australian royal tennis champion for many years.

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SOCIAL JOTTINGS

EVERYONE is talking about polo these days and the excitement will reach a peak this weekend, July 10-12, when ten teams will battle for the top N.S.W. polo trophy, the Countess of Dudley Cup.

The teams will be Goulburn A and Goulburn B, Toompang, Vychan (Forbes), Wellington, Scone, Goondiwindi, County, Quirindi A and Quirindi B.

I asked N.S.W. Polo Association secretary Don Scott, from Scone, to hazard a guess about the winner. He forecast a final between Scone, captained by Ken Mackay, and Goondiwindi, captained by J. (everyone calls him "Sarge") Elder. However, I also hear that Johnny Barton's Wellington team — last year's winner — plans to keep the cup for Wellington.

Quite a few polo parties are on the books, including one on Saturday night at the Reg Farrells' home, "Birling," Bringley.

SOLITAIRE diamond ring for dark-haired June Kaufman, the only daughter of the Ted Kaufmans, of Lane Cove, whose engagement has been announced to Bill Halstead, of Crow's Nest. They announced their news on June's twenty-second birthday.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Rosalyn Graham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Graham, of Drummoine, to James Forward, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Forward, also of Drummoine. Rosalyn's engagement ring will be displayed to many of her old friends at the annual ball of the Sydney branch of the P.L.C. (Orange) Old Girls' Union, to be held on July 10 at the Pickwick Club. Rosalyn is on the ball committee.

A HANDMADE wedding handkerchief embroidered with the names of the bride and groom and the year of the marriage will be carried by Leonie Paffle, of Beecroft, when she marries Graham Hattersley, of Chatswood, on July 11 at St. John's, Darlinghurst. The handkerchief was the gift of her mother at a handkerchief and coat-hanger tea given by Helen Moss.

HONEYMOON on the high seas for Mr. and Mrs. Ian McNeill, who are en route to England in the Stratheden after their wedding at All Saints', Woollahra. Mrs. McNeill was formerly Janette Alderson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Alderson, of North Bondi. Ian is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McNeill, of Malabar.

LEAVING St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pearce, with their attendants, Desmond Pearce and Susan Golsby. The bride was formerly Mary Golsby, elder daughter of Mrs. W. J. Golsby, of Cowra, and the late Mr. Golsby. The young couple will live in England.



MELBOURNE VISITORS. Mrs. Harold Holt and her eldest son, Nick, were among firstnighters at the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's production of "Julius Caesar." With her orchid and moss-grey flowered evening gown Mrs. Holt wore an ermine stole.

BARRIER REEF honeymoon for David and Janice Buckham, who were married recently at St. Vincent's, Ashfield. Janice is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ron Fogg, of Boanberra station, Cunnamulla, Queensland. David is the third son of Mrs. A. Buckham, of Leeton, and the late Mr. Buckham. After the honeymoon they'll live at "Ellerslie," Enngonia.

LOVELY wedding at St. Thomas', North Sydney, last week — Anne Stuckey, younger daughter of Mrs. A. S. Reid, of Leura, and Noel Blake, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Blake, of Wembley, W.A. The young Blakes are driving north for their honeymoon, and will live at Leura until going to Muswellbrook at the end of the year.

BEAUTIFUL sapphire ring for Susan Adlidge, whose engagement was announced recently to Phillip Matchett. Susan is the only child of Mrs. Ruth Adlidge, of Oatley, and the late Mr. G. Adlidge, and Phillip is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman P. Matchett, of Cronulla.

TWO dates for the diary . . . the Navy Ball at the Town Hall on July 17, and the B.M.A. Ball at the Trocadero on July 22. The Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward will be present at both, and guests at the Trocadero will be greeted by the State president of the B.M.A., Dr. M. Alexander, and Mrs. Alexander. The ballroom will be decked in the medical colors — scarlet and white. *Anne*



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Andrew's Cathedral are Mr. and Mrs. John Moore. The bride was formerly Wendy Bartlett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Bartlett, of Monterey Farm, Castle Hill. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Moore, of Mudgee.



WED AT ST. STEPHEN'S . . . Dr. and Mrs. John Colman. The bride was formerly Helen Gillies, second daughter of Mrs. E. J. Gillies, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. B. C. Gillies, of Glen Innes. Dr. Colman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Colman, of Mittagong.



PRETTY DEBUTANTE Lannette Chapman, of Wollongong, with her partner, Allan Williams, of Warilla, during the combined Masonic ball held at the Wollongong R.S.L. hall. Lannette was one of the 19 girls who made their debut at the ball.



NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Jim Goad leave St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney. The bride was formerly Julia King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. King, of Moree and Newport. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Goad, of Cheltenham, England.

OUR DRESSMAKING EXPERT



SKYLINE of New York is the background. Lucille Rivers wears a black silk-linen sheath dress with a short jacket.



BELTED SUIT is made in soft wool with a bow-tied blouse of paisley silk. Miss Rivers holds a pleated skirt made from material to match.



PRINTED dress in black - and - white cotton — Miss Rivers says this will be a popular color combination this summer — has a knotted waist tie.

FROM NEW YORK

Noted American dressmaker and demonstrator Lucille Rivers will arrive in Australia this month. She will give a series of dressmaking demonstrations for us in six States, beginning in Brisbane on July 27. This is Miss Rivers' first trip overseas, and she has prepared a special personal wardrobe to bring with her. On these pages she is photographed wearing some of the clothes, which are all made from McCall's paper patterns.



LEAVING her New York apartment for the theatre, Miss Rivers wears a silver brocade dress-and-jacket ensemble. The slim dress has a high neckline. Pictures by Robert Feldman, New York staff.



PACKING with the help of her Haitian assistant, Marcelle, Miss Rivers wears a simple belted sheath dress.

SHOPPING at a greengrocer's, Miss Rivers chooses black linen topped with a flower-trimmed cartwheel hat.

Keen's Curry makes good cooks better!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste—mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES

Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard

WINTER RHEUMATICS

A THING OF THE PAST
Read this warm tribute to
Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

Mrs. J.M. of Sutherland writes:—
"How pleased I am with Menthoide! My husband and I—both middle aged—dreaded cold damp winter months. We used to get bad backs, rheumatic pains in legs and arms and every winter we lost days in bed. One day a friend suggested we try Menthoide. I'm pleased we did, as last winter we had not even a touch of rheumatism. Wonderful Menthoide have made our winter rheumatism a thing of the past."
(Original letter in Head Office.)

DON'T SUFFER WINTER RHEUMATICS

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoide remarkable double action rids your system of poisonous toxins causing winter rheumatic pains in limbs and muscles, your kidney and bladder troubles.

Menthoide tonic action also tones your system to recapture youthful energy and buoyant health, to help you ward off winter's ills.

For your health's sake this winter—

START MENTHOID TREATMENT TO-DAY!
3/-, 8/- or economy size 15/- EVERYWHERE.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Housewife goes back to school

EXASPERATED by endless serials and the constant repetition of hit tunes on the radio, I have found school broadcasts a refreshing source of enjoyment. My history has been brushed up; I have dipped into art and music, and heard talks on books, people, and current events. Other lonely housewives may also find it interesting to return to school in this way.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. J. Clarke, Hamilton Park, S.A.

Best face forward

MIRRORS should be arranged in photographic studios for people who like to arrange their posture and facial expression in the way they think most becoming. I suggest half the portraits be taken according to the customer's wishes and the others left entirely to the photographer's discretion. The results would be interesting.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. M. Sanders, Frankston, Vic.

Time to forget

SURELY firms could present retiring employees with something which would give them more enjoyment than the usual clocks or watches. Besides usually already owning timepieces, elderly folk probably don't want to be reminded of the passing of time when they retire.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

The happy cook

WHEN I mention I am a cook by profession, people usually say, "Why don't you find a better job?" I would not try. I like cooking and always feel I am among trusted friends when I am with my pots and pans. Cooking, I have time to think about all sorts of things. I am never hungry and have no ulcers, because I seldom worry about my mistakes. As a cook I can cover them with sauce or icing!

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kramer, Killara, N.S.W.

Washing up—it's exercise for Dad

MRS. TURNER'S letter (17/6/59) amazes me. What is wrong with father washing the dishes after the evening meal? He is glad of a little exercise after sitting at a desk all day. The only way for a married couple to be happy is to share the chores.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Walkenden, Bendigo, Vic.

No one to care

SPEAKING as a child of divorced parents, Mrs. Turner (17/6/59), I say there are child delinquents because not having anyone to tell us how to behave differently we go wild. In the case of our family, the parent we have left doesn't seem to care about us now.

£1/1/- to "Broken Home" (name supplied), Dubbo, N.S.W.

Father helped

DOES Mrs. Turner (17/6/59) really attribute child delinquency to fathers' fall from respect in the eyes of their children? I have run my home and brought up two daughters with help from their father. Now they are married my husband and I also have the respect of our sons-in-law. I still manage the home and my husband's wages, because he feels I am the better manager.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lucy Hansell, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

No time to joke

PRACTICAL jokes and weddings don't mix. Marriage is a sacred and joyous occasion. For two people to leave a dignified and solemn wedding ceremony and find themselves the butt of stupid and often vulgar jokes must be humiliating and jarring.

£1/1/- to Miss Shirley Baker, West Richmond, S.A.

Make your will

SECONDARY school-children should be taught how to make a will and the importance of doing so. There should be a law requiring all over the age of 18 to make a will, even if they have no more to leave than an insurance policy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Nellie Miller, Hurstville, N.S.W.

Light them up

LET us have pedestrian crosswalks floodlit with a blue overhead light to lessen accidents. Often, the bright lights of oncoming cars prevent the crosswalks from being seen until right on them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Kabberry, East Victoria Park, W.A.

Memo to knitters

WHY do people knit with angora wool in public places, especially in doctors' waiting-rooms? It is inconsiderate with so many people suffering from colds. One person, after knitting in a doctor's waiting-room, went into the passage and brushed herself down, with the result that all the hairs came flying back into the room.

£1/1/- to Jean Barker, Box Hill North, Vic.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Talking it over

AFTER the evening meal our family has a "Confession and Problem Time." We take it in turn to ask advice on problems and to mention things done during the day of which we are not very proud. The children enjoy making a game of being completely honest, and our reward is a happier family without a nymbers "brooding" over little worries.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Claire Pembler, Applecross, W.A.

A mirror helps

TOO busy always to supervise "before-meal preparations" in the bathroom, so there can be no excuses for dirty faces and untidy hair I have placed a large mirror over the washbasin. It is the right height for the children to see themselves and is such a great attraction that they no longer need be reminded to even clean their teeth.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Geoghegan, Padstow, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

A FRENCHMAN wrote a novel called "Pity For Women."

Not having read it, I don't know what he pitied them for. But if he wrote it in winter I would guess it was their cold legs.

I pity them myself on these bitter Sydney days that we don't tell the tourists about.

I was standing lately at a bus stop, warm and snug in my long, unspeakably hideous underwear. Nearby were two elegantly dressed girls with only nylon stockings to protect their calves from the wintry blast, and they looked wretched. There was nothing I could do about it.

If I had offered to rub their legs to restore the circulation, they might have been offended, as we had not been introduced.

It is one of the harshest rules of fashion that a woman must wear thin stockings in all weathers.

A few young girls have defied the rule lately and taken to black stockings.

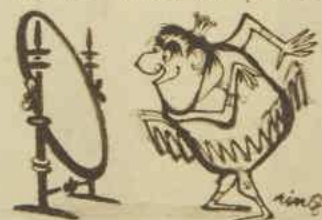
Conventional people think they do it to draw attention to themselves, and no doubt that is partly the reason. But if the stockings are

CHILLY CHICKS

warm as well as black, these rebellious damsels are showing common sense.

They may start the break-through that will rescue the whole sex from shivering shanks.

Men are doubly lucky in that they wear trousers and spectators



cannot see what they wear under the trousers.

There is a certain prejudice among young men against long woollen underpants. They feel that anyone who wears them is, romantically speaking, over the hill.

I was cured of this prejudice in the war, when I found myself in Canada, Scotland, and other deep-

freezing places. In aeroplanes I often wore two pairs of long underpants—and even a beatnik can't get less chic than that.

Admittedly it is a pity men's long underpants are not more decorative.

Apart from coloring a few pairs red, there has been no design improvement in them for about 100 years.

Yet they could be made quite attractive.

I saw the ballet "Giselle" on TV, and the leading man wore sort of long black underpants that were most becoming.

I believe there are similar garments for women, quaintly called leotards.

Made of wool and gaily patterned, they could be a boon to poor frosted females. They sound as if they should be spotted—you know, can a leotard change its spots?—and it would be very nice if they were.

I have been speaking only of the disadvantages of being a woman in winter. In summer, of course, it is a different story. Cool, comfortable women may then feel pity for men.

Goodbye, Sweet William

Second instalment of
our murder mystery

By **PAT FLOWER**

ILLUSTRATED BY
CEDRIC FLOWER

AT a weekend house party at Thornton, an old colonial home owned by rich, dilettante writer **STEPHEN FRENCH** and his wife, **CYNTHIA**, one of the guests, successful writer of trashy novels and unscrupulous philanderer **WILLIAM FLECKER**, says he has found a list of domestic reminders containing an item reading, "Get rid of William." William treats it with pseudo-drama, but he knows quite a few of his so-called friends would be glad to "get rid" of him. **JOANNA TRELOAR**, wife of interior decorator **DES**, does not admit that it is her list because the item refers to sacking her gardener, William, as finances are tight. Another guest, actress **PAMELA ATKINSON**, is in love with William, and hopes he will forget Cynthia.

Later William announces he is going abroad, as a film company intends to make a film of his latest book. **BETTY SIMMONDS**, whose husband, **JACK**, was William's first publisher, and who feels William cheated him, knows his departure will be a thorn out of the flesh of her husband. **BILL BAYNES**, a poet, whose life had been grief-stricken at the suicide of his young wife, seems unaffected by the news, and joins with the others admiring Pamela's unusual belt with a dagger.

During the week Stephen, brooding over William's interest in Cynthia, has his suspicions confirmed by Jack. William is shocked to receive in the mail further lists repeating "Get rid of William," plus "remember Virginia." He goes to the police. At the farewell party for him at Thornton he says his trip is postponed. **NOW READ ON:**

NATURALLY he's disappointed, Joanna thought; she was generous enough to admit that. She was equally disappointed because he wasn't going away. But his mood was getting nasty. She hadn't argued with Des this time; she'd been glad to come, simply because it was to say goodbye to William. But now William's bravado had reached the noisy stage. She just hoped he wouldn't point his shafts at Des again. But it was Joanna herself who came into the line of fire.

It was just before lunch, and she'd moved away from the table set out on the big paving stones off the terrace. Just for a breather, to get away among the quiet trees from the same old chatter and gibe. When a hand came round her waist she was startled. She turned swiftly. William breathed gin and flattery.

"I'm glad I'm not going away, Joanna. D'you know you have the most gorgeous legs I've ever seen?"

She slipped away from him and held out a fencing hand.

"Now, now, William, not before lunch. My digestion couldn't stand it."

"I'd say you're strong as an ox. In every way." He stood with his legs slightly apart, his head thrust towards her and an alcoholic leer on his face.

She smiled and made to turn away, but his hand shot out to her wrist.

"Joanna."

"William, dear, do come on, they'll be waiting lunch."

"And Des'll be coming to look for you."

"Yes, he will." She looked at him challengingly.

"Why? Just tell me why?"

"You said yourself I've got beautiful legs," she said demurely.

"That's just the point. Does Des appreciate them?"

So he was back on that subject again.

"A business partnership, O.K. But marriage? Oh,

To page 45

Detective-Inspector Swinton and his young assistant, Primrose, peered closely at the dead man.



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*... only a
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*formulated for your
skin will keep your
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and fresh!*



FOR A DRY SKIN: Double Depth Cleansing Cream.

It's a boon to sensitive skin. Cleans so thoroughly, so quickly. Can't irritate—due to its soothing skin conditioning agents. Simply pour some of the lotion in the palm of one hand. Apply generously over the entire face and neck. Then wipe off. Double Depth Cleansing Cream will take out every trace of make-up and dirt, leaving your skin immaculately clean, soft, fresh and perfectly relaxed.

FOR AN OILY SKIN: Gentle Foam Cleanser.

This pearly liquid is a lather-type cleanser that lifts out make-up and dirt like magic. Leaves your skin sparkling clean, free of harmful bacteria, soft to touch. All you do is splash warm water over your face and throat, pour a little liquid in the palm of one hand, spread it over the wet area with the finger tips. Using both hands, work Gentle Foam Cleanser into a lather. Then rinse off completely with warm water.

Remember, it doesn't matter how much you wash your face, the surface cleansing of soap and water will always leave some make-up in the pores. And overwashing will dry your skin, destroy natural oils, roughen fine skin texture. Give your face the safe, thorough cleansing of the Max Factor Cleansing Lotion for your skin type. Remove every trace of make-up—every speck of dirt. You'll love the way Max Factor Cleansing Lotion leaves your face feeling gloriously clean—wonderfully fresh and relaxed. Helps you maintain the clear, baby-soft skin men love. Each 15/11 at leading stores and chemists.

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**Two people, Freddy and
Peg, wanted Cynthia to
see the truth for herself
... a short story**

**By
NANCY POPE
MAYORGA**

THE West Holly Supermart was without air-conditioning and stuffy with the accumulated heat of the long day. It was crowded with dishevelled, short-tempered customers who had put off shopping till the last minute, hoping for a saving sea breeze.

Through them, with decision, moved Cynthia Robb, unruffled, unwilted, cool like the breeze that hadn't come. She was a beautiful woman, tall, straight-shouldered, crisp in manner and dress. Her eyebrows were lifted as if in humorous acceptance of, but no surrender to, the hateful weather. She left a trail of involuntary smiles behind her.

When she came to the meat counter the butchers, smiling in expectation, left their other customers to gather round. She bowed her head and gave them her cool, pleasant smile.

"Now, Mr. Henry," she began. She had a trained voice which carried without effort. The other customers turned to look. "I am having very special company from the East. I want a nice, large stewing hen cut up. And you will please leave in all the little things that are supposed to be in, won't you?" She made a vague circular gesture and added, "The last chicken I bought my mother complained that something was missing."

The butchers laughed shamelessly, returned to their customers and explained, "You've probably seen her on TV. She plays parts like duchesses and society dames."

With the chicken double-wrapped because Mr. Henry liked her, and the liver left in, Cynthia walked to Bud's Repair Shop, where her car was awaiting her. It was a black '48 model with only its shining respectability to distinguish it.

"Is it ready, Mr. Schumacher? I told everyone at the studio that I was having a new universal joint. Some of my friends made very earthy comments."

Mr. Schumacher, whom everyone else called Bud, laughed respectfully. "Looks like you've blown a gasket, too, Miss Robb."

"Tst! I thought that was simply an expression meaning to lose your temper."

"No, ma'am."

"Will it run for a week? Please? I'm having a friend from New York, a very special friend."

"Well, she's spitting oil into the engine. One of them spark plugs may get fouled up and she may prove a bit reluctant to start. That's the long and short of it."

Cynthia lifted her chin, raised her eyebrows, and gave him a bright smile. "I'll chance it," she said, and her crisp tones made it sound like the great adventure.

From the repair shop she drove up to Freddy's office on the Sunset Strip. Freddy Gollomb was her agent. He had proposed to her twice in the past year. She lived in dread of his doing it again. It would not matter to her if she were not so fond of him, but she had moments when she was overwhelmed with tenderness for him. He was a lonely man. She was a lonely woman. She had moments, too, when she felt his physical attraction strongly and drew into herself on guard against it.

They were too old, both of them, she told him. He had been a bachelor too long. She was a creature of habit. Besides, she had tried it once and failed disastrously. And why should they jeopardise a fine friendship?

"Frantic arguments," he commented, looking at her with wise eyes in which there was just the trace of a smile.

Often she did not understand his words, and often she was afraid to ask their meaning. And if she didn't ask he never volunteered.

Today, as usual when she entered, he looked up with the most pleased and intensely affectionate smile on his homely face. He stood up quickly from behind his desk, where he had looked middle-aged and dumpy, and revealed himself to be straight, slim-waisted, vigorous.

"Sit down, my love," he said. "And when does your famous Peg arrive?" He sat down again at his desk.

"Late this afternoon. And, Freddy, for this next week, while Peg is here, would you please sort of not hunt for a job for me? I'd like to be free."

"You've been looking forward to this visit, haven't you?"

"I guess so," she answered, looking off absently. Then she became aware of his eyes on her, kind and questioning. He said a peculiar thing.

"Why don't you just—run away today and leave word for your friend that you're on location somewhere?"

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Why should I do that?"

"Then you wouldn't have to risk whatever it is you're afraid of risking."

Startled, she looked down quickly and did not answer. He stood up again restlessly, and came around from behind the desk. She felt that swift magnetism that was his and drew tight into herself on guard against it.

But he simply said in his quiet, warm voice: "If there's anything I can do for your friend Peg to make her visit pleasant, I'm here, Cynthia. You'll have dinner with me at least once, won't you, the two of you?"

"Thanks, Freddy."

She left and drove home.

Her mother heard the car come into the driveway and opened the front door. "I hope he didn't steal the liver as always," she said.

Cynthia smiled, kissed her mother, and said in her high, pleasant, guarded voice, "I told him to leave in every little thing that was supposed to be in."

"Cynthia!" wailed her mother. "Is this chicken dressed?"

"I'm sure, it is, Mother." Still smiling her cool smile, she went through to her own room.

Her mother's querulous voice came to her down the hall. "If I weren't so terribly old things would be better managed around here."

In her bedroom Cynthia stood looking out the window. The Hollywood hills above her were brown, dry, knifed, and bitten into ugliness by land speculators levelling for building lots. Today they stood in a depressing mustard haze of smog.

She was thinking that Freddy was right.

She admitted at last to herself what she would not admit to him, that she wished that Peg Eberhard was not coming.

Like another life it was, she and Peg in high-school, in a small, private girl's school in New York City. Such an odd, intense life of matinees and subways, of coming-out parties in hotel ballrooms, with long stag lines; of feather fans, velvet carriage boots, taxicabs; of young boys in racoon coats and silver hip flasks given to them for Christmas by their fathers. It had been a fringe period of society, which included at the same time the chaperon inside and the parked automobile outside.

A fringe period for her and Peg, too—two young girls with emotions quite unstable, hysterical with laughter one moment, desolate with sobs the next. But there had been between them

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1959

Love is a risk



understanding unreserved and complete. Never anything like it since, not even in marriage. And because of that whole-hearted love there was this old memory, long cherished, tenderly guarded, which with deep reluctance she was seeing move up upon her in flesh and blood.

Of course, if Peg was still Peg nothing would matter—smog or heat or complaining mother or old undependable car—nothing. But, after thirty-four years, could Peg still be Peg? Cynthia sighed. Was she still Cynthia Harrison? Not at all. She was Cynthia Robb now, with a devastatingly unsuccessful marriage behind her and a home life made lonely by an old and querulous mother.

She turned to glance into the mirror. How her face had set into the mould of Cynthia Robb! The face of a friendly duchess, society dame, sophisticated, humorous, reserved, on guard against more pain.

Peg came across the country by bus. Cynthia went to the station in Hollywood to meet her. It was with considerable shock she watched her step down—a ghost, though a good, substantial ghost, of the Peg she had known. Never had Peg been crisp and immaculate like Cynthia.

As a young girl, impulsive, flighty even, she had been amusing and dear on account of straggly hair, clothes slightly awry. Now with fifty pounds of excess weight, a tailored suit too tight for her, hat askew, and her familiar manner of breathless haste, she was a shocker, no doubt. Cynthia stepped forward with warm loyalty. They embraced.

"You are so beautiful, Cynthia!" That familiar, husky, bubbling voice! Cynthia's heart went out suddenly to her. "I see you all the time on TV and I love the parts you play. I should have sent you a picture of me, then I wouldn't have been such a shock. But I'm always about to diet, just as I'm always buying dresses too small for me, thinking I'll diet into them, and all I ever do is bulge out of them. No character. How do you do it, Cynthia?"

"With me it's not a question of character," replied Cynthia generously. "I'm just one of those lucky persons who eat everything and can't get fat." She smiled fondly at her friend. If she wasn't the same Peg, at least she was a Peg she could love.

The two women stood a minute in silence, regarding each other curiously. Then Peg Eberhard said, "Remember Robin Hood?"

All at once, and to her great astonishment, Cynthia felt a laugh welling up in her throat, a genuine laugh.

"You played Robin Hood; remember, Cynthia? And Doty Chevreau was Maid Marian, and when she died she crossed her feet. And I played Shadow of a Leaf and my father called me Shadow of a Pile of Leaves. Remember, Cynthia?"

The laugh burst forth. Cynthia bowed her head. Her shoulders shook. "Stop it, Peg!" she said.

"We thought Sir Alfred Noyes was tops, didn't we? Do you know Dylan Thomas, Cynthia?"

"Oh, stop it!" said Cynthia, fumbling for her handkerchief. "Where are your bags? My car is parked right here."

She hardly knew herself. It had been so long since she had laughed, really laughed. It must have been reaction after all the apprehension of the past days.

"Whatever happened to Doty Chevreau?" she asked as they started off from the bus station. "This is Hollywood and Vine," she threw in.

"Oh, my," commented Peg dutifully. "Well, Doty married very late, you know, man with lots of money. They were on their honeymoon in his private plane when they crashed and he was killed. Doty wasn't even scratched. She came home to us. It was quite a time."

"To you, Peg?" repeated Cynthia, startled. "To you with all your burden?"

"Everyone seemed to think we'd be better for her than her own family. Quite a time. I wouldn't want to go through it again. It was Jeff who pulled her out of it mostly. He's a— a giant of a man, Cynthia. I sometimes wonder—what is authority exactly? Have you ever thought? There sits Jeff in his wheelchair, and when he speaks people listen."

"The children, you know—they always knew that I could reach out and whack them. But when their father spoke to them, even from bed before he was able to use the wheelchair, they obeyed, boom! Like that! Something in his voice. Authority. He really made Doty pull herself together. She's all right. Been managing tours to Europe for the past five years."

"This is Hollywood Boulevard," said Cynthia, fighting a new emotion.

"The crosswalks are all made of stars!" commented Peg with childlike pleasure.

"We'll come down one of these days and do the boulevard," said Cynthia.

"I'll look at whatever sights you think I ought to, Cynthia. But you should know—I am no enthusiastic sightseer. I'd just rather stay home. How is your mother?"

Cynthia considered a moment. Should she warn Peg that her mother was old and melancholy, or let her find out for herself? She said guardedly, "Mother's all right."

She was glad she had not said anything more. When her mother opened the door Peg stepped in and hugged her enthusiastically.

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison! It's just like coming home to see you! Remember when I was making a coat for myself and I brought it with me when I came to stay over the weekend? I didn't know the first thing about sewing, but I knew you'd do it for me."

"You haven't changed a bit, Margaret," said Cynthia's mother. "But I'm so terribly old, you know."

"I know! Isn't it wonderful! Cynthia is so lucky to have you. Most of our friends have lost their parents."

Cynthia glanced at her and wondered how ingenuous she

really was. She took Peg's bags down the hall to the room which was to be hers. Once there Peg stood, looking at her affectionately, smiling quietly.

"It's a dear little house you have. And I love this little room."

"You probably expected something more sumptuous, didn't you? Alice Cory was on the coast last year. She was quite disappointed that I wasn't very rich."

"Oh, Alice Cory, pooh! Do you mind if I take my girdle off? I'm allergic to girdles. At home I'm hardly inside the door before I'm ripping it off. No, Cynthia, I didn't expect you to be rich. No matter how much money you make you'll never be rich. We'll come to that later. I want to know where every cent went. Besides what you sent to us, of course, those first years." She paused. "Oh, Cynthia!"

Cynthia broke in hastily. "Those early days, Peg—just after my divorce from Art—I made so much money it was immoral. And I committed so many stupidities it was incredible. Large, grand, spectacular stupidities, trying to cover up the hurt of being a woman spurned. Ridiculous! And egotistic. Sending that money to you and Jeff was the only sane and authentic thing I did in those days."

Peg just stood, smiling, with steady eyes in which there was a peculiar look of affection and insistence. Because of that look Cynthia hurried on. "Someone has said, Peg, the one who gives should kneel down in gratitude; the one who receives, stand up and receive. Please don't thank me."

"I wasn't going to," said Peg matter-of-factly.

Cynthia sighed in relief. "How is Jeff? Really?"

The other woman shook her head. "He'll never walk again. We finally faced that fact and conquered it. But he's in fine health. He has a good job, you know, in an aeroplane parts factory; has been there for nine years. He drives a special car to and from work. I put him in; they take him out."

"You can imagine how I felt the first time I saw him drive off in a car—after that terrible accident. I really had to take hold of myself. I cried all morning and walked the floor. Then I got it licked."

Cynthia's mother called them to dinner, and over Mr. Henry's chicken, fricasseed, thirty-four years winked out like a bubble in the air.

"Oh, I remember these little flowered cups," said Peg sentimentally, and those were the magic words that did it.

"I used to give you girls hot chocolate when you came in from the theatre," said Mrs. Harrison.

"Remember how we were in love with Walter Wolfe?" asked Peg.

"The Lady in Ermine," said Cynthia dreamily.

"Remember the kiss? She fell off the table into his arms right down at the footlights, and we went every week and sat in a different place so we could see the kiss from a different

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SUŚRUTA—Surgeon of Old India—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Plastic surgery, usually regarded as a recent medical advance, was practiced thousands of years ago by the Hindu surgeon, Suśruta. Living in a society that punished wrongdoers with physical disfigurement, his restorative skills were greatly in demand. His writings contributed to the spread of Hindu medicine throughout the ancient world.

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THE BEACH



It was his last day on the beach, but at five years old Bill had no idea that he was going to remember this place for ever.

"You can only take home what you can get in the pail," warned his mother, pulling up the shoulder-strap of her dark blue cotton 1920 bathing costume. The stockinet had stretched and was rather too big for her now.

"But, Mum—" began Bill, and when he argued he could exhaust anybody. He was a fair English child, going to be dark later. His huge eyes that had once been blue were now hazel and would presently be brown. He was still a baby turning into a boy, but it could already be seen that he would be much bigger than his father, because there was only one of him instead of ten.

"But, Mum—" "Oh, let him take what he likes." Ron had always spoiled the boy. "I want him to remember this holiday always. There won't never be no more wins for us like that one!" And he stretched himself, secure in the good humor and magnanimity that follow a nice fat newspaper prize.

They'd have to start thinking about money again soon now, but for a month they'd been sitting about on beaches, rejoicing in the good fortune, thankful the war was over and the Kaiser safely chased to Holland, and nothing to worry about.

No need to remember the war, even. No need to think about Pimlico, and the bus depot. They were in France—abroad—and Ron could walk about in gym shoes with his shirt open and his hair slicked down; and his large brown eyes that had never seen enough to eat shining now with generosity.

Although Ron was undergrown, Gladys was much smaller than he was, so he could be very head-of-the-family with her hanging on his arm and listening with amazement to his tommy-French as they trailed about trying to get tea and kippers

same as in England. Or she would sit knitting on the beach, while he slept under a newspaper, not bothering so much about the rights of man as before his win.

Gladys Walker thought her husband absolutely perfect; consequently theirs was a very happy marriage. Although they'd got a son of five, Gladys herself was still only twenty-three, but looked older because of hard work and because she had become adult too young. What with brothers and sisters to think about, and then those zeppelins . . .

Not but what a pink-tinged lip-salve didn't do something to you, and this pink powder to buff the nails, too. "Sides, she owned some perfume now, in a green bottle with violets painted on. Her thick, fair hair was already bobbed in the new fashion, and now she was thinking about cutting it shorter still. There was this waist going down, too, till Ron said everyone'd soon look like they'd stepped out of an Eastern harem.

"I can't pack seaweed," she objected sharply, putting a hand up to the fiery V at her neck where the sun had got her. She'd have liked to cover up a bit, but the sun was so good for you. Specially after London. "No seaweed," she said. "Not without you kiss me first, that is."

Bill kissed her, then he ran with his squeaky bucket down to the sea. Glittering tepid water frilled up over the sand to his toes, and then he could feel the run and suck of the wave going out round each foot. Even when he clutched his toes into the sand he couldn't stop it melting away.

On one foot was the old cut—healed now—that his spade had made, and for a moment he felt again the pain of the accident.

Ah! There was something for the pail—a bit of green glass that had been rolled in the sea for so long that it was sandpaper smooth.

Ooh, and that! A bit of brick that could have been coral. He picked up a yellow sandstone and found it had a lamp inside. While they were wet, all these things were magical with color, but when they dried the magic withdrew inside them like touched antennae.

A salt wind came chill and idling over the dunes where hot, loose white sand was held together with sharp grass, and the sky full of larks.

Bill was a town child, a street urchin, resourceful and unafraid. Only once before had he ever left London, and that was on a parish outing for the day by charabanc. He threw his face up now, screwing his eyes against the powerful blue, while wind tossed his salt-coarsened hair. Imagination moved in him, an irresistible creative force: he could see God in the sky.

Look! A stone shaped like a coin, and one with a hole right through it. Suppose you were little enough to walk through—to climb through—how loud the sea would be.

A razor-shell which, when washed, was a long scoop of navy-blue pearl.

There was a little tern skimming the foam. If he could only have put that in the bucket, too—the clean markings, the dark, the white, the purity, the brilliant eye and swallow wings.

Seaweed? He wanted one of those gleaming ribbons with the hard rubbery bubbles in it that you could pop. The boys in the street back home said if you kept one long enough you'd hatch a swan.

"Bi-i-ll, dinnertime. Bill!" Better go back.

They'd got the basket beside them, and they were spreading the cloth.

"That weed'll be smelling before we get home," his mother complained, giving him a kiss and a slap at the same time.

Bill sat down and began on a ham sandwich full of mustard. He

had to pant like a dog. Sand gritted in the bread.

"Fizz, please, Mum."

Pop went the cork and out bubbled the lukewarm lemonade. He plunged in for a long gasping drink that came back up his nose afterwards. When he dried his lips with his tongue, they tasted salt.

Belgian pastries next that were so good you thought you could eat ten at least, but had to stop sudden at three.

In the evening the tide was coming in, and it was time to go. His mother held a towel round him while he peeled off the cold clinging cotton costume that covered him from shoulder to knee, and got back into his clothes. The bathing suit was stamped in the sand and had to be taken down to the sea and rinsed. Then his mother dried in between his toes with the sandy towel that scratched him and they shook out his shoes and he put them on.

Time to go.

The tide was breaking down his castle that he'd made and, flooding in the channel under the bridges, collapsing the fortress. He stood gazing at it.

"Come on," Gladys urged. "Come on."

He was overtired by now and flung away from her in a tantrum.

"My castle!" he stamped, with tears ready. "I want to watch."

"I'll see after him while you get the things into the baskets, Glad," said his father. "Come on, Bill, let's throw stones till Mum's ready."

They went hand-in-hand down to the sea.

Ron Walker gazed at the waves and the beach and the dunes.

"Well, son," he smiled suddenly.

"It's been a grand holiday, hasn't it? Remember it always. Keep it safe inside you. Because I reckon this is the last time you'll ever set eyes on the beaches of Dunkirk."

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ILLUSTRATED BY
PHILLIPS

Gladys dressed Bill while Ron enjoyed the last peaceful moments of their day.

A short story complete on this page by **NORAH BURKE**

Conspiracy

What could she have done
to make them all turn
their heads and whisper
between themselves when
she came into a room?
... a short story

By **BROWNING
NORTON**

BETSY had tried to ignore the sense of wrongness that had grown on her after they sat down at the table. It wasn't an obvious thing, and she'd told herself firmly that as soon as the stiffness and strain wore off, even though she was a stranger and a guest in a group where everyone knew everyone else, things would be all right. She was a shy girl and she allowed a little for that.

Only everything wasn't all right. The evening was ebbing and the knowledge of wrongness persisted. If anything, it grew stronger. Her face ached with the effort of smiling and pretending to be a part of something from which she sensed with dismay, she was being excluded. If these friends of Paula didn't like her it wasn't Paula's fault; Paula had been wonderful.

The small band struck up just as Tom Halstead turned to her.

"Having a good time, Betsy?"

"Of course," she said quickly.

There was no strain in smiling up at Tom, but there was something else—the need to halt the trend of her thinking about him. She'd known him less than two months, had gone out with him fewer than a dozen times when he could get away from the hospital. Those times had seemed all too fleeting, but that hadn't warned her.

It had taken tonight, in strange surroundings, to show her that she had let a warm glow envelope her when she thought about Tom Halstead. It had taken the casual talk going around the table on a hot, late-summer night at this Lakeview Yacht Club. Talk in which the combination of Tom and Paula, Paula and Tom, seemed to Betsy Raussion to be an ever-recurring refrain.

They were a party of ten in the club's old-fashioned dining-room with its polished floor, its great arch into the main lounge, and its vast windows thrown open to the dark verandah. Betsy and, on her right, Tom. Beyond him at the table's curve was Paula Albright in a white sleeveless dress that set off her smooth tan and her creamy blond hair—a girl whose animation was so effortless and so unflagging that she seemed more alive than anyone else.

Next to Paula sat Dick Somebody-or-other with the dark, handsome girl Vera Stillson, across from Betsy. Then a boy named Bill, and beside him a thin girl with high cheekbones, wide eyes, and a saucy nose, Julie Hunt. On Betsy's left, completing the circle, a quiet, slim boy with glasses, Don Shares. "Dance, Betsy?" Tom said. "May be the last. It's almost one o'clock."

She nodded wordlessly and rose, a rather tall girl with a slim, supple figure in a simple navy dress cut square at the neck. Her long dark hair had been brushed till it shone. You had to look at her twice. She had a quietness that tricked the eye. It was the second glance that told you how pretty she was.

She turned towards the floor with Tom, but not before she caught the strange veiled look in the eyes of Julie Hunt and Vera Stillson, the same look she'd encountered all evening from that pair. A quick, rejecting look. Even Don Shares, Dick, and Bill were—well, different from the boys she knew in Bristol. More reserved, nice enough to her, dancing with her; but at intervals she'd surprised them staring and their eyes had slid away. Watching her as if waiting for something.

Waiting for what? she asked herself.

"Hey," Tom said, pulling her closer. "Why so silent?"

"Thinking what a lovely evening," she said.

Actually, what had crossed her mind was the incident in the powder-room an hour earlier. She'd stepped in quietly without in any way trying to be quiet and had heard the voices before she got through the entry.

"But why did Paula—"

"It was her mother! Her mother insisted. Paula told me she was pretty sure what the idea was when they got the letter. But she couldn't make her mother see it. She said it was exactly the same way when she was little and they—"

Betsy had rounded the corner then to face Julie Hunt and Vera Stillson, suddenly silent. What had they been talking about? Why had they stopped at sight of her?

Someone on the floor called a greeting to Tom. She leaned back against his arm.

"You must know everyone in Lakeview."

"Not quite," he said. "How d'you like Paula's crowd?"

"They're your crowd, too, aren't they?"

A slight frown appeared between his brows. "No, not really. I'm older, five or six years older than you sprouts. My old crowd's pretty well scattered. After all, I've been out of circulation a long time—college, medical school, and now interning. Mother and Dad call me Dr. Strange when I drop in at home."

Betsy laughed, some of the evening's strain slipping from her. But she persisted, wanting to know. "Yes, but Paula's crowd is sort of your crowd now, isn't it? I mean..."

His eyes studied her upturned face. "I'm not exactly sure what you mean. But if you mean am I committed to Paula the answer is no."

Her heart leaped. "It's really none of my..."

He steered her to the table. All the others were dancing. "Let's sit down a minute. I want to tell you. Mrs. Albright and Paula moved here from the West two years ago. You know about that. I met Paula last summer, took her around quite a bit. Since I began interning I haven't seen so much of her." He grinned wryly. "Interning and social life don't mix. She's quite a gal. If I—"

The music stopped and the others swarmed back to the table. She had hoped nobody was looking at her right then. What had he been going to say? "If I—" But she was pretty sure she knew. "If I were ready to settle down it would be Paula." And I, she thought with a sinking feeling, am just a girl in Bristol to have fun with when he can get away from the hospital.

The little band was playing a break-up set now and people were leaving the tables, drifting into the lounge. The evening was running out.

Julie Hunt glanced at her watch and gave a little scream. "I've got to run, for one. Got a tennis date at nine. I'll look a shrieking hag!"

Paula leaned forward to smile across Tom at Betsy. "Maybe we'd better go, too, Bets. Get some sack time. Big day ahead. Mother's taking us in town for lunch and a movie. Don't anyone forget the cook-out on our beach tomorrow night."

It was then, when they were on the point of leaving the table, that the ugly thing happened.

"Where's my cigarette-lighter?" It was Vera Stillson; they all turned to look at her. "It was right here by my plate and now it's gone."

Tom reached across the table, flicking flame from his own lighter. "Here, I'll give you—"

She rejected it. "No, thanks. I want my lighter back. Right now!" There was an odd, flat note in her voice. Her eyes were fixed on a point two feet over Betsy's head. "My brother gave me that lighter. He died in Korea. I want it back!"

"Maybe it fell on the floor," Don Shares mumbled.

They looked. It wasn't on the floor.

A little cry drew their eyes to Paula. She sat staring at the table in front of her, two spots of color in her cheeks. She had lifted her napkin. Vera Stillson's lighter lay beneath it.

"Why, here it is! I—I've no idea how it got here, Vera." "Don't you think I know that?" Vera Stillson said in the same tight voice. "Don't you think I know?"

Betsy glanced from one to the other in bewilderment, and then the sense of wrongness seemed to congeal. Paula was still staring at the lighter, but Vera Stillson and Julie Hunt were turning with one accord.

Why are they looking at me? The thought was an unreasoning little flash like remembered panic in Betsy's mind. Why are they staring at me?

The feeling of wrongness was still with her as she stood in front of the dressing-table in the Albrights' guest-room. The gang had brought them home, and she and Paula had turned off the lights and tiptoed straight upstairs. She was brushing her hair and frowning at her image in the mirror when Paula slipped into the room and sat down on the bed.

"I'm sorry about tonight, Betsy. I wanted it to be nice for you. I mean, you must have noticed that it seemed a little strained. It was Vera Stillson, of course. We all feel sorry for Vera, but—"

When Betsy explained she had been on the lawn she was conscious of everyone looking at her, particularly blond Paula and Tom.



One day her mother said, "There's a new little playmate for you, dear. A family moving in up the street."

But Paula had never been a playmate, not really. The Paula of that era was angelic-looking, small for her age, with a bland, incisive way about her for which Betsy was no match.

Betsy's mother was quite sharp about it. "Now, look here, Betsy, you've got to be nicer to little Paula Albright. I can't understand why you'd be mean to her."

And Betsy, in dismay: "Mama, honest I'm not—"

"This picking on her has got to stop."

Paula had a big blond-curl'd doll she prized above all else. No one was allowed to touch it. One day she smashed it.

Deliberately. Held it high above her head and threw it with all her strength on the sidewalk. Betsy stared wide-eyed, chill with premonition. She had just beaten Paula at a game of jacks.

Paula seized up the mutilated, crushed thing and screamed at Betsy: "Look what you did to my doll!" And she ran shrieking to the house.

Betsy's mother was shocked and Betsy was punished, once for breaking the doll and again for denying that she did it. But all that was long ago, softened by time.

Curl'd up now on the bed in this pleasant guest-room in the Albrights' Lakeview house, with Paula talking away and smiling at her, her blue eyes

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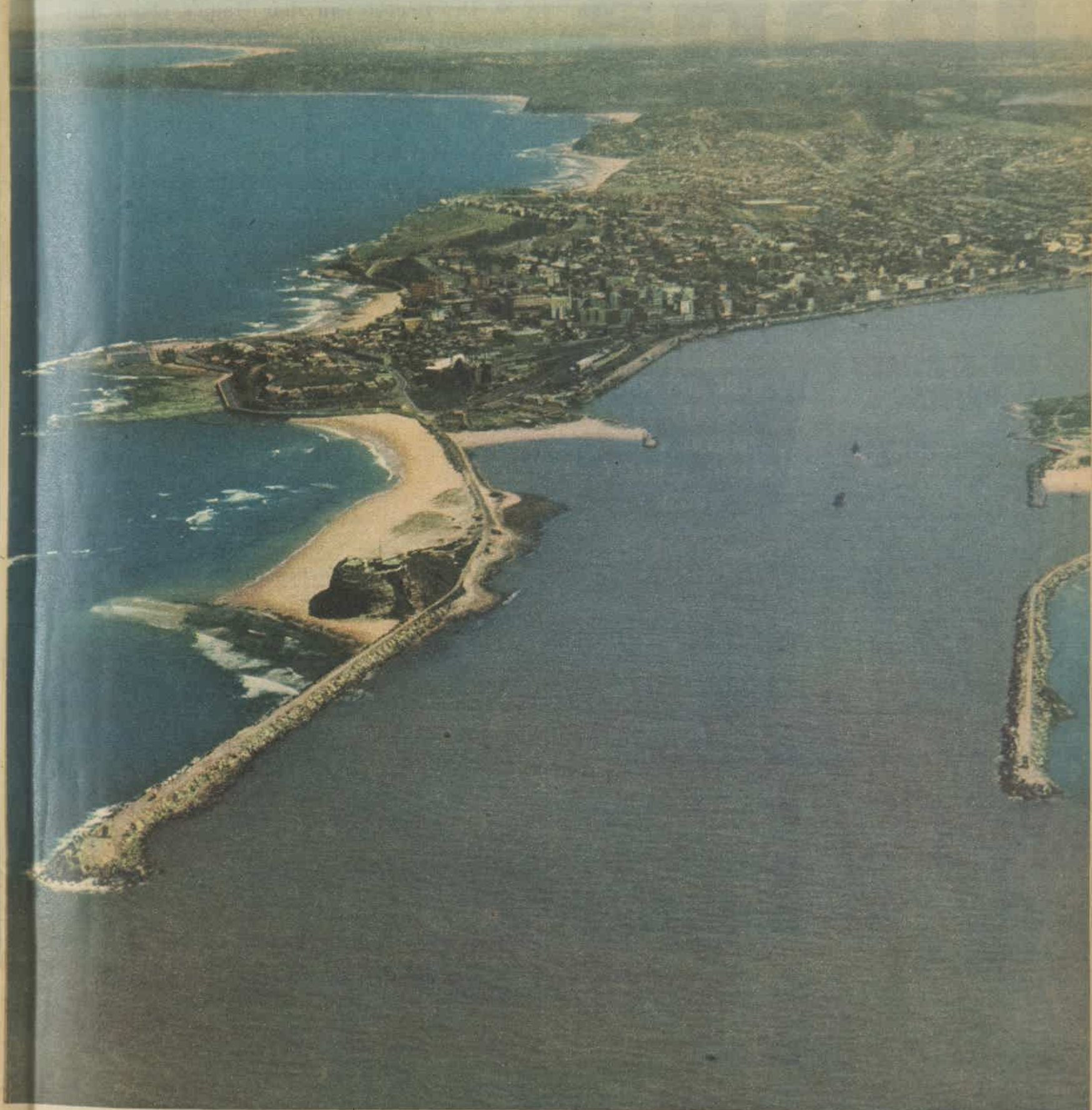
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AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

● Nobby's Head, with its signal station and lighthouse, marks the entrance to Newcastle Harbor, the second port of the Commonwealth (estimated on cargo tonnage). Nobby's has had a colorful history. Originally an island, it was connected to the mainland by a breakwater built by convicts between 1818 and 1846. Nobby's then became a place of hard labor for convicts until 1851, when it was reserved for quarantine. In 1857, a lighthouse was built to replace the coal-fire beacon which had operated since 1813. This picture, by Douglass Baglin, shows Newcastle's fine beaches, thriving business centre running west along the harbor, and southern suburbs.

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drinks, etc.
- 2 Clean your teeth immediately
after eating.
- 3 Brush your teeth the
correct way with an
approved toothpaste.
- 4 Fluoridation of your water
supply as advocated by your
dentist.
- 5 Have a regular six-monthly
examination by your dentist.
- 6 Don't eat snacks between
meals.
- 7 Include foods such as
milk, salads, fruit, etc.,
in your diet.
- 8 Rinse your mouth thoroughly
after eating if you are
unable to clean your teeth.
- 9 Have crooked teeth
corrected.



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Swift response from readers

• Dr. Ernest van den Haag's claim that romantic love and marriage don't mix—published in our June 17 issue—brought an immediate response from readers. They wrote to us from all over Australia. Most disagreed with the American doctor; a minority supported his controversial views.

ROMANTIC love is temporary and irrational," the doctor said. "It is the tension between desire and fulfilment. If fulfilled, it ceases to exist. "Marriage is rational. It must be entered into after serious consideration of all factors.

"The couple that tries to mix romantic love and marriage is inviting disaster."

The writers of the following letters will each receive £2/2/-.

Only love could survive

MARRIAGE would be impossible to endure without love.

The stardust and moonbeams are lost after the wedding ceremony, I admit. But it's then that love shows its true quality of pure gold.

What the heck but a mountain of love could survive those broken nights of no sleep when the baby is sick, your husband has been working overtime, and you are so tired you are getting around like a zombie?

As the years swiftly speed away you look back and realise you have reached the love of knowledge: knowing and loving your husband's funny little ways, and knowing that he loves you in spite of your own funny ways.

If that isn't love and marriage then I've been fooled for 23 years.

Mrs. Ted Thomas, Shepparton, Vic.

No future in romantic love

THERE is far too much of this "romantic love" time-wasting nonsense in our world today.

Romantic love is untrue and unrealistic and, therefore, no suitable foundation for a happy marriage.

I love my husband because he has a strong and dependable character; he is reliable and sober.

We now have two beautiful daughters, aged 11 and seven years. I always advise them to look for the same qualities in the man they will some day marry.

Place no trust in romantic love. It can bring no happiness or success in life.

Mrs. B.M., Cowra, N.S.W.

Breathes there a man...

SHOW me a man or woman who unswervingly chooses a partner possessing no appeal to his senses and I'll show you someone who wishes he'd never been born!

Mrs. D. Shades, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

One thing leads to another

SURELY the secret of making a happy marriage is to combine the three kinds of love the doctor mentioned: that is, love motivated by sex, love built on sympathy and compassion, love cemented by knowledge.

As he says, the first kind of love is the least important in

the long run. But it has its place in leading on to the other kinds of love.

Love that is wrapped in self, that seeks only self-satisfaction, cannot last. But true love leads one to seek knowledge of the other, and with knowledge must come sympathy and understanding.

Peggy Clarke, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Give me the good old ways

WHEN I lived on the Continent, I met a man who interrupted more than one romantic holiday to go home and attend a birthday party for one of his children.

I presume he was a Dr. van den Haag disciple.

I didn't know his wife well, so what her reaction was I can't imagine. But I can imagine what my own wife's reaction would have been in similar circumstances.

So, with due respect to the doctor and his opinions, I'll stick to the good old-fashioned way of love and marriage.

"Old-fashioned," Brisbane.

How dull with no romance

HOW commonplace and uninteresting marriage would be without romantic love. It keeps a marriage young.

I was a teenage bride, married during the early war years. We have five sons, ranging in age from 17 to seven.

As well as looking after them, I run a hairdressing salon.

All this I do willingly, because my husband and I had, and have, romantic love.

Mrs. S. C. Elder, Vale Park.

You must work for happiness

WE have been married for six years. In that time we have had three children and a great deal of worry and work.

Through it all, perhaps in spite of it all, we are still in love.

How else can one explain the excitement when my husband is due home from work, the jealousy of the time he spends away from me, and our desire just to be near each other?

And, most of all, the way

A sweete society

Dr. van den Haag's opinion apparently was shared by Montaigne, a Frenchman writing in the sixteenth century. This is an extract from one of his essays:

"I see no marriages fail sooner or more troubled than such as are concluded for beauties sake, and huddled up for amorous desires. There are required more solide foundations and more constant grounds, and a more warie marching to it: this earnest youthly heate serveth to no purpose... A good mariage (if any there be) refuseth the company and conditions of love; it endeavoureth to present those of amity. It is a sweete society of life, full of constancy, of trust, and an infinite number of profitable and solid offices, and mutuall obligations."

V.M., Middle Cove, N.S.W.

Love and marriage don't mix, he said



my heart often jumps just to think of him . . .

Get this straight, I am not exaggerating. I am not writing this to make others envious, but to show that every marriage can develop the same way.

Dr. van den Haag is wrong when he says that romantic love will not last. He maintains that free love must show abandon, but that marriage requires only affection and respect.

Everyone marries just for the desire to mate. We did. You did, or will, and if you do not abandon yourself and give way entirely to desire, then you cannot have the fulfilment spoken of.

Romantic love can last if you are willing to work at it. J.M., Brisbane.

The proof of two loves

SO romantic love can't be harnessed with respect, compassion, and loyalty to make an ideal marriage — what rot!

Dr. van den Haag says "love calls for complete abandon." This is true. And "matrimony demands the utmost sobriety"; this is ridiculous.

Stability, yes. But "sobriety" suggests a funereal existence.

Who could spend a lifetime of complete abandonment without continually searching for something deeper that was missing?

And who could live fully with only affection, respect, and loyalty?

Of course, the two loves can be combined. I know. I've proved it for 12 years.

J.M., Donnybrook, W.A.

"I love you" — every day

DEAR Dr. van den Haag: As an incurably romantic woman, I want to tell you it is the combination of love and marriage that makes the world go round.

Any marriage which is not based on true romantic love is doomed to an early or eventual failure.

Every happily married woman of my acquaintance is one whose husband is, first of all, lover, then husband, father, and provider.

The secret of any happy marriage for a woman is to have a husband who takes time to tell her EVERY DAY that he loves her.

Only when all men learn this simple psychology, and put it

into practice, will they hold the key to happiness.

I suggest, doctor, that the views you have expressed stem from an attitude of mind current among the world's bachelors — a selfish desire to enjoy romance without its obligations.

Only when romantic love is fulfilled can it continue to exist and, from my own experience, I say to those who contemplate marriage for any other reason but romance . . . DON'T.

Mrs. Marcella E. Pearce, Geelong, Vic.

Or an egg without salt

MARRIAGE without love is like bread without butter.

It can be tolerated, but leaves much to be desired.

B. Hemmett, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

No bliss after the chase . . .

AT last someone has brought to light the truth about love and marriage.

I am sure that many people who have married in a state of romantic sublimation have felt a sickening disquiet when life became routine.

Were there some means by which this form of love could be kept alive, no doubt all would be well.

But by the very nature of romantic love, the bliss must end when the hunter has trapped the hunted.

The chase is over. Though the hunted may make a pleasing pet, the mere fact that it is always within reach pall the enthusiasm.

Mrs. Olga Nisbet, Launceston, Tas.

Love's sweet torment . . .

DON'T blame Dr. van den Haag for human nature, even though we might object to his straight speaking.

As women, we are naturally romantic. But our romanticism has been commercialised so that we think and behave like a race of backward adolescents.

Men will admit the truth of the doctor's words that romantic love fulfilled ceases to exist.

Any married woman who is being honest will admit it, too.

As women, we don't like it. Our grandmothers probably didn't, either, yet mine managed to stay married for almost 40 years.

Looking back to that happy

DR. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG.

home, I can't remember any torrid love scenes. The only passions I recall were before my own mother and father were divorced.

When I was married I should have been willing to exchange the sweet torment of romance for love that has kept people content longer than my lifetime.

But I had wrecked one marriage and, at 24, was almost on the rocks with a second before sheer desperation brought me out of my Hollywood-inspired dream.

Best face it. Our husbands are not romantically in love with us. Heaven help the wife who fights the other woman with romance!

T.M., Banbury, W.A.

The romance will wear off

ROMANCE is not a true basis for marriage—but 99 people out of 100 marry because of it.

Many are lucky enough to find the necessary requirements in each other to stabilise the marriage after the romance wears off.

It always does.

J.V., Brisbane.

Romance not enough

ROMANTIC love is the popular "being in love." But marriage calls for the saner and lasting spirit of loving.

If you love another person in this way, you can withstand all outside pressures on your marriage. But romantic love has no foundations. Therefore any irritation rocks such a marriage till it ends in ruins.

My own marriage has had to withstand family interference, different religious faith, differing educational standards, extreme financial worries, and four children in quick succession (the eldest is just four).

But my husband and I think of ourselves as two halves of one unit. So our marriage today is even stronger than it was at first.

K.C., Halifax, Qld.

Sandra Dee

co-starring in

"IMITATION OF LIFE"

A Universal-International Picture In Colour



SANDRA DEE LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies



thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

BUY THE BIG SIZES
AND SAVE MONEY!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

YOU AND YOUR FOOD



CRISP, tasty Chef's Salad Bowl is good to eat. See recipe below.

Family Doctor Cookbook

● **Variety is the spice that makes for better appetites, better feeding, and better health. Because it takes many kinds of foods to give a really balanced diet, variety is the secret of sound nutrition to meet the needs of a growing family.**

TRUE, it is scientifically possible to work out the exact food needs of a family according to their age, sex, and occupation, and feed them on the same menu week in, week out.

The family could thrive on such a diet, but mother would perish of boredom.

And there lies the key to good family eating, for where there is boredom there is bad feeding. Where there is variety, change, surprise, and color in family meals there is goodness.

Always include every day at least one

serving of meat, fish, eggs, or cheese. Add an assortment of fruits and vegetables, both raw and cooked, and breads of every variety, spread with butter or a mixture of butter and butter substitute.

Enjoy cereals, tinned foods, cakes, puddings, pies, biscuits, in fact everything.

This Family Doctor Cookbook tells you how best to provide the family with a varied, balanced diet.

And throughout the book there are some wise words labelled Family Doctor Says . . .

Adapted from "Cookery and Recipe Book of Balanced Meals for Better Feeding," published by the British Medical Association.

SALADS contain wonderful health-giving qualities. They are excellent for Sunday night supper, especially in summer time. For a balanced meal, serve them with a good soup, fresh fruit, cheese and biscuits.

If a tinned or packaged soup is used add the top milk from two bottles or $\frac{1}{2}$ small tin of evaporated milk just before serving the soup.

CHEF'S SALAD BOWL

Half a clove of garlic, lettuce and cress, $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, 4oz. cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin luncheon meat, 4oz. luncheon sausage or ham, 4 table-spoons French dressing.

Remove skin from garlic, rub cut edge around inside of wooden salad bowl. Discard garlic. Tear or cut lettuce into bite-sized pieces. Place in salad bowl with cress. On top place thin rings of green pepper (seeds and ribs removed). Cut shelled hard-boiled eggs into quarters, place on top of salad. Add grated cheese, luncheon meat, and luncheon sausage or ham cut into thin strips. Trickle French dressing over top, then toss salad lightly to mix. Serve at once.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . FRUIT

Fruits vary. They can be mostly water, like melon, or contain lots of carbohydrate, like banana. Generally they have very little protein, a good assortment of mineral elements, a variable amount of vitamin C. Otherwise they contain starches and sugars, some more, some less. Plums, pears, and apples have relatively little vitamin C. Oranges, strawberries, grapefruit, lemons, and pineapples have more. The thing to do is eat all kinds of fruit, then you will be sure of getting what you need.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1959

MEAT MAKES A MEAL THAT IS A MEAL

● Grilling-steaks are first-class foods, packed with nourishment, but so are the cheaper cuts.

OTHER countries, less favored with their beef cattle and their sheep, take the less-popular cuts and make them into national specialties. It's high time we valued the whole of our available meat, and used our cookery skill to put meat on the menu with more variety but with no extra cost.

SHISH KEBAB

One and a half pounds lamb (leg chops or boned shoulder), 1 large lemon, 2 tablespoons peanut oil, 1 small chopped onion, pinch salt, baby onions, mushrooms, or cubes pineapple, tiny tomatoes or tomato wedges, boiled rice.

Cut meat into 1 in. cubes. Mix lemon juice with oil, chopped onion, and salt, spoon over meat cubes. Cover, leave overnight in a cool place. Half an hour before serving time, lift meat out of liquid, thread on skewers, alternating meat, onions,

mushrooms or pineapples, and tomatoes or tomato wedges. Grill 15 to 20 minutes, turning frequently and basting occasionally with the oil-lemon juice mixture. Serve on a bed of hot, cooked rice, or inside a soft, hot roll.

MEAT TENDERISERS

THESE are mainly manufactured from papaw juice and marketed as a salt. Wine also acts as a tenderiser. It is necessary to pierce the meat all over with the prongs of a fork to allow the manufactured tenderiser to penetrate, and to allow time for the tenderiser to work. Follow maker's instructions.

After using tenderiser be sparing with salt.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS

● There seem to be two popular views about pressure-cooking in relation to nutritional value and the goodness of foods. Both are wrong. One view is that the shorter time of cooking leads to a better conservation of the valuable food elements—vitamins and minerals. The other is that the higher temperature during cooking leads to a greater destruction. Careful experiments have shown that these nearly cancel out. If pressure-cooking is done properly, you end up with much the same nourishment in the food as you do by cooking anything properly in an ordinary saucepan. So please yourself and use whichever method suits you best.

BEEF BURGUNDY

One and a half pounds round, blade, or chuck steak, meat tenderiser, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 large onion, 2 medium carrots, 1 cup stock or water, 1 cup red wine, 1 clove crushed garlic.

Cut meat into 4 or 5 pieces. Treat with tenderiser as directed on package. Coat with seasoned flour, brown on both sides in hot fat. Remove, add sliced onion, and brown. Place meat and onion in greased ovenware dish. Top with sliced carrot. Add any remaining seasoned flour to fat, allow to brown. Stir in stock or water, and wine. Continue stirring until boiling. Add crushed garlic, season

further with salt and pepper. Spoon over meat and vegetables in casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. Serve very hot.

Economise

STUFFED HEART OF LAMB OR CALF

This is economical, nourishing, and very delicious. Two hearts should yield four servings.

Two hearts, 4 slices bread, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 egg-yolk if available, 3 tablespoons flour seasoned with salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons clean fat, stock or water.

Wash hearts thoroughly in cold water, remove all the bits and pieces that are inside. Prepare seasoning. Break bread (crusts removed) into little pieces. Place in a basin, add onion, parsley, salt and pepper, melted butter, egg-yolk (if used), and milk. Mix thoroughly. Fill into hearts, skewer or tie securely to keep seasoning in place. Roll in seasoned flour, brown on all sides in the hot fat, place in ovenware dish with a lid. Add sufficient stock or water to come halfway up the hearts. Cover and bake in moderate oven for 2 hours or until hearts are tender. Serve in slices with gravy made from the cooking liquid thickened with blended flour.

EGG NOODLES WITH CURRIED LAMB

Three cups diced cooked lamb, half pound broad egg-noodles, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons curry powder (or more or less according to taste), ½ pint beef stock (or use a meat or bouillon cube dissolved in ½ pint boiling water), salt, pepper, 1 small tin green peas, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook noodles in boiling

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . FROZEN FOODS

● It is easy to compare cooked frozen peas with cooked fresh peas when they reach the table. Do this, and you find that frozen foods are at least as good for you as fresh foods. And frozen vegetables are almost always better. The main reason for this is that so many of us live in towns, and vegetables do not reach us until at least two or three days after picking. By that time they have already lost some of their vitamin C and some other valuable qualities. Frozen vegetables are processed within a few hours of picking, and once frozen they retain their nutritional goodness for a very long time.

salted water until tender, drain thoroughly. Pour hot water through to remove stickiness. Melt shortening in heavy pan, add flour and curry powder, cook 2 minutes, then stir in the beef stock. Continue stirring until sauce boils and

thickens. Season with salt and pepper. Pour hot water through to remove stickiness. Simmer gently 5 to 10 minutes, until lamb and peas are thoroughly heated. Serve poured over, or surrounded by, noodles and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Enjoy your salad days

SALADS are almost as much fun to make as they are to eat. Not limp, water-laden, tasteless affairs, but delectable mixtures of crisp, cold, green-stuffs, firm red tomatoes, choice meat or fish, mature cheese, and a dressing with some "bite" to it.

CHEESE SUMMER SALAD

Make this salad in the morning and leave in the refrigerator.

In a salad bowl put a crisp, fresh lettuce, torn with the fingers into small pieces. Add some cress, washed and patted dry. Add half a cucumber, peeled and sliced thinly, and some radishes, also sliced. In another bowl put 1 lb. cottage cheese and mix with it 1 tablespoon French dressing.

Just before serving, arrange the flavored cheese in the middle of the salad greens and garnish with rings of radish.

PRAWN AND EGG SALAD

This way of serving a salad is a time-saver. All the ingredients are prepared in separate bowls and arranged on the table so that each person helps himself. Serve with crisp rolls and butter.

Four sliced tomatoes, crisp lettuce leaves, 3 or 4 sliced hard-boiled eggs, 1 lb. shelled prawns (more if liked), 1 lb. cottage cheese, 1 lb. grated cheddar cheese, 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 sliced cucumber, potato salad, salad dressing.

POTATO SALAD

Toss 3 or 4 diced cooked potatoes, freshly cooked and hot, with 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or mint, and 1 cup mayonnaise. Allow to stand until potatoes are quite cold and flavors are well blended.

SALAD DRESSING

The following rather special salad dressing is just right with prawn and egg salad.

Mix ½ cup bottled mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, squeeze lemon juice, and a good pinch of white pepper.

TUNA SALAD

Serve on shredded lettuce or large split rolls.

Two cups finely shredded cabbage heart, 1 large carrot, 1½ cups cooked macaroni or spaghetti, 1 7½oz. tin tuna, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard.

Mix cabbage, carrot, and macaroni or spaghetti in a basin. Open the tin of tuna, drain the liquor into the mayonnaise, flake the fish and add it to the cabbage mixture. Mix mustard with mayonnaise, add to the salad with the grated onion. Toss lightly until well blended.

CHEESE ROLLS

Serve them with salads.

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ cup milk, extra 2oz. melted butter or substitute.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute, add cheese. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly, roll to an oblong shape 1 in. thick. Cut into finger-lengths 1 in. wide and 3 in. long. Dip each finger into the melted butter or substitute, arrange on oven-tray. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.



SHISH KEBAB made with lamb, mushrooms, tomatoes, and onions. Beef or veal could be used. Recipe above.



STEAK-AND-KIDNEY PIE with crisp pastry topping. Tenderness of the stewing steak depends on gentle, slow cooking. Recipe on page 32.

YOU AND YOUR FOOD

Meat Makes a Meal

Continued from page 31

SIMMER LOW—SIMMER SLOW

- The toughest meat cannot resist long and slow simmering in rich, tasty gravy.

IN Italy, France, and Spain, in fact all over Europe, they add tomatoes, wine, spices, herbs, and vegetables to the meat. Our contribution to this form of cookery is steak and kidney pie.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE WITH A CRISP PASTRY TOPPING

(See illustration, page 31)

One and a half pounds chuck or blade steak, 2 or 3 kidneys or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ox kidney, 3 dessertspoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 small chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup stock or water, pastry.

Skin kidneys, remove cores, soak in salted water. Cut into small pieces. Trim steak, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes. Mix with kidneys. Coat both meats thoroughly with flour, salt, and pepper. Place in saucepan with chopped onion and stock or water. Cover and simmer very gently until meat is tender, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Place in piedish, arrange pastry cut into squares or triangles on top. (Make pastry according to recipe given below.) Brush pastry pieces with milk, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Note: Small pieces of carrot, celery, and potato can be added to the meat mixture if desired.

Pastry: Four ounces solid type white shortening, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-yolk, 8oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.

Chop shortening into small pieces. Place in basin, beat slightly until softened. Combine milk and water, bring to the boil, pour over shortening. Stir well until shortening has melted, allow to cool. Add lemon juice and beaten egg-yolk, whip with rotary beater until mixture is the consistency of whipped cream. Work in sifted flour and salt. Knead on lightly floured board, roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Cut into shapes required.

Mince is tasty

- Buying ready-minced steak is not always the best way of arriving at minced meat. The best buy is blade or chuck steak, put twice through the mincer.

THE very process of mincing makes the cheaper cuts tender, and of course it cooks quickly.

One minced steak meal a week is a good idea. Try cooking it with tomato puree, mushroom soup, tomato soup, or with onions.

MEAT LOAF

One pound minced steak or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. minced steak and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

sausage mince, 1 grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 beaten egg, 1 dessertspoon horseradish sauce (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Place meat, onion, and breadcrumbs in a bowl, add salt. Mix thoroughly together, add egg, sauces, and mustard. Pack into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Those sundries

- Do make the best use of meat sundries such as liver, tongue, brains, heart, oxtail, and tripe.

DESPITE their comparatively low price they are extremely nourishing and full of flavor. But they must be bought absolutely fresh.

If cooking for adults, try using a large glass of red cooking wine in place of part of the liquid. It really does transform the dish.

BRAISED OXTAIL

One oxtail (about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight), 2 tablespoons clean fat, salt, pepper, 1 bayleaf, 1 pint stock (or 1 pint water and half a bouillon cube, or use 1 glass wine and make up to 1 pint with stock or water), 3 medium carrots, 8 tiny onions, 1 or 2 stalks celery, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut oxtail into joints and trim off as much fat as possible. Brown thoroughly in the hot fat. Pour off excess fat. Season with salt and pepper, add bayleaf and liquid. Cover and simmer 2 to

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, leave to cool overnight. Next day remove surface fat, add sliced carrots, peeled whole onions, celery stalks cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths. Simmer 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours longer. Thicken gravy with blended flour. Serve very hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

TRIPLE IN SPANISH SAUCE

Tripe is nourishing and easy to eat, and can make a very hearty main course. Being bland in flavor and smooth in texture it needs a good savory sauce. Honeycomb tripe is best, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. is needed to serve four people.

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 16oz. tin tomatoes or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh tomatoes, 2 medium onions, 1 stalk celery, 1 small green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons water.

Wash tripe, scrape underside if

necessary. Cut into small cubes, cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain, cover with fresh cold water, add 1 whole onion. Cover and simmer until quite tender, 2 to 3 hours according to quality of tripe. Drain, discard onion. Into a saucepan place tinned tomatoes or fresh tomatoes skinned and chopped, the second onion finely chopped, chopped celery, finely chopped green pepper. Add salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, water. Simmer this sauce 20 minutes; add pieces of tripe, cook 10 minutes longer. Thicken with flour blended with water. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Serve hot.

TOMATO SAUCE adds flavor to tasty minced steak Meat Loaf, which can be served either hot or cold.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . MEAT AND TWO VEG.

One of the least understood things about our food is why we like to mix different sorts of foods. We get awfully tired if we can only eat meat, or only eat vegetables. But while we cannot explain why we like to mix our foods except by talking about instincts, this is the most important thing which keeps us in well-nourished good health. No single food supplies all the things we need. Meat supplies some, vegetables others. Both together go a very long way to giving us what we must have. So meat and two veg. is a very sound habit. And fruit afterwards makes it even better.





HOT creamy egg and frankfurts mixture filled into crisp hot rolls makes a delicious, nourishing meal. Recipe is given below.

A sandwich can be a balanced meal

- But it needs the best bread, loving care, and more meat, or cheese, or egg, or bacon, or other filling, than there is bread.

AND there's no need to stop at sliced bread. For a change try soft rolls, hard rolls, finger rolls, French bread, Vienna bread, milk twists, cottage loaves, wholemeal bread, or brown bread — all of them fresh and well buttered.

First of all, try them hot.

EGG AND FRANKFURTS

Beat together slightly 3 eggs, a pinch of salt, 3 tablespoons milk. Slice 3 or 4 frankfurts and stir in. Melt 1 ounce of butter, add egg mixture, and cook gently, stirring till creamy. Serve between hot split rolls, which have first been thinly spread with tomato sauce or ketchup. Serves 4.

HOT CHEESE SANDWICHES

Mix together 1 tablespoon mayonnaise and 1 teaspoon made mustard. Spread on 8 slices of bread. Make up 4 sandwiches, using good slices of processed cheddar cheese. Spread the outside of each sandwich with very soft butter. Brown both sides until golden in a hot ungreased frying-pan, by which time the cheese will have begun to melt. Serve at once with sweet pickle.

HOT ROAST BEEF

Entirely cover the surface of a slice of round French bread with a slice of cold roast beef. Mix a little finely grated onion with some mayonnaise and spread on top of the meat. Grill gently till the mayonnaise mixture is golden-brown. Serve with a knife and fork and a crisp salad.

Try the double-decker

These are nicest when there is texture contrast such as toast and salad filling or bread and luncheon meat with cocktail gherkins or sweet pickles.

CHICKEN DOUBLE-DECKERS

Toast 12 slices of bread, cool slightly, then spread with butter. Cover 4 slices with slices of chicken (the meat from a boiled fowl is delicious), then cover with a buttered slice of toast. Spread the second slice with mayonnaise, then cover with crisp fried bacon and slices of tomato. Cover with remaining toast. Stick toothpicks through the sandwiches to anchor them, then cut them diagonally into four. Stand the quarters upright on plates and surround them with slices of sweet pickle.

Continued on page 34



DOUBLE-DECKER sandwiches, served with salad greens, make an appetising, tasty meal.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . .

Lots of people have to have one or even two sandwich meals a day. You can feed quite well in this way provided you make sure that you are not merely eating bread with a flavor. A good guide is to look at the bread and the filling, side by side, and see whether they are roughly in the proportion you would normally eat at a sit-down meal. If there is more bread than sandwich filling, you are likely to be doing yourself out of some of the other foods you need. Bread is very good food, but not if you eat so much that you don't leave enough room for the other things. So do go for good thick sandwiches made of thin slices of bread.

SANDWICHES

Sandwiches . . .

Continued from page 33

- The tyranny of cutting lunches daily becomes a pleasure if you have sandwich fillings at hand.

HERE are a few easy ones:

SAVORY BUTTER

To make any savory butter, cream butter thoroughly, then combine with minced fish, meat, or vegetables, or finely chopped herbs or pastes. Season well.

ANCHOVY EGG BUTTER

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon anchovy paste, few drops lemon juice, 2 finely chopped, hard-boiled eggs.

CHEESE BUTTER

Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 oz. grated cheese. Use Danish or New Zealand blue, Parmesan, or any of the soft processed or packaged cheeses.

EGG AND WATERCRESS

Use $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, some watercress chopped with hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and a few grains cayenne pepper for added flavor.

Meat for men

Men, particularly those engaged in heavy work, or growing schoolchildren need more hearty fillings. Try them with these mixtures.

CORNED BEEF DOUBLE

Use tinned corned beef or luncheon meat, cutting it into 4 slices. Place each slice on one of buttered white bread, cover with finely shredded heart of cabbage, and sprinkle French dressing on it. Top with remaining buttered bread. Cut into fingers.

ROAST PORK AND EGG

For four, butter 12 slices of toast, slice 2 hard-boiled eggs, and cut 4 slices of cold roast pork. Place a slice of pork on 4 slices of toast. Over each, spread one teaspoon of mustard pickles, and cover with another slice of toast. Spread tops with mayonnaise, cover with slices of egg, leaves of lettuce, and remaining toast. Anchor with toothpicks and cut into quarters, arranging centre points up. Serve with firm baby tomatoes.

LAMB AND ONION

Half to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely diced lamb, pinch of salt and pepper, 2 teaspoons minced onion, squeeze of lemon juice.

BACON AND PICKLE

Take 4 rashers of crisp fried bacon chopped up with 2 medium-size pickled

gherkins, and bound with 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise.

TONGUE AND HORSE-RADISH

One to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups minced cooked tongue, mixed with 1 tablespoon horse-radish sauce and flavored with a pinch of salt and cayenne. Stir in enough mayonnaise to bind.

Carry and Cook

In many small canteens it may be possible to toast or warm-up packed lunches, so it's a good idea to include a ready-to-heat one in the lunch-box.

INDIVIDUAL SAUSAGE PIES

Rub 3oz. shortening into 8oz. self-raising flour sifted with pinch salt. Mix to a dough with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, then knead till smooth. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, and cut into eight 4-inch squares. Form $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat into 8 flat cakes, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, and put one cake on each square of dough. Place on top a slice of skinned tomato, and season with salt. Fold edges of dough over edge of sausage. Put on oven tray and bake in a hot oven 25 minutes.

Wrap in aluminium foil and reheat right through when needed, either in a hot oven or under a hot grill, still wrapped, for 10 minutes.

HOT CHEESE ROLLS

Put through the mincer 6oz. cheddar cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ a small onion, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. tin of drained tuna fish, and if liked $\frac{1}{2}$ seeded green pepper. To this mixture add 2oz. melted butter and 2 tablespoons tomato sauce. Cut off the tops of 8 French rolls, and remove the soft centre. Fill with the mixture and wrap each roll in aluminium foil, heat in a quick oven for 15 minutes till hot right through. If serving these at home, put all the rolls, unwrapped, into a covered dish and heat in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

LUNCHBOX PINWHEELS

Any pastry left over from pie-making can be used for these delicious little extras. Roll out left-over shortcrust into a very thin oblong. Spread all over with very soft shortening as though buttering bread, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, adding a light sprinkle of paprika, dry mustard, and pepper. Roll up tightly like a swiss roll, then cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices. If a little beaten egg is available use it to paint the pinwheels. Or use evaporated milk. Bake in a hot oven till golden.

The same idea can be used with unsweetened scone dough, using a filling of soft cheese spread, or cheese and onion. Cut the slices $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, cook in hot oven 12-15 minutes.



SANDWICH SNACKS become balanced meals if accompanied by a glass of milk flavored with nutmeg, and an energy-giving cookie.

FAVORITES FOR AFTERNOON TEA

- If you are having visitors, except for special treats, keep to well-ried recipes to ensure success. Failures waste much time, energy, and money.

HERE are some favorites, easy to make, and good to eat:

LIGHT FRUIT LOAF

One cup seeded raisins, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 egg-yolks, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Chop raisins, mix with walnuts. Place in a basin, pour boiling water over, add bicarbonate soda. Soak 30 minutes. Cream butter or substitute until very soft, add sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolks, then stiffly beaten egg-whites, vanilla, and lemon juice. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and cinnamon alternately with the raisin-walnut mixture. Mix thoroughly without beating.

Fill into a large, greased loaf-tin, approximately 9 in. x 5 in. x 3 in., and bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderate oven. Do not open oven door for at least 50 minutes. Cool 5 minutes in tin, then turn on to cake-cooler.

MERINGUES

The two egg-whites left from the fruit loaf are used to make these meringues, which will keep indefinitely in a tin.

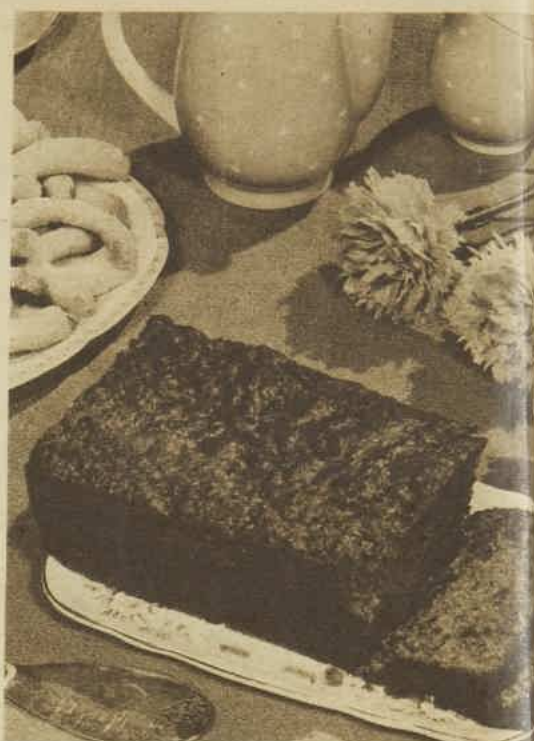
Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 4oz. castor sugar.

Have the egg-whites at room temperature. Add salt, beat until stiff. Add about 1-3rd of the sugar, a spoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until mixture holds its shape on the beater. Finally add balance of sugar all at once and fold in with a metal spoon until all sugar is incorporated. Spoon or pipe mixture into small heaps on greased paper on a flat tin. Bake in a very slow oven for about one hour or until meringues lift easily from the greased paper. Meringues should not bake, they should merely dry out. If meringues color too much in cooking, try leaving the oven door slightly ajar next time you make them.

GINGERBREAD

Make a large tinful of this and keep it wrapped in aluminium foil. It tastes even better as time goes on, more moist and spicy.

Five cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 8 tablespoons golden syrup (about 1 cup), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk.



SLICES of Light Fruit Loaf containing walnuts and raisins (recipe at left) are delicious for tea. At left are Nutty Crisps (see recipe opposite.)

Sift all dry ingredients thoroughly together, rub in the shortening until the mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Add sugar and mix well. Beat eggs lightly, mix with the golden syrup and milk, and stir until well blended. Pour into dry ingredients and mix lightly and quickly to a soft consistency. Pour or spoon into a large shallow baking-tin, about 12 in. x 9 in., which has been lined with greased paper. Bake in very moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours or until mixture starts to shrink from sides of tin and does not leave any impression when pressed lightly with the fingertip. Allow to cool in tin 5 minutes, then turn carefully on to cake-cooler. Do not wrap or store away until quite cold.

CINNAMON CONTINENTAL (or quick kuchen)

This is a quick version of a Continental raised yeast cake made with baking-powder instead of yeast.

Two cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder (or if desired use instead $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour), pinch salt, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 large egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS

BUTTER AND MARGARINE

Nutritionally, margarine is at least as good as butter. It contains as much fat, as much vitamin A, and rather more vitamin D, vitamin E, and other essential fatty acids. Three things will make people suspicious about a food. First, if it is a new food. Second, if it is produced in a factory. Some people are suspicious, even today, of tinned foods. Third, if it is a cheap food. The demand for white bread grew when brown bread was cheaper, and white bread was eaten only by the rich. Margarine has all these points against it. Modern margarine is less than 40 years old. It is made in a factory. It is cheaper than butter. Yet, like many manufactured foods, it contributes greatly to good nutrition. Butter has all the same valuable nutritional qualities, plus extra taste and flavor.

Keep the tins full

● It makes all the difference when people drop in if you have well-filled biscuit tins.

IT'S not worth making a small batch of biscuits; it doesn't take much longer to make and bake a tinful. As long as they are made with fresh ingredients, most biscuits will keep crisp two or three weeks at least—that is, if the family gives them a chance. To keep them really fresh they must be stored in a tin with a tightly fitting lid.

SPRITZ BISCUITS

These are best piped from a biscuit-maker, but they can also be rolled into shape between the palms of the hands.

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups plain flour, chopped nuts or desiccated coconut.

Beat butter or substitute to a soft cream, add sugar, and beat until soft and fluffy. Add unbeaten egg and vanilla, mix well. Work in sifted flour, making a firm mixture. Put through a biscuit-maker on to a greased oven-tray; or shape into walnut-sized balls, roll in chopped nuts or coconut. Arrange on greased oven-trays and press into flat round biscuits with the bottom of a glass. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes until pale golden. Allow to cool on tray.

NUTTY CRISPS

These have a smooth, light-as-air texture, unusual in a biscuit. The secret is that they are mixed with water instead of egg.

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. plain flour, 2oz. chopped walnuts, icing sugar.

Beat butter or substitute until soft and

creamy, add castor sugar, and continue beating until soft, white, and fluffy. Add hot water and vanilla, then stir in sifted flour and walnuts. The dough will be very soft, so roll it in aluminium foil or greaseproof paper, and leave in refrigerator 2 or 3 hours. When ready to bake, take pieces of the dough and roll into pencil lengths with the palm of the hand on a slightly floured board. Cut into 3in. lengths and curve into small crescents. Place on ungreased oven-tray, bake in very moderate oven 15 minutes until firm but barely colored. Leave on tray 5 minutes, then dust with sifted icing sugar.

Dress up a cake mix

CAKE mixes have a place on the emergency shelf of the full-time home-maker, and a more prominent place if the home-maker is also a businesswoman part of the time. Ready mixes are wonderful if an unexpected guest arrives.

Some cake mixes are better than others, but they all contain fine flour, thus giving a fine-textured cake.

The cake at right is made from a ready-packaged mix, then dressed up, after it is cooked, with this topping:

A sprinkling of dried fruits, covered with meringue made from 1 egg-white beaten stiff with 2 tablespoons sugar.

The cake is put back in a moderately slow oven until meringue is set.

An alternative dress-up would be the well-known coffee cake topping made from 2 tablespoons of brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and 1 tablespoon flour mixed together and spread over the cake before it is baked.



DRESS-UP for this cake made from ready-packaged mix is a topping of dried fruits with meringue mixture, as described at left.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . .

SUGAR

There is a peculiar notion that unrefined sugar is in some way highly nutritious. It is true that it has a trace of some things like iron and a vitamin or two. The amounts, however, are small, and it is not possible to get any worthwhile quantity unless ridiculously large amounts of unrefined sugar are eaten.

● TWO DISHES TO MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER



SALMON ROLL WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE is a good luncheon or supper family dish—see recipe on page 36.



MACARONI MAJESTIC — a hot savory which would be ideal for a buffet dinner party. Recipe is on page 36.



Sunday suppers

● Here are some ideas for an evening supper when the main meal has been eaten at midday. It should be nourishing, tempting to the appetite, as well as quick and easy to prepare.

WITH an omelet pan, eggs, cheese, and a few vegetables no one need be at a loss to know what to make.

Legend has it that in the bohemian world of 19th-century Paris an omelet was judged by the beauty of the picture made by its ingredients.

These days we settle for good taste and a delicious smell.

SPANISH OMELET

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 lb. sliced peeled mushrooms, 1 thinly sliced onion, 1 sliced green pepper, 3 skinned sliced tomatoes, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 5 or 6 eggs, 2 tablespoons water, 1 scant teaspoon salt, freshly ground pepper or 1/4 teaspoon white pepper, 2oz. grated cheese.

Melt butter or substitute in 8in. pan. Add mushrooms, onion, green pepper, tomatoes, and garlic. Sprinkle with parsley. Place lid on pan or cover with a large plate, cook gently 10 minutes to allow vegetables to soften and the flavors to mingle. Beat eggs in large basin with water, salt and pepper until eggs are just blended but not frothy. This is best done with a fork rather than a rotary or electric beater. Pour over the vegetables. Cook briskly, turning and tipping the pan so that

the edge of the omelet can be lifted up as it cooks to allow uncooked part to run underneath. When top is creamy and the underside golden, sprinkle with the grated cheese. Place at once, still in pan, under hot grill for 1 minute. Serve immediately, cut into 3 or 4 large triangular wedges.

SALAMI OMELET

Half pound thinly sliced salami, skin removed, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon cold water, salt.

Lightly fry the sliced meat in the hot shortening until brown but not dry. Beat eggs with water until well blended but not frothy. Add salt, a small pinch only because salami is well salted. Pour over meat in the pan, cook quickly, lifting edges to allow uncooked part to run to the bottom. With a large fish slice flip the whole omelet over when the top is no longer "runny" to lightly brown the second side, but it should not be overcooked — 1/2 minute should be sufficient.

Tinned food

Tin-openers and bad housekeepers were once upon a time mentioned in the same tone of righteous indignation. Today tinned foods are a boon to busy and efficient housewives. A stock of tinned meat, fish, milk, soup, and fruit assures a good meal in next to no time.

SALMON ROLL WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

(See picture page 35)

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. good shortening, 1 egg beaten with sufficient milk to make up to 1/2 pint, 8oz. tin cooking salmon, juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 small tin concentrated mushroom soup, pinch mace, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a cone-dough consistency with beaten egg and milk. Turn out to floured board, knead lightly, roll to an oblong shape 1in. thick. Drain and flake salmon, remove any dark skin and

crushed potato crisps, 1oz. butter or substitute, 4 eggs.

Add grated onion, tomato juice, pepper, and parsley to luncheon beef mixed with potato. Press into a thickly greased ovenware dish. Top with the crushed potato crisps, dot with butter or substitute. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until well browned on top. Five minutes before serving-time poach the 4 eggs and place on top. Serve hot.

LAMB STEW

One pound chump chops, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon each pepper and paprika, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 1 medium-sized tin tomato soup, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 clove

YOU AND YOUR FOOD

bones. Mix with lemon juice, onion, salt, pepper, and parsley. Spread evenly over dough to within 1/2in. of edge. Moisten edges and roll up like a swiss roll, starting to roll from the longest side. Place on oven-tray, brush top with milk, bake in hot oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve very hot, cut in slices, with mushroom sauce. To make the sauce, combine mushroom soup, mace, and sherry. Heat and pour over the sliced roll or serve separately.

CORNEBEEF SUPPER

One tin luncheon beef minced or mashed with a fork and mixed with half the quantity of diced cooked potatoes, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 4 tablespoons tomato juice, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1/2 packet

crushed garlic, 3 medium-sized potatoes, 1/2 small cabbage with outside leaves removed.

Trim fat from chops, cut meat into 1in. cubes. Coat with flour mixed with pepper and paprika. Brown quickly in hot shortening. Stir in the tomato soup, salt, and crushed garlic. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Add potatoes, peeled and cut into slices 1/2in. thick, also cabbage cut into 4 portions. Cover again and simmer 30 minutes longer.

CRABMEAT AU GRATIN

One tin crabmeat, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 large tin cream of mushroom soup, salt, pepper, 4oz. grated cheese, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Drain and flake crabmeat. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes

without browning. Stir in mushroom soup, continue stirring until thickened. Add flaked crab, salt, pepper, 1/2 of the grated cheese, and the breadcrumbs. Heat without boiling until the cheese melts. Pour into greased ovenware dish, sprinkle with a few extra breadcrumbs and balance of cheese. Place in moderate oven 20 minutes or until browned on top.

SAUSAGES AND RICE

Four ounces rice, 1/2 pint boiling water, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon vegetable shortening, 1lb. thin beef, pork, or pork-and-veal sausages (or frankfurts or tinned Vienna sausages), 1 chopped onion, 1/2 pint tomato juice.

Stir rice into boiling water, add salt and vegetable fat, the latter to stop foaming. Bring back to the boil, cover, and simmer gently until rice is tender and liquid absorbed. Meanwhile fry sausages in a little extra fat until brown and partly cooked — this step is not necessary for frankfurts or Vienna sausages, both of which only need to be heated in the usual way. Remove sausages from pan, drain off all but 1 tablespoon of the fat, add onion, and fry lightly, then mix with the rice. Place a layer of rice and onion in a greased ovenware dish, place

browned sausages on top, cover with another layer of rice and onion. Pour tomato juice over, cover, and bake in moderate oven 1/2 hour. Remove lid, bake 20 minutes.

MACARONI MAJESTIC

(See picture page 35)

Quarter pound macaroni, large onion, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 small shredded green pepper, 1/2 sliced shredded red pepper, 1/2 flour, 1/2 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, extra 1/2oz. butter or substitute.

Cook macaroni (short-cut variety) in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain thoroughly. Peel and chop onion, cook in 1oz. of the butter or substitute in lidded pan until golden and tender. Add finely shredded red and green pepper, replace lid, and cook 5 minutes longer. Stir the mixture into the cooked macaroni. Melt the remaining butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes, add salt, mustard, and pepper. Turn into greased ovenware dish, top with breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese, dot with the extra butter. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

FAMILY DOCTOR SAYS . . . LATE NIGHT FINAL

● Only you can decide the best time for your last meal. A light snack, even a few minutes before bedtime, is likely to induce sleep because it diverts the circulating blood to the digestive system and so leaves less for the brain. On the other hand, a heavy meal may cause so much activity in the digestive system that it could cause discomfort and wakefulness. Exactly what constitutes a small meal, or a big meal, and how soon before bedtime is best found out by experience. But for many people a hot milky drink with a biscuit, or slice of cake, or even some fresh fruit, is just right.

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BLONDE - ROSE
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Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia.

FAMILY BUNGALOW



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows carport next to the front door.

This week's Home Plan No. 678 has all the features that make a house into a comfortable home.

DESIGNED by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys, this bungalow has excellent window space, which makes the rooms bright and sunny.

There is a family terrace outside the dining-room, away from the front entrance. It is accessible without passing through the living-room so that parents and teenagers may enjoy separate activities.

A plan for this house can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. See addresses in panel on right.

These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to home-builders. They give free advisory service on all aspects of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home.

Standard plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. For £9/9/-.

Plans are also specially prepared to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans. For £1/1/- per square.

Leaflets

Four leaflets containing Home Plans that have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly are obtainable from all these Centres. They cost 2/6 each and are: "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans," and "Contemporary Plans."

Plan No. 678, which we feature on this page, has an inexpensive carport, which adds balance to the width of the building.

If desired, a garage and car drive could be placed on the other side of the house, and this home would still fit into an average block with a width of 50ft.

All the major rooms have a corner position and the homeowner could rearrange the windows to take advantage of the sun and outlook.

The living-room, dining-room, and kitchen have an uninterrupted outlook to the front with maximum sun and breeze from the big windows.

Approximate costs of building would be:

In New South Wales: Brick,

£5395; timber, £3855; fibro, £3625.

In Victoria: Brick, £4825; brick-veneer, £4250; timber, £3325; fibro, £3235.

In Queensland: Brick, £5385; timber, £3495; fibro, £3390.

In South Australia: Brick, £3895; timber, £3385; asbestos, £3295.

In Canberra: Brick, £5925; timber, £3965.

In Tasmania: Brick, £5185; timber, £3965.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres.

Addresses are:
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

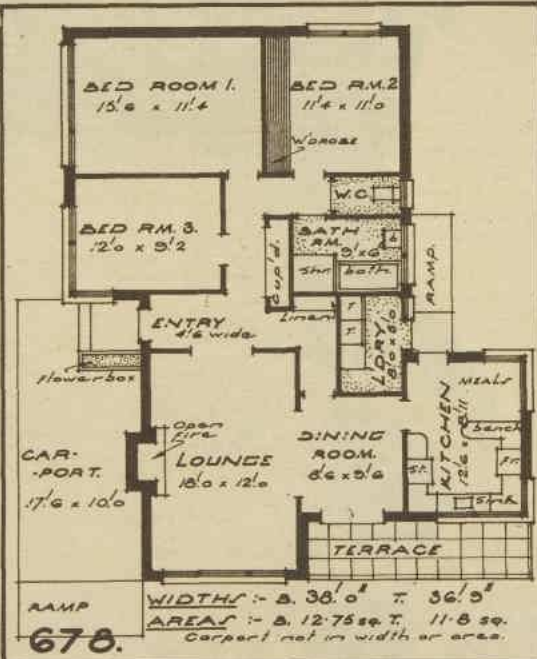
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.



FLOOR PLAN. Both kitchen and laundry open to a rear porch leading to the service yard. The second bedroom has a built-in wardrobe 11ft. long.

Oven-cooked steak

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. T. Collett, 31 Eighth Ave., Seven Hills, N.S.W., for her recipe for an oven-cooked steak dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY STEAK

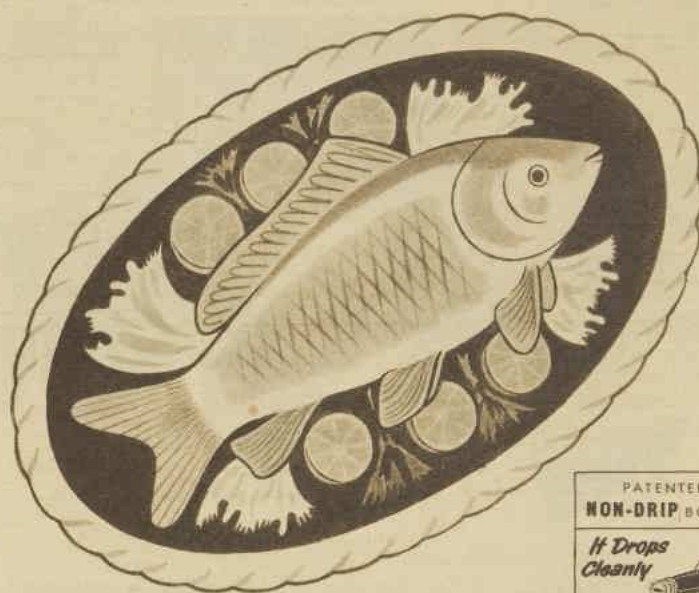
Two half-inch-thick slices topside or other similar steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 rasher bacon (rind removed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet sherry, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato purée, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry.

Beat steak with a mallet or rolling-pin. Combine salt, pepper, paprika, and flour; rub into both sides of the steak. Combine onion, bacon, sherry, breadcrumbs, and mashed potatoes; mix well. Place mixture on one piece of the steak, cover with the second slice. Secure around edge with needle and thread or cocktail sticks. Place in greased ovenware dish, pour over tomato purée. Cover and bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Uncover, add extra sherry, return to oven, and bake further 15 minutes; or until meat is quite tender.

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Because it's aged like fine wine, Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce has a spicy flavour that's mellow too! Makes fish. Try this:

For each pound of fish, mix 2 tablespoons of melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon seasoning salt, 2 tablespoons Holbrooks Worcestershire Baste. Taste. Wonderful!



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Bite into "Snack" – six true-flavour centres

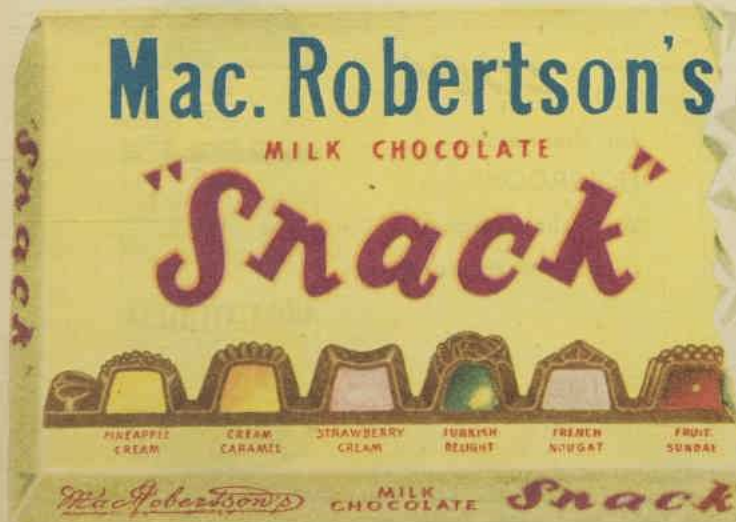


Excite your taste with...

"Snack"

- 12 novelty-shaped pieces in all
- the chocolate block that's just like a box of chocolates

Mm-m-m make mine...
MacRobertson's



2/-
and 1/- blocks

WORTH REPORTING

THE Australian tour of the Vienna Boys' Choir has stirred up some bittersweet memories for Melbourne accountant Gustav Radda.

He dug out an old Austrian magazine and showed us a photograph of the Vienna Boys' Choir which was stranded in Australia when World War II broke out.

Gustav was a member of that choir, and the picture showed him and the other choir members on board ship at Bremerhaven before they left Europe in 1938.

Gustav—who is now happily married to an Australian girl and has five children—and the other members of the choir were adopted by Melbourne families.

"The first few years in Australia were not easy," he told us. "We had to learn a new language, and correspondence with our families was virtually cut off during the war."

"But by the end of the war we all felt Australia was our home."

"Our desire to return to



GUSTAV RADDA . . . as a boy chorister he was stranded here.

Austria was then prompted more by curiosity than by any emotional pull."

A number of the boys did go back, but only for a visit.

And some of them, including Gustav, brought their parents to Australia.

LOOKED under your floor-coverings lately?

A young couple we know, who've just bought an old house in an Adelaide suburb, decided to replace the worn linoleum in the kitchen.

Pulling up one corner, they discovered a £5 note.

He shaves to a pattern

IS YOUR husband average? From America we've just received the results of a survey which will help you to find out.

This survey was conducted by an electric shaver company.

- The average man:
- shaves once a day
 - in the morning
 - in front of the bathroom mirror
 - before cleaning his teeth
 - or combing his hair
 - or taking a shower

He wears his pyjamas, shaves his right cheek first and his neck last. And the average shave takes from two to six minutes.



MRS. WILFRED STEELE, M.P. . . . there was no precedent for this hat.

To hat or not to hat

TO hat or not to hat . . . that was the problem that faced Mrs. Wilfred Steele, pioneer woman M.P., when she took her seat for the first time in the South Australian Legislative Assembly.

"I was contemplating consulting the Clerk of Parliament, Mr. Gordon Coombe, when he forestalled me," Mrs. Steele said.

"He told me: 'I have taken out for you an extract from the House of Commons Hansard relevant to the wearing of hats.'"

"Some members there do and some don't. It is entirely up to you. You are a new member. No precedent has been set here and whatever you do would be right. You can wear a hat or not wear a hat."

So Mrs. Steele decided that when she went with all members to Government House to present the new Speaker to the Governor, she had better wear a hat.

But when she took her seat as a working member in the afternoon she did not wear one. "Nor shall I," she said.

Then the eternal Eve came up in Mrs. Steele.

"It was a very small closely fitting turban," she told us, "and very nice, and it exactly matched the grotto-blue toning of my suit."

Because of the busy life ahead of her, Mrs. Steele has been able to accept presidencies of only two of the many committees on which she has served—the Australian Advisory Council for the Physically Handicapped and the South Australian Oral School.

POSTSCRIPT: No hat problem for Mrs. Geoffrey Cooper, first woman member of the S.A. Legislative Council. She didn't wear one because Council Standing Orders require that members' heads should be uncovered when entering or leaving the chamber or moving about in it.

ALWAYS ready with a helping hand, we give this hint to maddened motorists who can't find a parking space. In a road near London's Kew Gardens a home-made notice said plaintively: "Gran-nie is coming to tea. Please leave a space for her to drive in."

And a space was left.

A crowded train they'll love

YOU could call it Australia's most exciting train. Anyway, it's certainly different.

The train is called "Australia Fair," and it's scheduled to chuff out of Sydney's Central Station next Australia Day, January 26, at the start of a 7000-mile trip through New South Wales.

It's going to take the city to the bush—to give country people a first-hand display of consumer goods and services.

The goods won't be for sale, but there'll be 20 specially designed, air-conditioned carriages to show them off.

And there's more to come. Along with the train goes a giant marquee—seating for 2000 people. At each stop there'll be revues, give-away programmes, fashion parades, competitions—and a top-line stage show at night.

THIS sign in the window of an Adelaide snack bar touches the heart: "Come in and eat, or we'll both starve."

Ruth, the gentle crusader

WE'VE just been favored by a visit from Polish ballerina Ruth Galene, a gentle crusader for the Advancement of Culture in Australia.

"Everything is progressing here except the arts," she said, thumping a small clenched fist on our desk.

"Ballet in Australia should be government-subsidised. That's the only way to free it from the commercial angle which ties it up completely."

"Australian dancers are talented and have a ballet potential."

"I want to show this, so I'm working on the choreography of a ballet that is repre-



RUTH GALENE and baby Robert Gabriel . . . she's working on a new ballet.

sentative of the twentieth century—a combination of the traditional and modern schools."

Miss Galene has an impressive ballet background. She has danced with Roland Petit's Ballet de Paris and with the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas.

Now she's settled in the Sydney suburb of Turrumura with her husband, businessman Peter Frank, and their four-months-old son, Robert Gabriel.

BEWARE

of plain gauze dressings that merely cover wounds

only

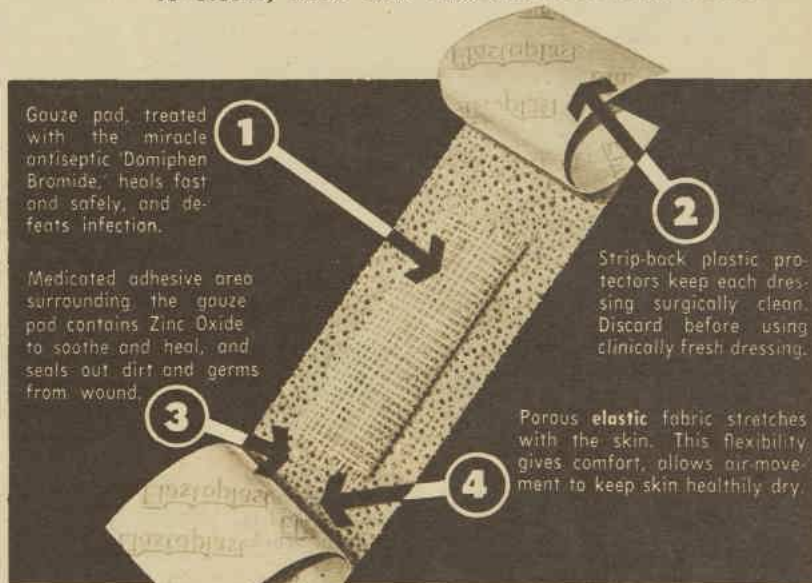
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CAMELLIA SHOW TIME

• Camellia lovers in three States are preparing for annual shows and exhibitions in the next few weeks.

THE Australian Camellia Research Society in Sydney claims that its show will be the best ever seen in Australia.

More than 200 varieties of camellia are expected to be on display.

Australian artist Paul Jones, who returned to Australia last year after a four-year flower-painting tour of Europe and America, will be in charge of the decor.

Camellias originated in China and Japan. They were introduced to Australia from England by Sir William Macarthur in 1831.

Records at Camden Park, the historic Macarthur-Onslow home at Camden, N.S.W., mention 245 different varieties. Many of these have died out, but since 1930 a number of exciting rediscoveries have been made.

One of the greatest finds in recent times was Chandleri, a variety known to have been raised in London in 1819.

The camellia show dates are:

Newcastle: A Camellia Show arranged by the Victoria League on July 1 and 2.

Killara, N.S.W.: The Kuring-gai Horticultural Society's Camellia Show on July 11.

Wollongong: A Camellia Show organised by Torchbearers for Legacy, July 23, 24.

Sydney: The Australian Camellia Research Society's Show on July 27, 28, and 29 at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries. A Camellia Show at David Jones' on July 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 (until midday).

Adelaide: Camellia Show at Charles Birks' on July 21. The Australian Research Society's Show on September 5.

Melbourne: The Victorian Branch of the Royal Horticultural Society and the Australian Camellia Research Society's Show on August 28 and 29 at the Melbourne Town Hall—a combined show of camellias and daffodils.



• Twin vases (above) enhance this delightful arrangement of Setsugekka Camellia sasanqua by Mrs. Gordon Russell, of Rose Bay, N.S.W. Mrs. Russell is well known for her unusual decorative floral work.

THE two members of the camellia family are Camellia japonica—the most widely grown—and Camellia sasanqua.

Winter-blooming japonicas prefer semi-shade. Sasanquas are exceptionally sun hardy and can be espaliered flat against a wall or fence. They flower early in autumn.

Camellias can be grown in large pots or tubs for several years before they need to be planted out. The ideal position is on the southerly side of a building, high fence, or wall, or in the shade of sufficiently distant tall trees. Avoid exposed positions where hot summer winds can damage the surface roots.

Good drainage is essential. Camellias need a rich, light loam that contains a certain amount of acidity. Consult an expert nurseryman for the variety most suited to your soil and conditions.

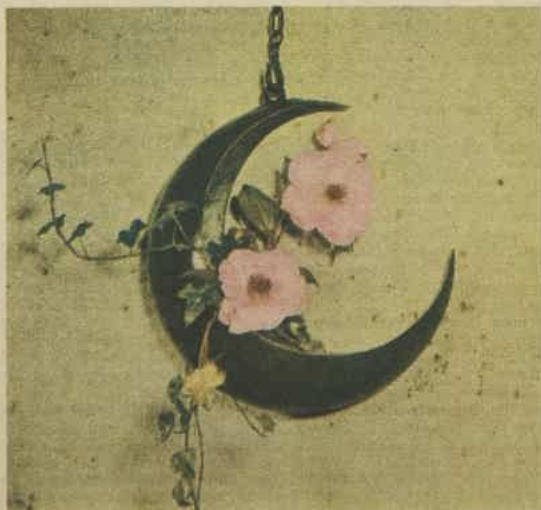


• A Japanese grouping of camellias by Mr. Norman Sparnon. Mr. Sparnon will do other arrangements at David Jones', Sydney, from July 14 to Saturday, July 18.

• Japanese arrangement of Daitairin camellias by Mr. Norman Sparnon. Mr. Sparnon returned to Australia six months ago after having lived for twelve years in Japan, where he practised the art of Japanese flower arrangements.



• A formal grouping (above) of roses, maple leaves, fuchsias, and begonias complements camellias in this arrangement by Mrs. Dundas Allen, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.



• Two decorations by Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, wife of Professor Waterhouse, who is noted for her camellia arrangements. Above: Usuto variety against a Chinese background. Right: Spencer's Pink camellia and a trail of ivy in an unusual moon container. Mrs. Waterhouse will exhibit other arrangements during the Australian Camellia Research Society's Show to be held in Sydney.



• Cornucopia of Prince Frederick William camellias designed by well-known artist Paul Jones, who is noted for his beautiful illustrations of camellias, and for his paintings of this delicate flower.

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direct and unshadowed, she knew that Paula had changed, that in growing up she had sloughed off all the sly, mean little tricks of childhood.

Maybe as a kid, Betsy thought, I was no bargain myself.

Paula glanced at her watch. "Two-thirty! I'd better hit that sack! Don't worry about getting up in the morning—we won't be going to town before noon."

There was so much for Betsy to think about that it was difficult to get to sleep. She was both glad and sorry she'd come. Sorry because she knew now that Tom had a girl in Lakeview—Paula. And glad because Paula had turned out to be so nice.

Both Paula and Mrs. Albright had been wonderful from the moment of picking her up at the station. At dinner Mrs. Albright had recalled the days in Bristol.

"It's good to have you, Betsy," she said. "With Tom in Bristol University Hospital, naturally we asked him if he knew any people there. You can imagine our surprise when he mentioned a girl named Betsy Raussen. Paula said right then we must have you, renew old acquaintance."

So it was really Tom who'd brought about her being here. She'd met Tom while on a League charity project at the hospital. Maybe she'd gone a little off the deep end about him. Well, if she had, she'd pull herself up short now. She remembered the evening she'd hurried to meet him at a little Italian restaurant near the hospital.

"Hey," he'd said over a forkful of spaghetti, "I was home in Lakeview last night. Someone there knows you."

"Lakeview?" It was more than a hundred miles away. She frowned at him. "I don't know anyone there. Who?"

"The Albrights. Mrs. Howard Albright and her daughter Paula."

Shortly after this, Betsy and her mother received letters from the Albrights urging that Betsy come, naming a weekend. Hazy recalling strange childhood memories, she was not at all sure she wanted to go till the night Tom phoned to say he could snatch a few hours away from the hospital and asked her to meet him.

Walking her to a movie he said, "So you're going to spend a weekend with the Albrights in Lakeview. That's swell!"

"Well, I—"

"I'm getting a real break," he said. "That weekend is free, so I'll be there, too. We'll have a good time. What time are you expected to arrive?"

"I'm invited for dinner on Friday," she said slowly.

"Won't be able to drive you, then. Can't get away that early. But I'll make it later. Don't forget to take a swimsuit."

"Just bought a new blue-and-white one," she told him, laughing. "I'm afraid it's—well, kind of skimpy."

He grinned down at her. "Be looking forward to seeing it." And now she didn't have the swimsuit with her! It was crazy. Absolutely idiotic. She must have neglected to pack it, although she was almost positive she remembered tucking it into her bag. Arriving, she'd hurried down to dinner. Afterwards Paula had helped her unpack and press a few things. It was then it hit her—where was the swimsuit? It simply wasn't anywhere; she'd forgotten it.

I must be nuts! she thought fuzzily, and drifted off to sleep.

Mrs. Albright, a smooth and handsome woman, greeted her when she came down at eleven-thirty next morning. "There you are, my dear. Good time at the club last night?"

"Oh, yes. But I shouldn't have slept on like this."

Continuing . . . CONSPIRACY

from page 25

"Nonsense—you girls need your sleep. Paula hasn't been up so very long."

She drew Betsy out to the back screened porch, where a table was laid for one. "Hope you don't mind—Paula didn't wait. Had her coffee and ran over to Julie Hunt's. She'll be back any minute."

It was a pleasant spot for breakfast, looking out over the back lawn and the path down to the beach. Betsy could feel the heat of the day building up, hear the slow, tortured muttering of the cicadas. Through the trees she caught bright glimpses of the lake. Paula appeared as she was finishing her coffee.

"Well, we're all set for the barbecue. Same crowd, plus Beverley Cooper and Jack Smith. You ready for town, Betsy?"

"Yes. I'll want to buy a swimsuit."

"Let's take one more look upstairs before we give up on yours."



"Don't be ridiculous, George. I've already brought you home from the hospital."

"We covered the ground yesterday. I simply forgot it."

"Well, I just happened to think. Sometimes things fall down in the back of that closet and get overlooked."

"But—"

"No harm in seeing."

They went up to Betsy's room. Paula snapped on the closet light and they opened the door.

"Move your things along to the front," Paula said. "Let's take a good—"

"For heaven's sake!" Betsy stared, then swooped and came up with a bit of blue-and-white in her hands. "Why, it was—"

"There, you see?"

"But we looked yesterday. How on earth—?"

"I had a hunch. You were so positive you packed it. Yesterday we were in a rush and we just missed it, that's all."

Clutching the swimsuit and backing out of the closet, Betsy had an odd feeling as if all this had happened before, a faint shadow that crossed her mind and was gone almost before it formed.

At five-thirty they were back from town, without Mrs. Albright. She had discovered that one of her friends was sick in bed. "I'm sorry about this, girls," she said, "but Helen hasn't anyone to take care of her. I'll simply have to stay the night. I'll phone as soon as I can get away tomorrow."

"Don't worry," Paula said. "We'll get along all right."

At seven-thirty they were setting up the barbecue. Betsy mixed a salad, and she and Paula, in sweaters and slacks over their swimsuits, ran back and forth between beach and house with sandwich rolls, steak patties, sausages, savory trays,

and charcoal briquettes. Tom and Don Shares appeared and wheeled the barbecue down from the house and set up beach chairs.

"Hey," Tom said at last, "I'm dying of hunger."

"Okay, physician, heal thyself!" Paula laughed. She took him by the arms and propelled him towards the grill. "Get that charcoal going."

No girl, certainly not Betsy, would have missed Paula's faintly proprietary air, and for Betsy the evening's golden cast greyed a little. "If you mean am I committed to Paula, the answer is no," he'd said last night. But of course he wouldn't necessarily know. A couple came down the path and seconds later Paula was presenting them as Bev Cooper and Jack Smith.

Bev Cooper was a small, brown-haired, talkative girl, and Betsy liked her instantly. There was no strangeness about Bev. She linked her arm through Betsy's.

"You're a gal I've been wanting to meet," Bev said. "Heard a lot about you from old Dr. Tom over there. The way he tells it—"

Behind them Paula turned quickly from the grill, her tone gay. "Come on, you two. Give a guy a hand."

It was fun working around the grill with Paula and Bev, buttering rolls, salting steak patties, waiting for the charcoal to glow while the boys prowled the beach collecting firewood.

The meat was sizzling over red coals when the others appeared. Vera Stillson and Julie Hunt were in slacks and blouses; the boys, Dick and Bill, lugged beach rugs and a radio.

"Put a horse on!" Dick yelled from the top of the path. "We're famished."

Vera Stillson laughed. "Make it two horses!"

There was nothing wrong with Vera Stillson—at least, nothing that Betsy could see. Yet as the evening wore on, as they ate and cleared up afterwards, the sense of wrongness crept back little by little. It was crazy; it didn't make sense!

But the impression of being covertly watched, subtly rejected, remained, too vivid to be denied. It was then that she noticed the change in Bev Cooper. Bev, sitting beside Julie Hunt, seemed subdued, her glance anywhere but on Betsy.

Why, she's avoiding me! Betsy thought. Paula said last night it was Vera Stillson. It can't be, not tonight! If only I knew what it was! If only—

Don Shares got up and stared out at the shining path the low sun made across the water. "Nearly an hour since we ate. What d'you say we go in, Doc?"

Tom, reclining full-length on the sand, raised himself lazily and slipped away his cigarette, glancing at the sinking sun. "Can't wait much longer."

Paula was on her feet. "Race anybody to the float!" She slipped off her slacks and pulled over and was ready for the water in a dark green suit.

"Say," Vera Stillson said, "thought you were going to wear your new swimsuit. The one—"

Paula said quickly. "Never mind." Her voice was low, with a faintly embarrassed note. "I—I couldn't find it. Never mind." She plunged into the water.

Behind Betsy someone gasped. She'd shed her own slacks and sweater. She turned to find Vera Stillson and Julie Hunt staring at her blue and white suit, eyes narrowed.

Julie Hunt murmured, "No really! Can you imagine—?"

"No, I can't!" Vera Stillson responded crisply in a perfectly audible voice. "Paula must be out of her mind to—"

"Come on, Betsy!" Tom's tan trunks, stood at the water's edge.

She went, her mind in a turmoil. What were they talking about? What was it Paula had said about a swimsuit she couldn't find? Again Betsy had the strange, confused feeling that all this had happened before. She simply had to talk to Paula. Right now.

But there was no chance to talk to Paula. They splashed and swam until dusk thickened into dark, then came in at last to cluster noisily around the beach fire.

When the air began to cool, Paula called out, "Let's go in to the house and change."

Betsy picked up a loaded tray and took the path to the house, where a floodlight glowed. She set the tray down in the silent kitchen, and went back out, moving in the dark towards the beach.

Tears lay close behind her lids and suddenly she moved blindly off the path. A hand loomed dimly and in the dark her knees came up against a lawn settee. She sank down gratefully.

I won't cry, she thought fiercely. I won't cry!

The soft clink of dishes came

To page 44

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moved slowly up the path, she recognised the guarded voices of Bev Cooper and Julie Hunt.

"But why?" Bev said. "She's Paula's guest. Why should she do a crazy, brazen thing like sneaking Paula's new swimsuit and wearing it tonight? Why?"

"Paula showed Vera and me that swimsuit this very morning," Julie Hunt said. "She bought it at Werner's on Thursday. But if you think this is something, you should've seen what happened last night at the club. But I guess Vera told you about that. How Betsy took Vera's lighter and slipped it under Paula's napkin so it'd look as if Paula—"

"But why?" Bev insisted. "Why does she hate Paula?"

"It's like Paula says. She doesn't know. This Betsy Raussion was always like that. When they were little-kids-together in Bristol. And now—well, she's crazy about Tom; anyone can see that. Paula warned us about her before she came, how she did tricky things."

"This Raussion's mother wrote and practically begged Mrs. Albright to invite her down here. She's doing everything she can to make Paula miserable, make her look bad in front of Tom. Believe me, if I were Paula—"

Paula! Paula says—Paula!

They went on up the path and Betsy sat gripping the edge of the bench, numbly trying to reject what she'd heard, yet knowing all the time it was true. Knowing now what had happened last night with Vera Stillson's cigarette-lighter. She wanted to cry out, to get up and run blindly, run fast and far away in the cool air, but there was no place to run. Others were coming. She heard Tom now, and Paula.

Tom said, low, "Where'd she go?"

from page 42

"I don't know," Paula said. "In the house, I guess."

"Look, Paula, was that your swimsuit? Did she really—just take it, the way Vera and Julie are saying?"

"Let's not talk about it, Tom. It isn't important."

"I think it is. Was it yours?"

"She's my guest, Tom. If she wants to take my swimsuit and wear it, it's all right with me. Don't ask me why she did it. I remember she was an odd little girl. For that matter, why'd she put Vera's lighter under my napkin at the club last night?"

"Are you sure—"

"Who else would?"

They were all in the house now and Betsy knew she couldn't go in and face them. She'd sit out here forever; they wouldn't find her. She was hiding like a little girl. Hiding from Paula. All the odd things were amazingly simple when you knew. Paula hadn't changed at all. She was still the same bland, devious Paula. Terrible Paula.

She got me here to smash me with Tom and she's done it! Nothing I can ever say to Tom will change this. She pulls sly, obvious, little-kid tricks and everybody falls for them. Everybody! I was always a set-up for her, always running and hiding my head.

A spark of anger glowed and blossomed. Maybe shyness was some kind of virtue, but you could overdo it. A time came when you had to grow up and face things, even a stacked deck. You had to quit hiding, quit running away. She got up and took one step towards the house, felt herself shrink inwardly, then set her teeth.

She was going into the house.

Right now. She knew what they had been made to think about her; she knew she wouldn't be seeing Tom again after this weekend; but right now she was going in to face Paula, face all of them calmly and serenely.

Quietly she went upstairs and changed her clothes. Tomorrow she'd take the first train home. And suddenly what she wanted to happen did happen. The old remembered terror of Paula faded; the reborn fear deep within her was gone. She was not afraid!

The best way to see if the charming woman loves you is to place a stray bit of white cotton on your coat sleeve. If she loves you she will pick it off.
— Arthur Pendenys

It was in her bearing and in her face when she stepped into the big living-room. They all saw it. It was not defiance or bravado, but rather an unexpected sureness, as if she knew something mysterious and lovely. They were sitting around the room with the phonograph turned low, and they all turned as she came in.

"My goodness," Paula said, "where were you?"

Betsy sat down beside Bev Cooper and smiled at Paula. "Looking at the stars. Sitting on the lawn."

"On the lawn?"

"There's a settee by a bush near the path. I was sitting there."

She was conscious of holding all eyes, but she really saw only Tom looking at her, and

Paula. Tom's face was expressionless, his eyes intent, faintly puzzled, as they moved from her to Paula and back.

On the settee near the path, Betsy could almost see Paula thinking that over, wondering what she'd heard. It was as if a wordless exchange passed between them in which Paula's mind probed at her, asking. And as if she responded, calmly and with perfect clarity: "Yes, I know all about you, Paula. All the little tricks. Everything."

She saw the change in Paula then, a faint shadow on the bland loveliness. Paula was angry that she'd found out; Paula hadn't meant her to know. It was a challenge and Paula was going to do something about it right now. Waiting to see what she would do, Betsy felt a whisper of fear.

Someone got up to change the recordings and Paula swung around casually. "While I think of it, Tom, will you get my cigarette case for me in the morning? You know the one I mean."

Tom sat smoking, long legs extended, his eyes steady on Paula's face. "Get it? Where is it?"

"It's lying in the lake off the end of the pier."

They were all looking at her and nobody said anything until Tom spoke again. "You . . . dropped it in?"

"No, no, I didn't. Somebody did. It was an accident, I guess. It doesn't matter. Just get it for me in the morning, please."

Betsy found it hard to bear the veiled glances. If I didn't know and asked her about this later, she thought ironically, she'd say it was Vera Stillson.

They were all looking at her

except Tom, and his eyes were still steady on Paula. Suddenly he reached into the back pocket of his slacks and brought forth a silver cigarette case.

"Here it is. I fished it out quite a while ago." He was leaning forward, eyes intent. "You see, Paula," he said quietly, "I saw who dropped it in."

Paula, wide-eyed, stared at him for the space of two or three seconds and then slowly, agonisingly, her face began to break up. It was a ghastly thing to watch, utterly revealing. A little girl caught, a little girl's hateful tears. She was on her feet.

"Damn you, Tom!" she cried. "Damn you, Tom Halstead!"

She fled across the room, raced up the stairs and was gone.

They sat silently, avoiding one another's eyes, but they were re-evaluating the situation, slowly getting the picture. You could see it in the swift, amazed flash of glances between Vera Stillson and Julie Hunt.

"Pretty late, Bev," Jack Smith mumbled. "Maybe we'd better . . ."

It was like a signal. They all drifted out, quickly, quietly.

When they had gone Tom said, "Aren't you going to ask what that was all about? Why Paula broke down? Aren't you going to ask what happened?"

"No," Betsy said, and already her heart was lifting. "I know all about it. She was insinuating that I dropped her case in the lake. I know all about everything. What she told them about me. I know all about the swimsuit and the business last night with Vera Stillson's cigarette-lighter."

He looked a little dazed. "It's hard to believe of Paula. But you saw what happened. How she looked."

"Yes, I saw," she said softly.

"Of course you can't see here. Anyway, it wouldn't be for me to be back at the hospital tomorrow, so I'll be us back tonight. There's all-night diner at Meane we'll stop for coffee and waffles. You go up and see I'll wait right here."

"All right," she said. "I'll wait right here." "All right," she said. "I'll wait right here." "All right," she said. "I'll wait right here."

"Lucky for me you saw I drop the case in the lake," said.

"I didn't see her drop it," said. "What?" Confused, stared at him.

"No, I didn't. I stepped on it accidentally. She was on the float then, so I stepped on it and put it in my pocket and forgot about it. When she brought it up, now it hit me. All the things of this weekend. I know what she was insinuating, did the others. But I know you didn't drop her case in the lake."

"How, Tom?" she breathed. "How did you know it?"

"Why," he said, surprised, "it wasn't at all like you wouldn't do a thing like it. When she mentioned it I still thinking about the suit, I was positive that yours. Remember, you told you'd bought a new blue-white one? Anyway, I know you wouldn't take hers. We I can't understand is why she want to do these things you."

She looked up at his puzzled face, a wonderful gleam at his faith making her speechless.

What I can't understand he'd said, is why she'd want to do this to you. Maybe one day, if things worked out that way, she'd tell him.

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- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 19

Joanna, what a waste!" He pulled her to him. "I'll show you what a real man's like."

Violently she thrust both hands against his chest and shoved. His face changed.

Joanna said furiously, "Oh, you will, will you? Like you showed Virginia!"

He looked as though he'd been slapped. He grabbed her arm.

"Oh, so it's you, is it?" Joanna stared at him, then wrenched herself free.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"No? What about those lists? Remember Virginia?" "You're crazy," she said.

"You'd better be careful, hadn't you? The police are on your trail. I've put them on it. I think you'd better remember," he said nastily, "remember Des!"

"Any more of that talk about Des and I'll kill you! With pleasure!" Joanna said through clenched teeth.

William laughed nastily. "Vixen! Charming pair you make, you and Des."

Joanna turned to go, but his words stopped her.

"Why do you think Des lost that big job on the new Daughters of Our Pioneers Club?"

Joanna started at him. "Lady Musset asked me straight out about Des."

Naturally I did my best to laugh it off for Des' sake . . . and yours."

"I bet you did!" Joanna said slowly. This was news to her. She hadn't even heard of the commission coming up. Why hadn't Des told her.

"Yes, I bet you did," she repeated. "A few of your witticisms would fix things beautifully." Oh, Des, Des!

"Well, then, you lay off Virginia, will you?" his voice was almost a snarl.

Not trusting herself to speak further, she turned and went back towards the metallic noises of cutlery and laughter, leaving him to come back as and when he liked.

It was about ten minutes before he appeared, looking sleek and deceptively good-humored, but rather pale. Joanna couldn't trust herself to look at him. She made a pretence of eating lunch and joined mechanically in the conversation. She got up without waiting for coffee.

"Siesta," she said to Cynthia, "too many late nights this week," and hurried off into the house. Revolving, conceited brute! To think that he'd still be here, still hanging around, still going on about Des. If only she could tell Des, but how could she? Some men would laugh, but Des wouldn't. Maybe he wouldn't even believe her, say she was just being catty about William. Poor, darling Des! Losing a big job like that just when they needed it so desperately. Thank goodness he didn't know this awful story of William's. It hadn't been the only lost job in the past two years, either.

Her mind stopped short. Maybe Des did know. No, of course he didn't. He'd have confided in her, discussed it with her. He trusted her. Then why didn't she trust him? Why didn't she discuss it with him? Why should William break up their happiness, their faith and trust in each other! He needed a scare — a scare he'd never forget! Pompous, vulgar fool!

Notice to Contributors

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She lay on her bed, wondering how she could scare him and trying to relax. Her blouse and skirt seemed suffocating and the bed felt lumpy. She got up and changed into a housegown, made a nest of pillows, and tried again.

William's words and their implication churned over and over in her mind. There was no telling the damage he might do, not only to Des but to their business, their clients. Business was bad enough, anyway. She lay there a prey to rage and discomfort. Her head began to throb. At last she got up, took a towel, and crossed over to the bathroom. Their room was just to the right of the head of the stairs, and directly opposite the stairs was a short, cupboard-lined passage that ended in a bathroom. Joanna went in there.

After a few moments she came out again and went along the stairs right at the end of the long hall off which all the bedrooms opened. She wasn't in there for long, either, and when she emerged she hurried along to the head of the stairs as if there were no time to lose, paused as though considering the French's private bathroom at the other extreme of the hall, then went swiftly down the stairs and through the passage towards the kitchen and pantry.

Pamela missed nothing concerning William. She noticed Joanna's disturbed return to the lunch table, how they ignored each other after that. She noticed how much William was drinking and how pale he was, how he clung to Cynthia. Shallow as a producer's promise, he was; emotions of an off-peak radio serial. And now — oh, the brute — he wasn't going away. And the news that she was going was all over town. Well, he blazed to them, she wouldn't go now. There'd been only one reason for going — William. So now he was the reason for staying. She'd have it out with him, though. He wouldn't get away with it. She stared at him and felt weak all over. She'd be after him again; she knew she would.

LUNCH was over and people were sheltering from the sun that still held more than a hint of summer, lolling back on long chairs or on grass under the trees. His face was all she could see; it filled her vision. She stared at him till his face became merged into the miniature landscape between the corner of the house and the trees, part of the green-blue distance.

The maid came and cleared away, sounds died down and somnolence stole over the garden and house. Jack was flat on his back, apparently asleep, and Betty was lying at right angles, her head leaning against him. Steve had gone — to work, he said. Des was stretched out on a chaise longue, entranced by the branches above him.

"Haven't you better rest, darling?" Cynthia was saying. "All that grog and a headache? We'll still have the party tonight — you know, a pretending party. Otherwise it would be too much of an anti-climax."

"I'll rest here." His head was back on the chair, eyes closed. Bill Baynes, puffing away at his pipe, watched them, and now and again Pamela felt him looking at her, too. "Let me get you something," Cynthia said.

He waved her away feebly. "Don't bother, darling. Leave me alone. I'll be right."

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



know! But he was so pale today. Playing fast and loose all week, probably, and not with her, never with her since that last time here at Thornton. She must make her try, but how? She'd been casual, cold, warm, hot, provocative, and madly gay — all to no avail. Sad, perhaps, sort of lingeringly sad, like the heroine in "Tears For Two." It worked for her. But William hated grief and sorrow and tears, everything weighty.

He opened his eyes, saw Pamela watching him, and closed them again quickly as if in pain. No, grief wouldn't do. Anger, perhaps? He sat forward, ran his hands through his hair, got up and left them, walking away lonely through the gardens.

Not caring that Bill was watching, she followed him.

When Joanna came back the recumbent forms had gone, all except Des. Joanna looked vastly refreshed; serene and determined and very pretty in narrow black slacks and a pink-checked shirt.

"Hi, darling!" She kissed him. He swung his legs round and sat up.

"Had a sleep?" he said. "Mm. Wonderful! Where's everyone?"

He waved his hand.

"Gone off. Following your example, I guess. Jack's gone into the village . . . I think they had words, he and William. Jo" — he lowered his voice — "I think there's something peculiar about William."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Oh, I dunno. He looks awful, so pale. Quarrelsome, snapping at everyone."

"Well, he must be disappointed. Probably got a hangover, too."

"Not an ordinary hangover. Heaven knows what happened with Pamela — I didn't even know she'd gone after him — but she came running back through the garden, actually sobbing — couldn't help hearing. Then she rushed inside. Next thing I hear Steve shouting . . . Yes, I know he doesn't shout, but he was."

"Well, he mightn't have been shouting at William."

Des nodded knowledgeably. "Oh, yes he was, because he came out afterwards — mad with rage — that's the phrase

— inside rage, bottled up. He came out and just stood, here by me, almost choking, and said 'William!' and stamped off inside again."

"Fun and games," Joanna said thoughtfully.

"Bodes bad for the shindig tonight. Maybe he'll recover. What was William doing, following you just before lunch?"

"Oh, nothing. Just wanted to escape the jolly laughter, same as me."

FOR THE CHILDREN

suddenly . . . I'll scare him . . . I could kill him!

She lay there, the little plan she'd worked out now very clear, the rest of her thoughts a jumble of the harassed present and some bright, distant future when she and Des would be free of this crowd and living a wonderfully organised and successful life because of it. Des went into the house for more cigarettes, and the peace of the afternoon was broken. William followed him out and resumed his former seat, leaning back with closed eyes and a frown.

They heard a car in the drive and a few minutes later Jack joined them. He didn't speak. He glanced at William and then away to the misfortunes that had come crowding back, misfortunes that would dwell with him always. Words . . . yes, they'd had words! When he'd asked William what about it now — as he wasn't going away would he write to them in England and demand that Jack be brought into a three-cornered partnership?

And William had said, "I've got to wait; you'll have to wait."

"But, surely, just a letter . . ."

"Look, get off my back, will you? What do you lot think I am — a charitable institution? D'you think I'm going to carry you for the rest of my life?"

"You promised . . ."

"I promised nothing. Fight your own battles."

Jack said slowly, "That was my idea, anyway, this story the film company's bought. How about a percentage?"

"No dice."

"Supposing I claim?"

"On what grounds? It's not

such a world-shattering idea, anyway, is it? Who's to know what those crazy film people will latch on to? Look, Jack, why don't you wake up to yourself? The whole town's laughing at you turning down that book about New Guinea."

Jack had walked away then, blindly, thinking that he'd never be able to trust himself again near this man. Yet here he was, hating him like poison yet able to dissimulate.

Betty and Cynthia came out of the house together. Cynthia put her hand on William's brow.

"How's the head?"

"No good," he groaned.

"D'you think a walk might help?" Betty suggested hesitantly.

"Heavens," William's eyelids fluttered at the idea.

"Really, Betty," Cynthia said, "there's nothing worse than toiling up a mountain with a migraine."

"I meant a little walk," Betty said feebly.

Joanna sat up. "Have you tried soluble aspirin?" she asked in a businesslike voice. "It's marvellous."

"I'll get you something," Cynthia said.

"No, let me," Joanna jumped up energetically.

"I don't want anything," William said petulantly. He caught Cynthia's hand. "Just stroke my brow, darling. You've cooled your hands specially for me, haven't you?"

"Of course." She stood behind his chair, gently manipulating his forehead and temples.

"I'll go and mix it," Joanna said. "You'll probably feel like taking it when I get back."

"Stop her," he said feebly to Cynthia.

Pamela came out. "What a charming scene!"

To page 46

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Continuing... GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 45

Her voice rang horribly loud on the late afternoon air.

"William has a very bad headache, dear, don't shout," Cynthia said.

"Oh, poor William! Poor, dear William! Can I help?" Her face was hard as she came up and stood beside Cynthia, but as she looked down at the passive head her mouth quivered and she turned away.

"Send them all away," William begged.

"We're only here to see you off!" Jack snapped.

"Of course they are, darling, you know that," Cynthia said soothingly.

"Just like you to let us down," Jack went on.

William sat forward. "No, don't stop," he said to Cynthia. "It helps. I think I will take that potion."

"Soluble aspirin," Joanna said, "works like a dream, in no time at all. Shan't be a minute." She hurried towards the house before he might change his mind. She wouldn't be any good for a really dastardly plot, she thought ruefully. She was just depending on chance, and it was just happening to come off; even now something might go wrong. On the terrace she stopped.

Steve stood in the doorway, framed by its elegant lines, the fanlight above him, looking the very personification of "Enter, the villain." He was staring, staring at his wife stroking the serpent's brow. Joanna passed him in the doorway; he didn't even see her.

She came out of the house again, dropped another tablet into the glass and brought it to Cynthia. She stirred the active liquid with a spoon.

"There! Make him drink it straight down now while it's still effervescent. I've given him three. You'll feel the effect in a few minutes," she added.

He took the glass and drained the liquid, then lay back languidly again.

"Now then, everyone, it's just after half-past five," Cynthia looked at her watch. "I want you all to scram, we all will. The party's on tonight, whatever happens. Go for walks, have baths, watch the moonrise, play billiards, sleep—do whatever you like, but I don't want to see you again till 7.45 for drinks before dinner. Off you go, all of you."

She smiled to allay the hostess-edge to her voice. "You, too, William," she said, looking down at him, rather worried, "you've got to get in shape for tonight."

"All right, darling," he said. He leaned forward and rested his forehead in his hands. Joanna, going through the door with Des, glanced back at him fearfully. But she followed her husband inside.

"I think I've got a wog," William mumbled.

"Go and lie down," Steve said coldly. He and Cynthia were the only two left now with William.

"Yes, I will," William said obediently. He stood up, and holding his head with both hands crossed slowly to the terrace.

"You all right?" Cynthia called after him anxiously.

He didn't reply; he just kept going and disappeared through the doorway.

Joanna couldn't stop thinking about William now. She kept seeing his white face; she could almost feel his pain. Up in their room she'd busied herself with little preparatory things; doing her nails, tidying her eyebrows, trying her hair with a centre parting and hurriedly reverting to the same old way. It was six-thirty and Des was bathed, shaved, and relaxed, half-dressed, lolling in

a big chair and glancing through the latest "Interior Decorator," a lush magazine they subscribed to.

William had been gone an hour now; gone to his room, that is. Perhaps he was sleeping. But even if he were tossing in pain she couldn't do anything for him. It would be ridiculously inconsistent. Anyway, Cynthia no doubt was running in and out every five minutes or so to minister to him. She'd call a doctor if he were really ill.



She went to the window, wishing the party over, the weekend over, this phase of life over and done with or never begun. Childishly she wished to be on the other side of that sombre line of mountains. She wished everything had been different; not Des, but circumstances. At last, nervously, she turned away from the window.

"Bath?" Des asked without looking up.

"In a minute."

He threw the magazine down. "Clutter's coming back. I see. Interiors have got to look just like Grandma's parlor this year."

JOANNA didn't answer. She couldn't trust herself to speak. It won't matter to us what interiors are like—the way things are, she thought dimly. Bills to be paid... always bills to be paid. And what prospects are there? Clothes, too; there were essentials she'd have to have.

"Did you get those new shirts and things you wanted?" she asked, pursuing her thoughts out loud, hoping he hadn't been too extravagant.

"Sure did. Couple of Italian shirts and this dressing-gown—or bathrobe as the superior young man called it. Got them last night Friday."

"Oh, good, darling." She was sitting before the glass again, looking at her reflection and seeing William's face and feeling resentful against Des... the expense... more bills. It was unfair to feel resentment against Des... he didn't know, it wasn't his fault.

"I wonder if Jack's got that new book list handy." He got up. "How'd you like it, anyway?" he asked, stopping at the door and wriggling into his robe.

Joanna bent her head. Futile tears, they wouldn't help.

"Lovely, darling," she said absently. We must talk about money soon, she thought; I'll have to work out some way of talking about things without bringing that up. Poor Des, he just can't help being extravagant—he's always left "making ends meet" to me. She was startled to hear his voice again, she'd been so intent.

"Had your milk?" he asked on his way out.

There, you see? He had that knack of bringing a lump to her throat. If she looked at his innocent face she'd burst into tears.

"Not yet," she replied.

This was a ritual with Joanna before parties; she claimed that milk put a protective coating on the stomach and preserved it from the ravaging claws of liquor. Everyone who knew her humored this little whim. Now she collected the things she needed for the bathroom, looked at herself despondently in the mirror, and

that was all; it was gratifying to win his attention from other women. But she'd done it now, proved it, so what? The house was the permanent thing, the really important thing, when Steve got over his worry her much; she'd send him down now, get rid of William, and they'd continue their satisfactory life. Satisfaction anyway from her point of view.

Steve came back and silence began selecting clothes. He didn't bother with a dressing-room. She did, enjoyed and made full use of every sort of luxury. Now, made no more attempt at it but left him there with thoughts.

He sat on the edge of bed, one sock on, nursing other foot and staring uningly across the room. It wasn't quite sure what it was now. William had it now to him, that was certain. At this afternoon... definitely making life hell for one. Steve went cold all with rage as he remembered William walking into his door... remembered sneering eyes ferreting over desk where Steve was working the smile that said so plain "Poor old Steve," worse than the words that came in the patronising pity in voice that asked him what was working on "this time."

"I think you might let me see it, old chap. I'm not fit to see it in print, am I?" way he'd talked about J. Simmonds and his "passionate espousal" of failure... way he'd hinted about I. And then his attack on Pamela, a baseless and unprovoked attack simply because he'd of her, after the wooing of the adulation and the victo-

He'd left her in the garden, he said, "sobbing her silly self off," without the sense to that he didn't want her.

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from page 46

having the sense to see that she might drive him to desperation because of the pain in his head, because of her maudlin tears and recriminations. Women were awful when they got like that! Did Steve realise how lucky he was to have married a worldly woman?

Steve put on his other sock. He'd asked William how he'd feel if Pamela did anything, something reckless and silly and fatal, suicide, maybe . . . he'd remained seated behind the desk, his hands had been trembling so they were trembling now. He held them out in front of him and couldn't keep them still. William had shrugged and said there was no fear of that, not the type, and Steve had said, "You have had experience of the type, then?" and William had looked at him with hatred. Steve had got under his skin, and that had been a victory in itself.

Hatred was positive and carried respect, and William had never shown him anything before but contempt or a bare tolerance. Well, it was done now! William had warned him to be careful what he said and then it was he who had lost his temper, shouting at William that he'd say what he pleased in his own house, and do what he damn well pleased, too, as William would discover.

He finished dressing lethargically, but when he'd knotted his black tie and studied his reflection in the glass he came suddenly to life, alert and quick of movement. He glanced at his watch. Five past seven. He pocketed his cigarette case and lighter, opened the bedroom door softly, went out into the hall and along to the next room, which was William's. He looked around carefully. Then he knocked. There was no response. He opened the door and went in.

Cynthia bathed quickly; she hadn't left herself much time. She was in the dressing-room when she heard Steve hurrying through the bedroom towards her.

"Cynthia! Quick! Come quickly! It's William!"

"What? What's William?"

She turned a scared white face up from the jars and bottles in front of her.

"He's dead! Shh! We'll have to get him away! For heaven's sake, hurry! It's desperate!"

He went back through the bedroom.

Shoes! All she needed, everything else would do. She thrust her feet into black shoes and hurried after Steve. Steve? What was he doing in William's room? Thank heaven no one in the passage. All putting the finishing touches to themselves. The news hadn't properly sunk in yet. William dead? Steve must have imagined it; the way he was lying, perhaps, so pale, with that terrible headache. She went in.

"Lock the door. Quiet!" Steve said. So controlled. She'd never heard such quiet authority in his voice. She looked all round the room, anywhere but at the bed. She clonched her hands, taking in every detail of the scene. William's bag stood in the middle of the floor as though he'd just arrived or was all ready to go. Everything else seemed in order, there was nothing out of place and nothing that shouldn't be there.

Where was Steve? Then she realised that he was behind her; he'd gone quietly over and

locked the door. Without volition her eyes came to the bed. She couldn't move, she just had to stand there, and that person on the bed looked very dead from where she was standing. He was dressed in William's clothes, the clothes William had been wearing all afternoon.

Steve was picking up a piece of paper from the dressing-table. He was smiling. He folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Cynthia walked over to the bed and stood for a moment looking down at the man Steve hated. She felt as a sleepwalker must feel. She

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

—La Rochefoucauld

looked at William, the face, the wound, and felt nothing. No feeling. The headache's torment had gone from the face and even the marks of selfwill and dissipation were obliterated. She felt neither pity nor panic.

He'd been stabbed in the base of the neck, just above the collarbone. There was scarcely any blood on the actual wound, but blood was splattered on his clothes. There was blood on the bed, too. The observant eye, she thought; I'll be a marvellous witness. Then she noticed that she was trembling violently. Steve was moving again. He was carrying William's bag over to the door. He unlocked the door.

"I'll be back," he said. He went out with the bag. She had no count of time. All she knew was that Steve had killed William, that he loved her so much he'd got rid of William. "Get rid of William." She remembered that now. That silly list. Had it been Steve's, after all? He came back.

"Quick," he said, "thank heavens you're strong. Can you manage his feet? I think that's the lighter end. Into the side passage. There's not much time."

She obeyed him without word, without delay. They managed easily. We must do it more often, she thought hysterically, it's easy as pie. They put him on the floor and Steve told her to open the door on the back stairs; then he went back to close William's door. They were out of sight now in the little side passage. William's bag was by the door ready.

They picked up the body again and got it through the doorway and struggled down the narrow back stairs that turned once and ended in a tiny hall leading outside, facing the old stables that were now a modern garage. Cynthia was panting painfully but she felt superhuman strength. Her muscles obeyed her will. Somehow, obscurely deep, she knew that she was doing this for the house. For Steve, too, to protect him, because he loved her enough to kill for her.

"The garage," he said. Out the door, across the dark outside, such a long way to the garage. No moon, thank goodness. When had she told them to watch the moon rise? Was it today? Never mind; didn't matter. Steve opened William's car. He's thought of everything, she thought. Even the car key! He was a sort of genius. She looked at him and saw him for the first time.

"In the front." They got him in.

"Get in my car, ready to start. Here's the key. I'll be back with the bag." He left her there; he was a dark smudge for a moment and then the dark swallowed him, leaving her there.

With a corpse! Somehow she stifled an overpowering urge to scream. Keep busy; that's it. The corpse drew her eyes. It . . . William? . . . was sitting up in the front seat, looking terribly stiff like an old-fashioned motorist. She flung her arm across her eyes in a childish gesture and went to Steve's car. She opened it and got in. And waited. Suddenly he was back with the bag.

"I'll lead, you follow. No noise. Coast as far as possible."

He got into William's car and as it glided forward she followed in Steve's. The sloping drive was made for this moment, made for a quiet getaway with William's body and bag. How clever of Steve. Once on the road she kept close behind him. This was fun. She was keeping track of the distance, too. Now she was being clever. Were they assembling for drinks yet, too punctual for the first time in their lives, or were they going to be late as usual?

Steve slowed down and she slowed down. He turned the car off the road and went in through trees and bushes. She pulled in to the side of the road. Good gangster's moll. Knows what to do without being told. She got out and followed after Steve on foot. He was out of the car now. He'd shut the door and was wiping it with something. Funny time to clean a car.

"Anything else?" she asked intelligently.

"That's it, I think. Yes, that's everything. Quick, back to the house. I'll tell you on the way."

CONFESSIONS of a murderer, she thought. They got in. She was at the wheel again. Steve was wiping his hands, wiping them over and over again as though there were some stain that wouldn't come off. Theatrical little trick picked up from Lady Macbeth. She'd have the picture of William always, sitting behind the wheel where Steve had pushed him, dreadfully dead.

"Now look," he said, "this is the story. William wrote a note—that's not a story, it's the truth—saying he was leaving, had it, fed up, felt ill. I've got it here in my pocket. We'll say he's left. If we meet anyone on the way in we'll say it seemed so queer that we went to see if his car had really gone, or was it just one of his jokes, knowing William."

"He left the note in the hall, we'll say, and we found it, being first down. Let me look at you. You look fine. Calm and collected. What a thing to happen! In my house!" He began to shake. "Perhaps we should have taken him farther away. But there isn't time. The note was lucky and the packed bag—set the stage for us beautifully."

"Yes." She swerved a little and he glanced at her. So cool he seemed. Let's all be calm and collected. "Yes, it's all worked out beautifully."

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, I mean it was all sort of predestined, wasn't it?"

"Careful now," he whispered. "Up the drive. I know you can't be noiseless, but he as quiet as possible. Close the door gently."

She did a superlative driving job and they got out and closed the door with scarcely a sound. Steve took her arm.

"Steve," she whispered.

He turned to her.

"Why did you go to William's room? Just in case anyone asks?"

"To get him to apologise to Pamela, of course."

Of course. To get him to apologise to Pamela. Perfectly natural. Oh, this was a man—he'd killed for love of her!

They walked round to the front of the house, their feet scrunching on the gravel, making little slaps on the flagstones. The need for caution was over.

Steve voiced a forlorn hope: "Maybe it'll look like a hitch-hike job," he muttered.

Inside there was Joanna, apparently just arrived in the hall. She looked at them in some surprise.

"Well, what d'you think's happened now, Jo?" Cynthia said in exasperated social tones. "That William! He's gone! Just simply gone! Left a note!"

"Gone?" Joanna stared at them blankly. Keep calm, she told herself fiercely.

Steve nodded. "He's gone, all right. His car's gone. Just went to look."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course we're sure, Jo," Cynthia said. "Came downstairs, found the note in the hall, and that's that. Naturally, knowing William, we thought it might be some sort of practical joke, although he wasn't in the mood for jokes today. So we went to check up on his car."

"A note?" Joanna said fervently. She was being a bit parrot-like, Cynthia felt.

"Here it is," Steve said, drawing it out of his pocket.

Joanna took the note. "Dear Cynthia and Steve," she read, "I've had it. Something's happened. Couldn't be worse. Regrets, William."

She looked from the note to Steve and Cynthia, trying to see whether they knew or suspected anything. The funny thing was, she thought, they were looking at her in the same way. I must keep poker-faced, she thought. I know why William's gone. I know what happened. He's gone because he's frightened; he knows and he's frightened that when whoever did it finds out that it hasn't worked they'll try again. She wanted to find him and tell him it was all right.

"Let's go and have a drink," Steve said. With a mastery that was strange and new and wonderfully exhilarating, he ushered them into the living-room.

"Look, Jo," he continued, "no need to tell the others till they're all here. We don't want to raise the alarm upstairs. Wait till they all come down. We can still have a party; after all, why shouldn't we? Might have more fun now, without William."

He glanced across at the table piled with presents for William: a table against the wall so that Cynthia could make a sort of wall decoration of the bright, gleaming colors of paper and ribbons.

He felt elated; he could have laughed out loud. The panic he felt enhanced the sense of triumph. Interesting evening it promised to be, the pretence of being simply a host who'd had a guest walk out on them, and underneath the simmer and the bubble of joy because William was dead. He wondered how Pamela would behave. She'd invoke the tragic muse for sure. He could feel success surge through him down to his fingertips. He knew if he wrote a poem now it would have the stamp of greatness. No need to rush into it, though. The triumph was going to last.

With William out there in the car was another corpse—

To page 48

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Continuing . . .

GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 47

the dead thing of Steve's inferiority. He could face it squarely now because it was dead. He'd been born with money and possessions; William hadn't, yet William had had that easy success, the golden touch that Steve craved. Now it didn't matter any more. He told himself that it didn't really matter if he never wrote or painted anything ever again. The thing was that he could if he wanted to. Nobody else saw through him as William had done. Except, possibly, Cynthia; but that was different. He caught her eyes; she was looking at him, he thought, with new respect. Already.

Bill Baynes was the first to arrive down. He looked very stiff and distinguished in a dinner jacket: very clean and pink and icy like a smooth pink cake. He mixed his own drink; he was a familiar visitor at Thornton, dropping in any time. Then the others came down practically all together: Des and Jack and Betty, closely followed by Pamela. Steve looked at Pamela with interest. She did, indeed, look tragic already, in a black dress that attenuated her figure and special facial make-up that disguised the pallor of her skin and the dark circles under her eyes.

When they were all accommodated with drinks Steve was ready for his big announcement. He leaned on the great mantelpiece, nonchalantly, and Betty — that silly Betty — in her horribly artistic floral dress, said, "Where's William?"

"That's just what I was just about to tell you, my love," Steve said.

They all looked at him in amazement. Steve never used expressions like that. Cynthia was frowning.

"He's gone," Steve went on. "Walked out on us, just like that." He felt Pamela's actressy eyes waiting on the next line of dialogue. "Left a note in the hall. All very casual, not to say rude. We must excuse him because we know he didn't feel well, don't we?"

"Walked out!" Pamela said faintly.

The others looked at her in pity. Still carrying a torch in spite of everything.

"Walked out," Steve repeated.

"But he couldn't . . ." Pamela began, and stopped. She looked ghastly. Bill was staring at her so hard she shifted away from his gaze.

Jack Simmonds said, "He'd

walk out on anyone, man or woman. Why kid yourself any longer, Pam?"

"This note he left," Bill said. "Where is it?"

"Here." Steve took it out of his pocket again and handed it to Bill. "It was in the hall. Cynthia and I found it when we came down. As we told Joanna, we thought at first it might be one of his peculiar kind of jokes, so we went round to the garage to see if his car was there. He's gone, all right."

"He can't be gone!" Pamela wailed. She flung herself out of the chair and rushed from the room. Bill Baynes looked after her thoughtfully; she seemed so very sure he couldn't be gone. Why was she so sure? William had never been that much devoted to her.

"Poor girl!" Betty said. "The best thing to do is forget it," Cynthia said calmly. "After all, we all know William; let's face it. He doesn't care a hoot, go why should we? Let's forget him and just enjoy ourselves, shall we? Another drink, Jo."

JOANNA held her glass out automatically. She'd phone William; as soon as an opportunity occurred, probably later in the evening she'd phone him to see how he was. Maybe he'd never reach home. Maybe even now . . . she buried her face in her hands.

"Jo! What's up?" Des asked. His calm, common-sense wife! Everyone seemed to be going crazy.

"It's all right; I'm all right." She forced a smile, took her drink from Cynthia, and drank half at a gulp.

Cynthia would have liked to go after Pamela, just to find out what she meant. She'd said he couldn't walk out, and the others, except for herself and Steve, had taken it to mean that he couldn't walk out on her — couldn't do a mean thing like that to her. But she could have meant it literally; she could have meant that he couldn't walk out because he was lying there dead. Did she know anything?

"Funny just to go like that," Des said.

"Let's forget it!" Cynthia cried. She didn't want the reaction to set in; she wanted to continue along this high peak

of excitement. She was on her fourth drink, and if necessary she'd go to the fourteenth ward off the let-down. Sleeping in the same room with a murderer, and that murderer her husband. Sleep . . . the death of each day's life . . . for the first time in a long time she'd go to Steve eagerly.

Perhaps he's gone to a doctor, Joanna thought. Of course he'd go to a doctor if he was really bad. He's gone to a doctor and the doctor will tell what happened and William will say he doesn't know, and the doctor will find out. These days they could find out anything. She must phone him and tell him, explain . . . they could reach an agreement, make a bargain. If he'd let off Des she'd promise not to do it again. She laughed. It was all their eyes on her that brought her back to here and now, to embarrassment.

"I was just thinking of something," she said lamely. "Excuse me . . ." She got up and went towards the door.

Des began to follow her. She turned and warded him off with an outflung arm.

"No, darling, I'm all right. Please!" She forced a smile. "I'm just going up for a stool or something. Bit chilly." She hurried from the room.

In the hall she paused for a moment, cunningly. Would Des in his worry follow her to see she was all right? He didn't. She crossed the hall and went through to the library at the other side, opened the door and went in, turning the key behind her. She groped her way over to the desk and switched on the lamp.

William's number. Who was William's number? She couldn't remember. Ah, then was a directory. Feverishly she turned the pages. Flecker . . .

Currawong . . . Bellevue Hill, yes, that was it. She sat at the desk and dialled the number. A switchboard voice answered. No, Mr. Flecker wasn't in; he gone away for the weekend. Could she take a message?

"Yes, but he's gone," Joanna said desperately. "I am this weekend . . . I mean, I'm with the weekend, and he's left to go home. You're sure he hasn't arrived yet?"

"Quite sure, Madam. He doesn't answer. Any message."

Joanna rang off in despair. Maybe he was home. Maybe he was there unable to move.

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NURSERY MOTIFS



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1951

GERMANY'S JAMIES DEAN

★ Eleven films in three years have made dark, exciting Horst Buchholz the darling of teenagers in his own country.

HE has been mobbed, clawed, and ripped by adoring fans—sure sign that the 26-year-old German with the magnetic eyes has what it takes to win and hold a young fan following.

The recent British release of his first English film, "Tiger Bay," in which he co-stars with John Mills and Mills' 12-year-old daughter Hayley, has already put Horst well on the way to international stardom.

Savage air

Wearing the deceptively savage air of a delinquent, but with the ability to act many of his seniors off the floor, he has already been spotted as big-star material by Billy ("Some Like It Hot") Wilder, who offered the German James Dean a

Film Parade

five-year one-picture-a-year contract.

His great asset as a potential international star is his completely international look. He likes jazz and became interested in acting in 1948 when word spread among the youth of Berlin that good money was to be picked up by applying for walk-on work at the theatres.

Two of Buchholz's German films, "Teenage Wolf Pack" and "Sky Without Stars," have already begun their release in this country.

"Smouldering"

Australians will next see the German charmer in "Destination Love," a tender story of young love triumphing over delinquent savagery.

This was one of the films shown at the recent Melbourne and Sydney Film Festivals, and will shortly be seen by the general public.

A more vivid and arresting personality than fellow countryman Hardy Kruger, and years younger than his compatriot Curt Jurgens, sometimes smouldering, sometimes smiling Horst could be the biggest star to come out of Germany since Dietrich.

Horst Buchholz

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ALSO SCHOLL NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Cool jazz helps get top TV rating

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The latest big buy for the Australian TV screen is sophisticated mystery "Peter Gunn," famous for its story and its jazz score, which, recorded as an LP, is today's best-selling record in America.

"PETER GUNN" stars Craig Stevens as a handsome 6ft. 2in., 13st. private detective. It is scheduled for early release on Channel 7.

It is said to be strong and tense in story. The strength may be judged by the fact that the writer demanded "musical electricity" to match the story, and the jazz score came out of the demand.

Until the past year or so, the music for all TV shows, whether Westerns, mysteries, or family shows, was "canned." Low budgets did not allow for the large studio orchestras that are used for the average film score.

Following the colossal success of jazz backgrounds, the big New York writers now say you've got to have cool jazz for hot-rating TV shows.

One American writer said the new detective shows demand that "the cops corral the criminals strictly with the cool lick."

Top man at providing the cool lick is Hank Mancini, known formally as Henry Mancini, a clarinetist.

Hank wrote the electric music for "Peter Gunn." He was approached by the writer and brain behind the show, Blake Edwards, a jazz fan himself.

"Blake wanted a modern show," Mancini said. "He wanted musical electricity. And jazz was the place to get it. After all, that's logical. Most of the action in 'Peter Gunn' is played at Mother's, a tough saloon. And you're not going to put a string quartet in there."

Mancini certainly came up with electrical music. He scores each show, and the demand for his first, the "Peter Gunn Album," was so big that it was quickly followed by another called "More Music from Peter Gunn."

The man who goes with the electric music, Craig Stevens as Peter Gunn, looks as if he could be as exciting as the music, and as dynamic.

The picture (above right) is a before Peter Gunn one. Craig, as Peter, wears a crew-cut.

Blake Edwards told him when he got the job that as Gunn he would be a Harvard-graduate type who was as adept with his fists as he was with words.

"You'd better get rid of that 'movie hero' haircut in your favor," he told him. "Get a crew-cut."

Peter Gunn is full of action. "Gunn gets involved with racketeers, punks, and other assorted unlawful characters," Stevens said in a recent interview in America.

"This means, naturally, there have been plenty of fights. So far I've been lucky. I've only been really beaten up and hurt a few times.

"The fights are rehearsed as carefully as the dialogue.

"But you do run into trouble. A couple of weeks ago I landed at the feet of an actor who was falling backward, and felt a sharp pain in my finger. I had rammed it against a wooden barrel and left the whole fingernail behind, embedded in the barrel."

Stevens said just after that, in another episode, he had to fight a brawl with ex-heavyweight boxer Buddy Baer.

"During the action he grabbed this finger, which had just begun to heal, in a terrific grip," said Craig. "The howl I let out must have been heard for miles around the studio. Straight on top of that he tossed me on to some scenery in the background. It was a bad day for the aches and pains."

In private life, Stevens is married to movie star Alexis Smith. On the TV screen he romances between brawls with Lola Albright.

From what I can gather, Lola plays the girl who obviously holds the hero's heart



HANDSOME Craig Stevens, above, who plays the role of Peter Gunn, new TV mystery, with his wife, Alexis Smith, and dog. At right: His TV girl, Lola Albright.

best of all — or "M. Squad" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 10.45 p.m.).

"M. Squad" music director Stanley Wilson says there is nothing new about jazz.

"But there is plenty new about using it to underscore exciting TV action," he says.

"A show like 'M. Squad' is supposed to move; jazz moves.

"We are not progressive, cool, or far out. Nor are we



that I stay tuned to "Tombstone Territory" instead of "Tombstone Territree" the way all us Australian televisioners pronounce it.

Generally I switch to another channel, which is maybe cutting off my nose to spite my face, but it's a protest, anyway.

LATEST figures from Hollywood say that "Kookie" (Ed Brynes), of "77 Sunset Strip" (Channel 9, Fridays 8.30 p.m.), to date has received nearly 5000 combs from admiring fans. They're all dumped into a huge box, and those needing combs simply help themselves.

Incidentally, Kookie doesn't give with the Kookie talk offscreen. He says his lines in "Sunset Strip" are hard to learn — "like memorising Shakespeare."

Kookie is 25, unmarried and supports his mother and sister, who live in New York. He's completely bewildered by his big success on TV and is about to branch out into full-length movies.

Warners have cast him in "Yellowstone Kelly," a Western. Kookie likes the role, except he can't comb his hair, a nervous habit.

"The director keeps telling me to muss up my hair," he says.

Kookie fans will be fascinated to hear that in the latest episode of "77 Sunset Strip" he has a girl. All goes well until Will ("Sugarfoot") Hutchins snatches her away from him in a big surprise walk-off finish.

TELEVISION PARADE

in her hand but never gets her man, legally.

The love scenes are played with the implication of a much deeper feeling than shows, and, says Craig Stevens, "with terseness, tenderness, and humor."

All in all, "Peter Gunn" sounds as if it will add up to quite a show. Let's hope it arrives soon.

Any sound is good on TV, but if you want to find the super jazz sounds, you should listen to "Peter Gunn" when it comes — it is acknowledged

a gimmick sound. We are the jazz sound, and we are trying to instil the audience with the idea that it's a good sound."

I THINK "The Thin Man" (Channel 9, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.) is just about the thinnest, kissingest mystery I've ever seen, which makes it a different dish from its predecessor, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy.

The movie version went in for a stronger, more suspenseful story, with the minimum of kissing and the maximum of implication.

TV's Nick Charles, Peter Lawford, has Phyllis Kirk, TV's most appealing woman, as his TV wife, Nora, according to all the men I've heard talk about the show.

I'm told Phyllis (see picture at left) has the same effect on men as Raymond Burr has on many women. They don't care what the story is like as long as they can look at her — a face which no doubt adds to the audience of this popular show and probably accounts for its "kissingest" quality.



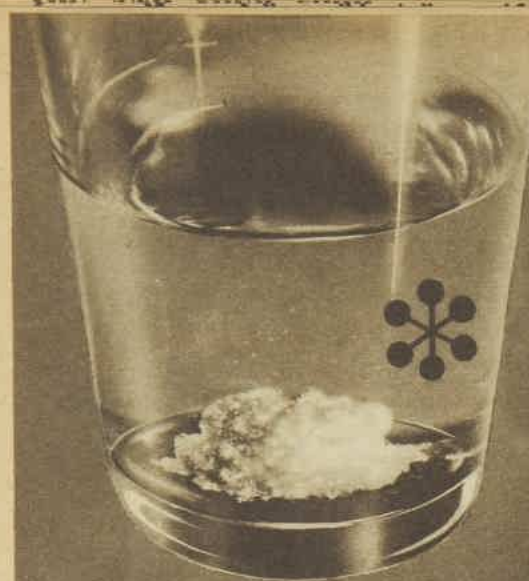
PHYLLIS KIRK, 30, unmarried, green-eyed, is Nora, Thin Man Nick Charles' TV wife. She is voted by many men TV's most appealing woman. See story at right.

MOST Australians don't like a phony American accent, and neither do I. It madens me to hear a young Australian announcer demand



Paul Robeson's comeback as Othello

THE opening night of the 100th Shakespearian season at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre will go down in theatrical history as a Paul Robeson triumph. On this night—which was also his 61st birthday—Robeson, playing Othello, achieved the high-spot of his acting career. He is pictured (above) with young English actress Mary Ure (Desdemona) in the scene in which he tests her fidelity. This is the first time Robeson has appeared on the English stage for 25 years, and the first time he has been in England since 1949, when the American Government deprived him of his passport for political reasons. “Released” last year, Robeson fought sickness and exhaustion to play Othello at Stratford, and so fulfil his greatest ambition. Though his towering, once-magnificent figure looked ageing and heavy, his rich voice had lost nothing of its power, and he completely captured the audience. Also greatly praised for the spectacular presentation was Australian Loudon Sainthill, who designed the sets and costumes.



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NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★ SWAN LAKE

B.E.F. Russian ballet, with Maya Plisetskaya, Nikolai Fadeychev, and Bolshoi Ballet. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

FILMED at the famous Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, this is an authentic record of "Swan Lake" with Maya Plisetskaya giving a brilliant performance in the twin roles of Odette-Odile.

Nikolai Fadeychev makes an imposing prince, while V. Levaichev, the evil spirit, garbed as a bird of prey, is spine-chilling.

Unforgettable is the scene when the bird's wing is torn off, and the dancer blunders across stage in dying agony.

Color is often too brown and shadowy, and the English commentary distracts. Though back-stage scenes and shots of the watching audience bring interest, they take attention from dancers and hamper delight in seeing "Swan Lake" progressing.—H.F.

In a word . . . **AUTHENTIC.**

★★ SISSI

Romance, with Romy Schneider, Karlheinz Bohm. German dialogue, English sub-titles. In color. Savoy, Sydney.

THE historic fact of Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria choosing the younger tomboy sister as his bride, instead

of the elder Bavarian princess favored by his mother, is made into popular family entertainment in this picture-postcard version.

In the name role Romy Schneider is pleasing and natural, and wears her delightful clothes without self-consciousness.

Great dignity and charm is given to the role of the young Franz Joseph by Bohm, a young man with an agreeable personality and very good looks.

Sissi's father, who prefers the rustic pleasures of his Bavarian estate to royal matchmaking, is made into a warm and likeable figure by Gustav Knuth.

The humor generally is a little heavy-handed, but there is some amusing use made of the stuffy Austrian Court protocol.

In a word . . . **PRETTY.**

★★ THE BIG COUNTRY

Adult Western, with Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, and Burl Ives. In color. Regent, Sydney.

EX-SEA captain James McKay (Gregory Peck) sets out to prove that high ideals and fair talking can achieve more than fine shooting.

He is lured West by the love of the delectable daughter of feudin'-and-fightin' ranch-

owner Major Henry Terrill (Charles Bickford), who lives in feudal splendor in the sunbaked big country of California.

The daughter — Carroll Baker — is a ravishing blonde, a chip-off-the-old-block, but she transcends the corny role with excellent acting.

It is obvious from the start that Miss Jean Simmons, the local schoolteacher and owner of the only water supply in the district, will get high-minded Peck on the rebound, when his fiery fiancée is led to believe he can't ride, fight, or shoot.

Burl Ives steals the thunder as head of the spirited hillbilly Hannassey clan, whose very presence in The Big Country makes the place too small in the eyes of Major Terrill and his daughter. Ives won an Academy award for this role.

Gregory Peck manages to transform tough cow punchers into "shipmates" by engaging in some mighty ridin' and shootin' and fightin' — just to show he can. But he emerges from all his encounters with a remarkably clean white shirt.—M.C.

In a word . . . **LENGTHY.**

★ NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON

M.G.M. drama, with Julie London, John Drew Barrymore, Nat "King" Cole. CinemaScope. St. James, Sydney.

GOOD cameracraft and a tense start seem to promise that this film

will be wholly successful, in its treatment of the race-relations problem, with those who live on both sides of the "black curtain."

But the film is only a quarter good.

Ginny Nelson (Julie London), a quadroon negro girl, has married Korean war veteran Chuck (John Drew Barrymore), whose San Francisco family is wealthy and "social."

When the news of Ginny's heredity gets about, rocks crash through the windows of their home and vandals rush in despoiling the garden and intimidating the bride, who naturally seeks police protection.

To Australian eyes, scenes in the police station are incredible, all blame being cast on Ginny, while Chuck (injured when trying to defend her) is "brainwashed" and whisked back to the family mansion by his fiercely possessive mum (Agnes Moorehead).

The script is turgid and courtroom scenes almost farcical.

A smooth performance comes from Nat "King" Cole, but acting honors go to young negro James Edwards, who plays the part of a lawyer with skill and dignity.—H.F.

In a word . . .

UNCONVINCING.

Movie Gossip

Tough times in Hollywood

● Consternation has been caused among the ranks of Hollywood hopefuls by the announcement of Paramount Studios that they would not be signing any new young actors or actresses to term contracts.

APART from Fox, M.G.M. is now the most active studio in the signing of new talent, and continues to make six tests a week in its effort to stockpile fresh personalities.

Metro has signed up nine young players during the first half of the current year.

The new Paramount policy means that the newcomers will be hired for a particular picture, when required, and not kept on a retaining salary.

NEXT for Richard Widmark is a romantic adventure, "North from Rome," to be

filmed in Italy shortly. His last was the Western "Warlock."

MYSTERY girl Diane Varsi, who ran away from a Hollywood career that held brilliant promise and hid herself and small son in an obscure New England country town, is writing an autobiographical novel about her troubled childhood. In this, Hollywood psychologists say, lie the roots of Diane's inability to cope with the success that came to her with "Peyton Place."

SAL MINEO is already looking round for another picture to do when "The Gene

Krupa Story" winds up. He's considering the starring role in "Aladdin," which will be shot half in Hollywood and half in England.

HOLLYWOOD producer-director Frank Tashlin, who guided Jayne Mansfield through her early pictures, is to make what he calls a "jazz comedy" in England. It will star Maurice Chevalier and Tony Randall, and is to be called "The Laughing Man."

With these two Tashlin has cast his wife, Mary Costa, who has been starring in the West End show "Candide."

WHEN they made Errol

Flynn a handsome advance against his autobiography last year, his New York publishers failed to make sure that they could get hold of either the autobiography or Errol when they wanted to. The situation is that Errol has currently the advance, the uncompleted autobiography, and some thousands of miles between himself and the publishers.

Popular record offer

TWELVE of the most popular hits of the moment are listed in The Popular Record Club's "An Hour of Tops in Pops" release for July. Members — who, incidentally, pay no entrance fee — can purchase, for just 30/-, LP discs normally priced at 52/6.

The club has an additional offer for July of an evergreen LP by Frankie Laine, and there's a special semi-classical release, "Vienna in 3-Time."

With each 12in. disc selling at 30/-, and a special free bonus disc for members who buy 12 records in one year, The Popular Record Club offers good value to record collectors.

If you want to join, write to The Popular Record Club Pty. Ltd., 215 Clarence Street, Sydney. You can have your records posted to you for an additional 3/- per disc.

See next week's Teenagers' Weekly for full details of The Popular Record Club with coupon.

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 48

writhing, perhaps . . . She'd try again. If he hadn't been to a doctor she'd plead with him to see one immediately. She switched off the lamp and went back to the others, walking in quietly and resuming her seat, hoping to remain unnoticed.

"Couldn't you find it, darling?" Des asked.

She looked at him, horrified. How did he know she was looking for it? She just stared at him.

"Cynthia will lend you something." He came and sat on the arm of her chair and looked down at her solicitously. "I hope you haven't got a cold coming."

She let out a long sigh. The stole, of course! She'd forgotten to get the stole. She really was the most feckless evildoer.

"I'm not cold now. I think it was just a shiver, someone walking . . ." She didn't finish it. Hardly the time to talk of graves.

They went on drinking, huddled together without gaiety. So William's influence hadn't departed with him.

Some time after eleven Joanna tried again to ring William. She escaped easily this time. Pamela had come back during the evening and had since had complete success at what she most enjoyed — being the centre of attention.

She was one moment reckless and gay, the next haunted by ghosts; and they were all so used to her dramatisations that no one, except Steve, saw the change from the sham to the real.

The second phone call was just as unrewarding as the first. "But he must be there!" Joanna insisted desperately.

"Who is calling, madam? I'll leave a message for Mr. Flecker

to call you just as soon as he comes in."

"It doesn't matter." She rang off despairingly.

Where was he? He must be somewhere. Somewhere dead.

The hills were no longer sombre. The slanting rays of the sun revealed a variety of mauves, greens, and yellows against the western sky, already a deep blue in spite of the early hour. Over in the east dawn's long pink-and-silver ribands of clouds were dispersing; it was going to be another warm day, another extension of summer.

Mr. Stone, who was taking his cows over to the far pasture, felt rather hopeless about the prospects of rain. At least he could work the far paddock for a while; he'd given it a chance and the herd was going to appreciate it. They seemed to sense it already. He had to take them across the road and that was a job he hated. No traffic in sight. If anything came it would have to wait; this was a cattle crossing and the beasts had the right of way.

He followed them across the road. There was no straying; they could smell the pasture ahead of them through the opening between trees and bushes. Then he saw the car. Someone in it, too. That was odd. Seemed to be asleep. The cows were finding their own way; they'd be all right. Ought he to wake the gent up? Maybe he'd been drinking too much. He went over and looked through the window closely, looked at the rigidity of death, at the body propped against

the wheel, at the head fallen forward.

He ran back across the road, up the track that led to the farmhouse. Bodgies, he was thinking. No one was safe these days. Lonely roads or lighted city streets, it was all the same. Robbery, probably. Why hadn't they taken the car, though? Not enough nerve. But they had the nerve to kill. Yes, then panic, no nerve left to take the car as coolly as they killed.

He ran inside. Breathless, he phoned the Richmond police station. He told them exactly what he'd seen and what time he'd seen it, and said it looked like a bodgie crime, maybe a hitchhiking job. The Richmond man on the other end was gratifyingly impressed; he knew farmer Stone as an honest, hard-working, decent citizen whose word could be relied upon. Someone would come, he said.

MR. STONE went into the kitchen and told his wife about the gruesome discovery.

"What sort of car?" she said. She seemed more interested in the car than in the man.

He described it. She sniffed.

The policeman came to the Stone farm first and asked a lot of questions; he wrote down everything. Mr. Stone said, everything Mr. Stone had already told him over the phone. Then together they went to the spot where the car was hidden from the sight of any passer-by.

"You didn't touch anything?" the policeman asked.

"No."

"They'll be here from Sydney as soon as possible, from homi-

cide. They won't like it on a Sunday. Lucky thing you chose today to take your cows across, Mr. Stone."

"Yes, I guess it was."

"Only thing is, they've trampled all over the ground."

Mr. Stone felt unreasonably put out over this remark. He wanted to ask what the policeman expected them to do, fly? He remained silent.

"Yes," the policeman went on, "they've certainly ploughed up any footprints there may have been."

"D'you want me any more now?" Mr. Stone asked coldly.

"No, that's all right, Mr. Stone. They'll want to see you. I expect. I'll have to stick around till they come."

Farmer Stone went off to his work, upset for the day. They wouldn't think he'd done it, surely, and used his cows as a red herring?

The policeman spent his time of waiting walking all round the car, noting its make, its number, guessing its age, looking for unusual scratches or smears of any kind. Poor bloke! Dead as a ruddy door-nail! He wondered why they hadn't taken the car.

At last, when he'd taken refuge under the trees from the heat of the sun, a police car came along, slowly, feeling its way, looking for the spot described. An ambulance came behind it. The policeman stepped out and waited deferentially. Two men got out of the back of the car. Another out of the front with photographic equipment. The driver remained at the wheel.

The photographer went to the car and got to work immediately, from every angle.

To page 55

Mrs. C. Jones of Parkes says:

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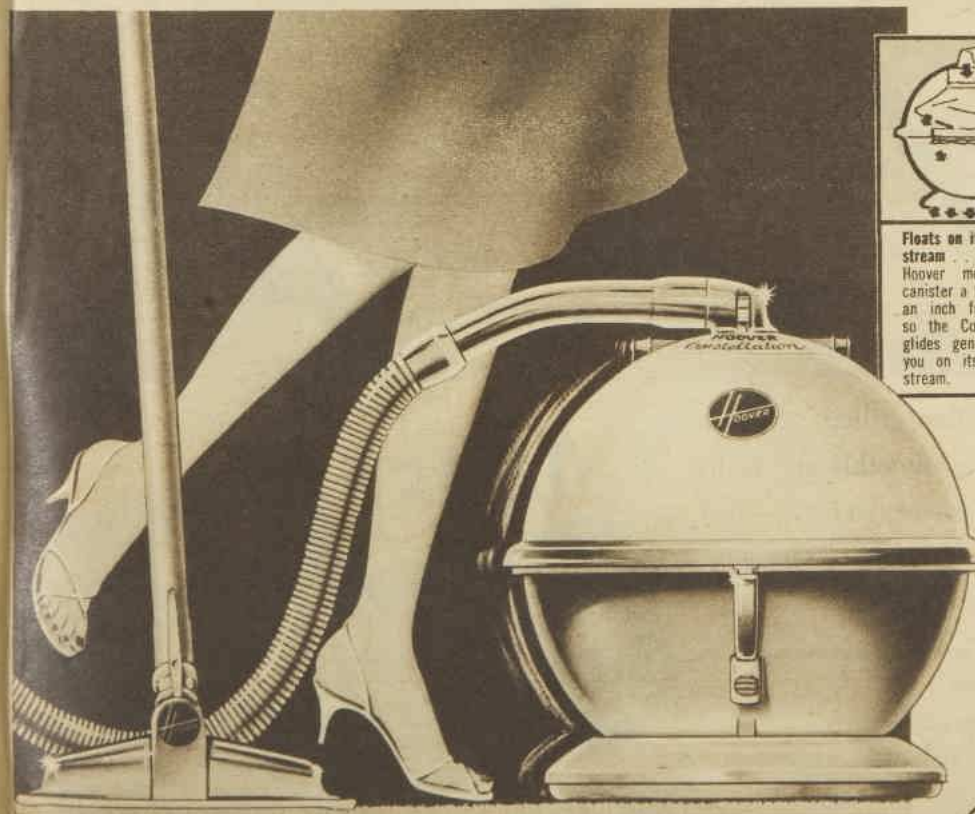
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The other two waited for a moment.

"Take a look, Primrose, will you?" the larger, bulkier, older one said.

Primrose, a handsome, dashing officer of the type to stir admiration in the Richmond man's ambitious breast, strode obediently over to the car.

"I'm Swinton," the bulky man said modestly, and the name hung in the still, warm air like the sword of Damocles. At least, that was the essence of the Richmond man's over-awed thoughts.

"Sergeant Willman, sir," he proffered humbly. He knew all about Detective-Inspector Swinton of the C.I.B. The modesty meant nothing. The bulk was deceptive.

"Come with me."

Together they went towards the fateful car, and at Swinton's request Sergeant Willman told his story. Swinton nodded several times.

"Finished?" he asked the photographer. The man nodded, packing up his gear.

"No fingerprints on the door," Primrose said. "And I mean none. Wiped clean."

"So it's to be one of those," Swinton said thoughtfully.

He opened the driver's door carefully. The keys were still there, dangling. He motioned to Primrose and together they went to work, getting the rigid corpse from behind the wheel and out on to the dusty grass.

Swinton got down on his haunches. He stared at the cold white face.

"Look there," he said. He pointed to the wound above the collarbone.

"Slap bang in the carotid," Primrose commented.

"Really!" Swinton's voice was mildly sarcastic.

"Not much blood, you'll notice," Primrose continued.

"Thank you. I did. But don't jump to conclusions. That doesn't necessarily mean anything. The wound could have been washed."

"Do you think so, Inspector?"

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"No." He was going through the dead man's pockets now. The outside pockets of the coat held little; a cigarette case, and lighter, some loose change. He was drawing the wallet out from the inside pocket when he noticed the brownish stains, just a few smudges on the shirt front.

"That's funny!"

Primrose bent down beside his chief, craning closer.

"Look," Swinton said, "that's a funny place for blood from that wound—that almost bloodless wound."

HE took the shirt between his thumb and finger and at once an alert expression came over his face. Quickly he unbuttoned the shirt. There was more blood on the singlet beneath and a curious bulge beneath it. Swinton pulled the singlet up. A towel was tied tightly round the dead man's chest with pieces of sticking plaster holding it in position. There was more blood on the towel. Swinton lifted the towel and looked at Primrose. Primrose was staring at the bloody gash.

"The man's been killed twice," he said.

It was a time for one of Primrose's theories; he liked bookish situations. He liked to see the picture whole even before there was any evidence to go upon, and while he was thus harmlessly engaged Swinton went through the wallet. Nothing much there, either; a goodly supply of notes—he hadn't wanted for money—his driving licence and a few odd cards. William Flecker, 26 Currawong Gardens, Bellevue Hill.

"Anything in the boot?" he asked. "Well, look, Primrose, look!"

Rather shamefaced, Primrose found the gadget that opened the boot.

"Careful," Swinton said,

"we'll try it for fingerprints when we get back. Not much hope, though."

Gingerly Primrose lifted out the smart blue overnight bag with the gold initials W.F. He transferred it to the boot of the police car. Then they called the ambulance men, and William was picked up and gently carried away.

"Now, Primrose, back her out, will you?" He went back to their own car and spoke to the driver.

"I want you to drive this car, Smythe. Follow us back to town. I'll take over here."

The driver got out and into William's car, waiting until the others had settled in and moved away before he started up and followed behind. Primrose sat next to Swinton, the photographer, in the back. They drove in silence for a while, but Primrose was obviously itching to talk, waiting for his superior to give him the nod. The boss might be thinking, and he didn't care to be disturbed at such times. A wind had got up and the tussocks of grass were dancing over the fields.

"Well, Primrose?" Swinton said.

"It looks like a crime passionnel to me," Primrose said eagerly.

"I've never yet heard you express any other view at the outset of a case," Swinton remarked dryly.

"Well, a good-looking chap like that, sir, with plenty of money by the look of him. Besides, stabbing is passionate."

"It's not so easy as that, Primrose. The sort of passion that leads to stabbing may be a long-drawn-out affair, all the more passionate for its nursing."

"Crikey, I know who he is!" Primrose shouted. "I knew the name was familiar, and I couldn't quite place it. He's that writer bloke! There was a bit in the paper a while back about some film company buying his latest book. Writes best-sellers."

"Ah, yes," Swinton said.

"Flecker." He lingered on the name. "There's another thing, Primrose. I should have picked it up at once. This is the man who's been complaining of receiving threats by post. Jim Langham told me about it."

"Ah-ha! So the threats were serious!"

"Don't know yet. We don't know yet that the two are connected. There are such coincidences."

Cautious, isn't he? Primrose thought.

Swinton was annoyed with himself. The name should have registered at once—he should have seen the connection for himself. Never do to let Junior know that he was only human.

"We must get the medical examination straight away," he continued. "What do you think of the stabbing?"

"I've been thinking about that. Whoever it was knew the spot—the top one, I mean. Completely vulnerable, the carotid, if you can get at it."

"Surprising it didn't bleed more."

"You mean, it didn't bleed enough?"

Swinton shrugged. "The doctor can tell us that." They were going through the shut-up suburbs. The life that bustled in shops and along the pavements during the week had all moved on to the roads in cars or withdrawn behind its shutters—and, farther still, out to beaches, picnics, or Sunday drives.

"What about the farmer?" Primrose said.

Swinton shook his head.

Back in Sydney the body was taken to the morgue and a chase was begun after Police Surgeon Simpson. "Out somewhere enjoying himself, probably," Primrose said bitterly.

Early morning and the party was over. It had dragged itself out till well after midnight, the macabre atmosphere intensifying as the night progressed.

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from page 55

William's going-away presents had become a sort of symbol of himself, and seemed to draw everyone's eyes, yet no one referred to them. They held an unspeakable fascination of their own. The real breaking-up point came when Pamela, with the stricken look of one who comes to a terrible realisation, hurried from the room.

Steve's relief was enormous when the others began to drift away on the murmured note that they'd leave some time tomorrow instead of waiting till Monday. He hadn't been able to get away for a moment . . . he'd had to be host all evening. At one moment he felt sure that the death would be accepted as a casual roadside crime, at the next he knew for certain that some small thing he'd overlooked would lead the investigation to the house—to his house.

Could he have done something more than he'd done—thought of something else to establish the crime at the roadside setting? Perhaps taken William's money to pinpoint theft as the motive? He hadn't had time to consider the problem fully. In deflecting the police from Thornton he had no thought of protecting his guests. His chief concern was to avoid the sordid touch of scandal on his name and his house.

And through all these weightings of the pros and cons the sense of elation continued, and finally triumphed. William was dead and miles away, and the circumstances were ideal for deluding the police. Even if they did come to the house, which was unlikely, there was William's own note in his own writing announcing his departure. No; it was safe enough. Full of a sense of achievement, of something begun and finished well, he went to bed, and when Cynthia came to him his joy was complete.

Very select. Swinton stood outside the block of flats in Currawong Gardens, amid the

Sunday quiet. Even the air felt expensive here. There was no sound but the wind in the trees and an occasional car. He went inside. A discreet little office on the left of the hall was deserted. He took out William's keys and found the one that fitted his letter box. Nothing. He went to

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Man never is, but always to be, blest.
— Alexander Pope

the counter and rang the small brass push-button bell. A woman with violet hair came through a door on the other side of the office and looked at him haughtily.

"Is Mr. Flecker in?" he asked.

"I'll see. I don't think so." She sat down at the small switchboard. "Whom shall I say?"

"Swinton."

She plugged in and waited. Her eyes flicked over Swinton disparagingly.

"No. I'm sorry. He did go away for the weekend, although I understood he'd come back."

"Did you see him?"

She looked at him sharply.

"No. I was told he'd come back."

"Who told you?"

"Really, Mr. Swinton, I can't see that it's any of your business."

He took out his card and showed it to her. She goggled.

"Who told you he'd come back?"

"What's the matter? Has Mr. Flecker done something?"

"Just answer my question, please. Who told you he'd come back?"

"I don't know. The woman who rang last night. She rang twice."

"Who was she?"

"She wouldn't leave her name. She said she was at the same weekend party and that Mr. Flecker had left and she wanted to get in touch with him urgently."

"What time was it when she phoned? Both times?"

The woman consulted her memoranda pad.

"At ten past nine and sixteen past eleven."

Swinton jotted down the times.

"Where did Mr. Flecker go for the weekend?"

"To Thornton. Some people named French. I have their number here. They're just outside Richmond, I believe. The house is quite a landmark historically."

"Thank you," Swinton said, "and say nothing about this to anyone, not anyone. I'm going up to the flat."

He didn't expect to gain anything from Flecker's flat, but while he was here he might as well have a look. Inside it was luxurious but impersonal. No touch of a woman about. Probably too many women of transient duration to make any impact on his way of life. A hall led into a living-room that seemed to Swinton sinfully large for just one man.

THERE was a small, compact bar in one corner, built-in bookshelves all over two walls, wall-length windows opening on to a tiny balcony and overlooking a view of Sydney Harbor. The immediate impression was one of luxury—thick carpets, the polished wood of a tycoon-size desk, deep comfortable chairs, air-conditioning, and books enough for a library, to Swinton's mind.

He found a row of garish dustjackets, all carefully preserved by a protective transparent covering, all by William Flecker. The best-sellers. What had a man like this done to move somebody to murder. He went through a door leading to the bedroom. This, too, was

sumptuous. The bathroom had no hiding-place and the elegantly appointed kitchen looked little used. Swiftly he searched the bedroom and living-room. The only thing he found that might prove useful was a book containing names, addresses, and telephone numbers.

He went out, got in his car, and sat there a moment thinking. Looked like being a sticky case. There was nothing else for it but to go to this house, Thornton. Let's hope they haven't all done a bunk. Blow! He'd have to ring Mary when he got back to headquarters, he'd have to miss out on Sunday's midday dinner, the week's meal he looked forward to most. He thought he remembered Mary saying something about roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Sometimes his lot seemed most unfair.

Having reached the brink of self-pity he forcibly switched his mind to the problem before him. Yes, it was going to be sticky all right. That car without fingerprints placed just where it was on the road had all the earmarks of a well-planned red herring. The bandaged chest wound was bewildering. Had the murderer felt pity or regret at the sight of blood and remorsefully dressed the wound, then had second thoughts and stabbed him again? Crazy!

The phone calls, too, were odd, unless they'd been made by someone who in all innocence had believed that Flecker had left for home. But why the urgency?

What sort of a bloke had this Flecker been? Somebody had it in for him, obviously. The threats he'd received, followed by murder. Had he been persecuting someone or was he the persecuted? Unofficially Swinton held odd beliefs; he thought some murders justified, disagreeing with the tenets of justice that every murderer is an outcast to be

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hunted down; or he became indignant when the world remembered only the worst of a man.

Officially he did his job painstakingly. He could be implacable in the face of human cruelty and injustice; yet he was known throughout the department for his humane and fair approach to a problem. It all got down to people in the end, he'd tell Mary. If you understood people and what made them tick, if you knew their circumstances and background — why, then you could come in with your condemnation or compassion.

He drove slowly down Victoria Road, reaching New South Head Road, and sliding easily into the stream of traffic that never seemed to stop. Down into Double Bay. The changing skyline of Darling Point, pushing up its ugly towers of new-fangled home units into the blue air, made him feel doleful. It was progress, they said. He didn't like it. Past the little boutiques and the big supermarkets, up the next hill to Edgecliff, and down again into Rushcutters Bay.

Cosmopolitan King's Cross, on its height between city and suburbs, wore its usual bustling air of self-importance. He liked it in small doses, but for somewhere to live he preferred his staid, respectable, delightful western suburb. Down William Street, up Boomerang Street — there was his goddess of the chase in the distance, enshrined with quiver and bow on the Archibald Fountain. The wind was blowing the spray and the sun glinted through it. Artemis the Huntress never had such a tough nut as this to crack. Her quarry was known, her hunting method simple — an arrow into the heart. She was his favorite of the four Greek deities on the fountain; she was the one who did what had to be done impersonally, and with a salutary dispatch.

Not Theseus slaughtering the Minotaur — he was for Swinton a token of society's revenge on its evildoers; nor Pan with his sheep and goats, symbol of hedonism; nor Apollo arrantly lordling it over them all. Artemis was his favorite of the suave foursome perpetuated in Sydney's Hyde Park. When the threads were at their most tangled, no end in sight, he'd sit in front of Artemis and face her sardonic smile that gently glibed at him for missing his prey.

She never missed; her arrows went home unwaveringly. With the delicate spray behind her he'd gaze at her, thinking deep thoughts, eating a pie or two, a fam' ar figure to the regulars around the fountain — the very old and the very young who had no place in the city's productive life. He raised his hat to her in passing — there was no time now for her amused scrutiny. He left the park behind and soon arrived at headquarters.

Primrose was waiting for him, gloomily assessing the damaging effect of this overtime work, as he called it, on his fiancée's affection for him. They were on the track of Simpson, who'd gone fishing. "What's he fishing for?" Swinton grumbled. He put through a call to have the lists Flecker had received by post, on file somewhere, delivered without delay to his office.

"What about fingerprints on the bag?" he asked.

"Nothing to show, just smudges and blurs. Not a hope there."

"Right. Grab it and bring it in here. We'll just have a look at it."

Primrose was soon back with William's overnight bag. It was locked. Swinton took out the useful bunch of keys and opened the bag. It was any-

thing but neatly packed. Indeed, things were shoved in anyhow, as though whoever had packed it had been either in a tearing hurry or drunk. Swinton simply turned it upside down and shook the contents out on the floor. A pretty little dagger looked out demurely from between pyjamas and underpants. They stared at it, then very gingerly Swinton picked it up with a pair of scissors and laid it on his desk.

"Well, can you beat that?" Primrose said. "After someone's stabbed him the dead man packs the weapon in his bag."

"We don't know that he packed his bag."

"Well, isn't it just as crazy the other way? After someone's stabbed him that someone packs the weapon away in the victim's bag. And leaves it with him."

"Just as crazy," Swinton said. He leaned his head on his hand, elbow on the desk, and stared at the ornate little dagger that had strength and length and edge enough to kill, at the stains all over the blade. The very last place he'd look for the weapon would be in the victim's own luggage. He looked at the dagger tenderly.

"I want that blood analysed and checked against the victim's. Leave instructions."

Primrose went off on his errand and Swinton stared at the prospect before him. He raked over the things on the floor. He picked up a letter that had been shoved in with the clothes. From England. He took out the sheet of paper and read the news that William had found so depressing. Scarcely a motive for murder, it seemed.

A man came with the posted lists and Swinton, after studying them, put them in his wallet. Then he stowed the things away in William's bag and left it on the floor. While he was speaking briefly to Mary, Primrose came back. Swinton rang off and stood up.

"Come on," he said, "we're going back."

THEY went out to the car and set off on the 40-mile trip. On the way Swinton brought Primrose up to date on what had transpired at the Bellevue Hill flats.

"That's funny," Primrose said, "the same woman ringing twice. I wonder if she wanted to warn him and was too late. Maybe she knew someone was after him, but didn't know they'd catch up with him so soon."

Swinton said nothing. At Windsor he stopped at the police station and asked Primrose to find out the exact location of the French's house.

"Just follow the road along towards Richmond," Primrose said, getting back in the car. "You can't miss it. You turn a corner and there it is on your left, a great house on an eminence, magnificent gardens, etcetera. You don't actually see much of the house from the road, but there's a stone boundary wall and great trees and so on, and the rest is open country. But for Pete's sake, sir, it's nearly two o'clock. You may be able to go without food, but I can't. I'm still growing, you know."

"There isn't time to eat," Swinton growled, "but I suppose we'll have to."

They found a Greek cafe and had a solid Australian meal, washed down with strong tea. They simply applied themselves to the food and were finished in twenty minutes, all told. Swinton paid the bill and bought half a dozen meat pies, which he shoved surrep-

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 57

tiously into his overcoat pockets. Primrose watched disdainfully.

"Respectfully, sir," he said as they emerged into the street, "I don't think the lady of the house will care for those."

"She won't see 'em," Swinton snapped.

Then they drove on to the

ought to ring him?" Des asked, "see how he is?"

"I have," Steve said quickly. They looked at him in surprise. "He wasn't home. Probably went to a friend's place. Look," he snapped, "let's forget William, shall we? There are other things in life besides William this and William that and William's beastly rudeness. As far as I'm concerned he's finished."



house, which, as Primrose had said, they couldn't miss. They came to the drive and even Swinton, who knew little of art or architecture, was impressed. The drive was cunningly contrived to curve with greatest effect through the parkland, and you came upon the sight of the house suddenly — so suddenly it took your breath away in its perfect simplicity.

They were all there still. It was, after all, Steve himself who'd persuaded his guests to stay. Cynthia had had no hand in it. She'd have preferred to be alone. The Simmonds particularly had wanted to go after breakfast, but Steve had got round them. With his new positive power he'd charmed them into staying. It was almost as though he'd taken over from William or discovered Dale Carnegie's profitable secret.

Only Pamela didn't come to breakfast, and when Cynthia, from a sense of duty, went up to see how she was she found the door locked. Pamela refused to speak beyond a muffled, "Go away, please." Let her sulk then. Downstairs again, she found Steve fustily assembling his brood on the back terrace, where the house and trees formed a shelter from the westerly that had sprung up.

Cynthia paused a moment in the doorway and surveyed them. You'd think, she thought cynically, they knew about William's death. She studied them impartially and decided that each looked somehow different; worried or shy or relieved. Jack Simmonds was a great tom cat licking his whiskers after devouring a bird, while Betty, his wife, was nervous and distraught. Her "bete noire," though gone from the party, was more than ever present. Joanna, looking white and strained, jumped at every sound, and Des was obviously concerned about her.

Only Bill wasn't nervous, yet he, too, was changed, she thought; as ever but too relaxed, his light blue eyes empty. As for Steve, he might fool the others with his new-found jokes and jollity, but Cynthia knew the tension, saw the jerkiness. She came out and sat with them, not from choice, but because she was their hostess; she hoped she'd never see any of them ever again, except possibly Bill, who was a friend of long standing.

Steve had been gaily expounding on changes he meant to make in the gardens.

"Don't you think someone



They were all embarrassed by his swift change in manner, but it was Cynthia's eyes that held and compelled his attention, gave him a warning. He turned away, on edge, and poured a double Scotch, drinking half at a gulp.

"Probably gone to some woman's place," he added for good measure.

"Poor Pam," Bill said. "How is she, Cynthia?"

Cynthia shrugged. "She wouldn't let me in. Told me to go away."

"Poor child," Bill said softly. "I think she might see me." He got up and stretched lazily, then picked up his pipe.

Cynthia looked her astonishment; Bill was always so careless of other people's feelings.

"Why bother?" she said.

"I know what it is to be let down, to lose someone. Maybe I've got the right kind of sympathy," he smiled to himself.

"It's noble of you, Bill, but you're wasting your time."

He went in and upstairs, along to Pamela's room, which was opposite his own at the other end of the long corridor

from the French's room. He knocked gently.

"Pam, let me in. It's Bill."

There was no answer, but after a few moments the key turned in the lock and the door opened. She didn't speak, simply waiting for him to enter, then she closed the door again and turned the key. He looked at her. Her face was ravaged with grief and weeping, but there was something else, something of dignity and resignation. He thought of his new verse play.

"Let him go," he said, "he's not worth it."

He watched her face closely to see her reaction, but she turned away, and when she looked back at him there was desperation in her eyes. He took her hands and drew her down on to a divan.

"You must pull yourself together, Pam. After all, you knew it had to happen sometime, knowing William. It wasn't really love, was it? Wasn't it . . . just his way of making love?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, of course, if you must know. But it's not that."

"What is it then? What else can it be? You're not pregnant?"

"Oh, don't be such a fool!" She snatched her hands away.

"Mind if I smoke?"

She didn't answer and he filled his pipe. His movements were slow and leisurely. He lighted it and puffed in silence for a few moments, watching her hands that plucked at the fabric of her negligee, twisting it and releasing it over and over again, never ceasing. It was a provocative garment, he thought, if you went for that sort of thing. Perhaps he'd make a play for himself, Bill calculated tiredly. She wouldn't require much wooing. Might turn out to be a very good thing and just what he needed. It was characteristic of the man that he couldn't quite project himself into considering her needs.

"What's the big worry, Pam? You're far too attractive to waste yourself like this."

The compliment told, particularly as it was so unexpected. She looked at him through lowered lashes, but in a moment the torment came back.

"Let's face it, Pam, and get rid of it once and for all. William's ghost, I mean. You looked absolutely stunned last night when Steve announced that William had walked out. I suppose you thought he'd walked out on you?"

"No. I mean, yes, of course."

"But you knew he didn't feel well. Why shouldn't he go home?" He didn't tell her that William hadn't gone home. "You can't keep passion at bay with a hangover, you know."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, Bill. You don't understand."

"But I do understand, my dear. I understand very well indeed. I saw you follow him yesterday and I saw you come back. He'd been unforgivable, hadn't he? Why not confide in me, Pam? Because last night you said William couldn't walk out. What did you mean by that?"

"I meant . . ." She stood up and paced distractedly about the room. "Oh, what does it matter what I meant? He's gone, hasn't he? He isn't here?" She flung her arms out wide in a melodramatic gesture.

"It just sounded odd, that all, as though you meant — almost as though you knew he'd never walk again."

She stopped and stared at him, her eyes wide with horror, her face chalky.

"What d'you mean?"

"I don't know. Don't ask me." He stared at her curiously. "Why so upset? Did you see him in his room? Did he look too ill to get up and go anywhere?"

"I didn't see him. I didn't know who says so?"

"All right, all right, no need to get so fierce about it. I forget who mentioned it first, Steve, probably; he's full of fascinating theories."

He watched her agonised look as she turned away to the window. He could rewrite that female part a bit; might be worth while. He got up and went close up to her, putting his hands round her waist.

"Forget him," he whispered.

"I've waited so long, Pam . . ."

She turned and lifted her face. He waited a fraction of a second, then he kissed her with all the pent-up force of the years between, and he felt her response, full, free, and exhausted.

To be continued

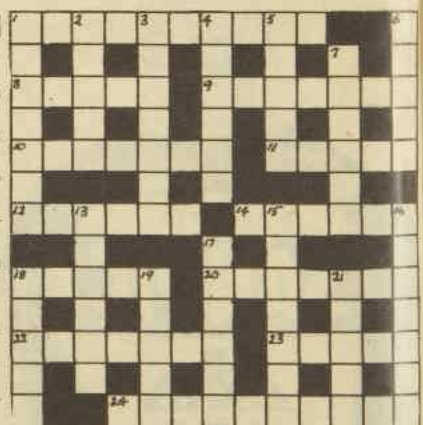
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Even if they are generals they are not in the Army (10).
- Worthless rap I detest though inwardly it is quick (5).
- A reversed lob is an aspirated sound to do away with (7).
- Poison sometimes connected with old ornamental network (7).
- The devil ending in a yellowish-brown color (5).
- Furs the centre of which is gifted (6).
- Evergreen tree used in a steamer form backbones (6).
- Grabs dresses (5).
- To give an account can be a near art (7).
- Rig a bed (Anagr., 7).
- Narrow strip of leather (5).
- No faint perfume is exhibiting a play of colors (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Nay, sirs, they are people, the capital of whose country is Damascus (7).
- Ulcerous inflammation of the skin from a Latin wolf (5).
- A vulgar fellow starts an intonation (7).
- Ecstasy for a net car (6).
- Disturbances where commotion turns, yet there is nothing in it (5).
- Pale as a bird (5).
- Silent (Anagr., 6).
- European capital city (6).
- These are marauders (7).
- If it is of hand it's jugglery (7).
- Render tough and mostly lean (6).
- A wedge to us in a crush hat (5).
- Put your foot down heavily or buy it at the post office (5).
- A flower got up (5).

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Cook 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup in 1 1/2 cups boiling water 7 minutes. Cool. Boil 1 lb. potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using prepared soup. Add 1 cup diced, cooked cold

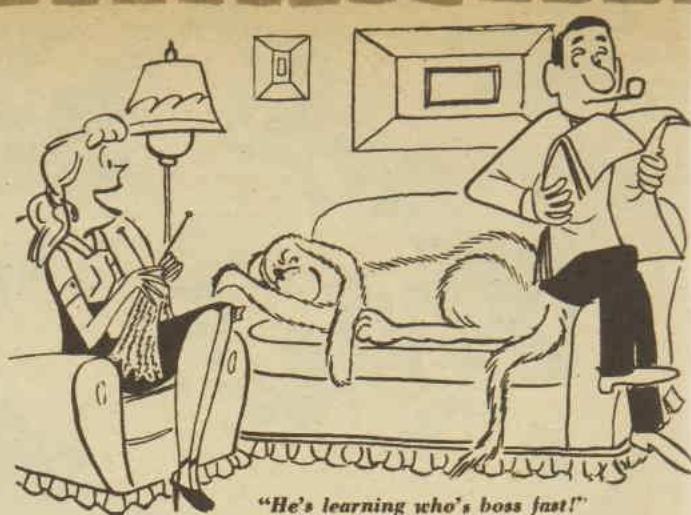
meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and bread-crumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables as required.

CS39.WWPC

A MAN'S BEST FRIEND



"We'd like one strong enough to defend itself."



"He's learning who's boss fast!"



"Maybe you oughta take him out for a little exercise."



"You're kidding!"



"If it hadn't been for his snoring waking us up, we'd have lost everything!"

angle. Remember, Cynth? I've never been so in love. Not even with Jeff."

"I remember your graduation," said Cynthia's mother.

"The Gold Room at the Plaza," said Peg. "Remember our class song, Cynth?"

"Class song?"

"Why, Cynthia! I wrote the words and Elise Martin wrote the music. Let me see—" She began to sing in a voice surprisingly high, sweet and young. "Tonight the Class of Twenty-three stands in the open door—"

Cynthia sat listening in astonishment. "Oh!" she said, half-groaning. "Incredible. Do you mean to say we actually sang that at the Plaza?"

"We actually did."

"Sing it again," said Cynthia.

Peg laughed. "A fine thing should not be vulgarised by too much repetition. I prefer to save it for an occasion."

Then in the middle of the week Freddy called.

"Freddy," said Cynthia.

"Please understand—"

"As bad as that, eh?"

"On the contrary. It's delightful. I'm living in the past."

"You always have been, Cynthia, dear," he said.

Later that evening Cynthia remembered Freddy's remark and said to Peg, "You know, I was afraid you'd be changed."

Peg laughed easily. "You should have been afraid I wouldn't be changed. How awful to have some sentimental, immature, flighty, middle-aged woman get off the bus."

"I mean—of course you have matured, but—"

"Cynthia," said Peg suddenly, "what do you do with all the money you make?"

Cynthia's face reddened.

"Please don't be offended."

Cynthia laughed then.

"I love you, Peg," she said impulsively. "I'll confess everything. It's not so bad. I

have sent two nephews and a niece through college. There are two more nieces just starting." She hesitated, as if making up her mind, and then added, "I have supported, since she was born, a girl named Helen Robb."

"You mean Art's daughter?"

"Art's daughter. Yes."

The silence was deep between them. Then Peg asked quietly, her lips trembling a little, "And her mother? Art's wife?"

"Yes. Art's wife."

She shrugged her shoulders, gave a rueful smile. "What could I do, Peg?"

"She looked back again."

"The woman is a poor thing. When Art left me for her, I had something, career."

"Between the two of us, she got the rough end of the deal. He practically drank himself to death, you know. It was pneumonia and alcohol—"

She shrugged her shoulders again. "I don't suppose he had worked—in pictures, TV, or even radio—the whole year they were married. When he died, she had nothing—no money, no job, no family, no brains even; just a baby eight months on the way. She came to me for help."

"Oh, Cynthia."

"Now for heavens sake, let's not mention it again!" said Cynthia irritably.

Peg looked at her with narrowed eyes. She was not cowed by this sudden flare-up. She said calmly, firmly, "Why shouldn't we mention it? You're magnificent! As a matter of fact, we're both magnificent. Look at us! We've come to middle-age without cringing or crawling, or being mean. We've conquered despair and pride. We're a wonderful pair of women, Cynthia."

"Maybe you're wonderful. I'm not. Freddy's right. I live

in the past. I don't like the present and I'm afraid of the future."

"Freddy?"

"Freddy Gollomb, my agent."

"Oh? He must like you a lot to know you so well."

"Yes. He wants to marry me," she said.

A slow smile broke over Peg's face. "Marriage is a great risk, Cynthia."

"Are you saying that to me?"

Peg went on as though Cynthia had not spoken. "As a matter of fact, everything is a risk. Love is a risk. Life itself is a risk. Every time you breathe, you breathe millions of germs. Every time you drive your car, or cross the street, or—"

"You know, Jeff used to have a friend who was a hypochondriac, constantly worrying about himself. The poor thing had to have his appendix out. He was really shocked by the operation, and afterwards terribly afraid that he would reopen the incision. Do you know? He hasn't dared to stand up straight since then, and that was twenty years ago!"

Cynthia couldn't help laughing a little. But then she looked at Peg and her smile faded. "There really isn't any such person, is there?"

Peg laughed. "Yes, there is. But it wasn't twenty years, and I won't pretend I didn't haul him out of my memory for a purpose."

"You needn't draw the conclusion that I—"

"Let me talk," said Peg. "I suppose the first breath a baby takes to fill his lungs is agony

for him. But if he didn't take it, he wouldn't live. Our last breath we sometimes relinquish with pain and reluctance, but if we didn't relinquish it, we would be caged here, without a chance for a larger life. And in between that first and last breath, what is life but pain?"

Cynthia stirred uneasily. Peg went on.

"All right—life is terrible. It is also tremendously, unbelievably wonderful, Cynthia. If you step forward to meet it, it gives you joys, rewards all out of proportion to your risks. If you withdraw from it, you atrophy."

"You think I—"

"Don't press me, Cynthia," interrupted Peg quickly. "You

Grey hairs are the only object of respect that can never excite envy.

— George Bancroft

said you hoped I would not be changed after thirty-four years."

"I meant—"

"I know. But how horrible! When I think of the things we learned because of Jeff's accident—the charity and the love that was poured in upon us from all sides, the courage and strength that grew in all of us because of our troubles—"

She paused.

"Cynthia, I have to say something that I know you don't want to hear. I have to tell you now what you have been to us on account of what you did for us—every month that heaven-sent cheque, without a word, without a string attached, as dependable as the

sunrise! Friendship was just a word for me before then. Since then it has been a glow in my heart!"

Cynthia sat silent, shrinking away from her emotion.

"And I did not expect," continued Peg slowly, softly, "to find such a friend as you afraid of straightening up because of an old scar."

Then suddenly Cynthia's guard was down. For suddenly she understood herself. "Is that all it amounts to?" she asked herself in surprise.

"Of course life is a risk, Cynthia. But it's great and it's terrific. As long as we're here living it, let's live it terrifically. Fully! Don't close up against it. Open our arms and take in everything, pain and joy together. Forget to be afraid! Because when we risk a little, we gain a great lot. And what we have suffered is lost—I give you my word, Cynthia—is forgotten in the rewards!"

"Yes! Yes!" whispered Cynthia. Again that feeling of tremendous relief swept her.

"Yes!" she whispered again, and it seemed to her that it was the first assent she had made in her whole life.

On the last night of Peg's visit, they had dinner with Freddy. Afterwards, his man drove them all to the airport. Cynthia had insisted on buying Peg a plane ticket.

"Once you start for home," she said, "you want to get there as fast as possible."

They strolled out along the barrier of the landing strip, the three of them.

"Peg," said Cynthia, "isn't this an occasion? Sing our class song for Freddy."

Peg laughed her warm, unselfconscious laugh. And she started in her high, sweet, childlike voice, so surprisingly without huskiness: "Tonight the Class of Twenty-three stands in the open door—"

Cynthia did not laugh. She looked with pure enjoyment from one friend to the other, from Peg's plump, kind, sophisticated, singing face, Freddy's homely, well-known face, which now wore the same incredulous look the once Cynthia had felt on her own.

"The Class of Twenty-three repeated Freddy."

"Don't look at me!" said Cynthia, laughing.

She was still laughing inside of her when they sent Peg through the gate and watched her board the plane. They saw her little pleasant face appear at one of the windows, as she watched, fascinated, as she was taxied away from them.

"Magnificent!" said Cynthia, but she didn't mean the plane.

"Magnificent!" echoed Freddy, and he, too, meant Peg.

He helped her into the car. "You want to stop somewhere for a drink?"

She shook her head.

"We'll take Miss Robb home," he said to his driver.

They were silent as they started off, each looking straight ahead, each on wrapped in private thoughts.

After a minute, without looking at her, Freddy reached over and took her hand. Gently he removed her glove and held her hand in his, palm against palm.

For a moment or two Cynthia allowed it to remain there, relaxed, passive. Then slowly with unmistakable meaning, she tightened her fingers about his.

She heard him take a quick breath as he turned toward her.

"Oh, God, bless Peg!" he said.

She looked up and smiled into his eyes.

"Amen!" she agreed.

(Copyright)

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3560.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's easy-to-make dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



Fashion PATTERNS

F5394.—Empire-line dress is styled with a high, round collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 3½ yds. 36in. material; (three-quarter sleeves) 2½ yds. 54in. material; ¼ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5405.—Slim dress has a blouson bodice, raglan sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 3½ yds. 36in. material; (three-quarter sleeves) 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F5390.—Dress has attractive contrast bodice trimming; contrast is repeated on the gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 5½ yds. 36in. material; (sleeveless) 5 yds. 36in. material. ¼ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5405

F5390

F5391.—Button-fronted dress has a standaway collar, inverted-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (short sleeves) 5½ yds. 36in. material; (three-quarter sleeves) 4½ yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F5399

F5399.—Simple dress with a gathered skirt is topped with a tiny jacket, bow-tied at the back. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

985

No. 985.—PRINCESS-LINE DRESS The dress, which has a tabbed neckline trimming, is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton cambric. Color choice includes turquoise and white, green and white, red and white, royal-blue and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 38/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 986.—FAN-DESIGN DUCHESSE SET The duchesse set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Complete set 8/11. Postage 1/3 extra.

No. 987.—KNITTING BAG The knitting bag, designed to tie round the waist, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is headcloth, and color choice includes white, blue, lemon, green, pink, and grey. Size 12 x 17in. 4/6. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 988.—FULL-SKIRTED DRESS The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white-spotted cotton cambric, with a color choice of pink, royal-blue, red, and green. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 25/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

986

987

988

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington, No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 13



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck close under your hand.

★ Your own neighborhood may have unexplored treasures. A new resident may be friendly, congenial, bring brightness into the daily routine. If a teenager, a good-looking boy moves into your street. Look around for local diversions. If you garden, you are likely to be planting or redecorating. In some cases a house guest visits you.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in conversation.

★ Discussion may cause you to clarify your thinking and express yourself accurately. Whether you are a teenager or a middle-aged club-woman, this is a gift worth cultivating. Take pains with your speech. Try to modulate your voice so people will enjoy listening to you, but avoid artificial grace. Your ability to make a speech adds to your popularity.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in stretching your budget.

★ There are so many things you want if you are to be happy. You may attain some, but not all, if saving to buy a present for your loved one or eager to help a child achieve an ambition, you can perform wonders by your active imagination, quick wit, and clever fingers, but don't try to go after everything you want at once. Keep morale high.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in contentment.

★ Even if your life bears no resemblance to that of a movie star, it is certain to have happy moments when you are surrounded by those who love you. If young and fancy free, you are about to meet your future life partner. If a parent, a stroke of good fortune for one of your children could touch off a family celebration.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in granting a favor.

★ You may be asked to help in an emergency or serve on a welfare committee at short notice. This could involve moving your home for a brief period. You store up goodwill for the future, turn acquaintances into friends, earn the appreciation of all who know you. Guard health by getting enough sleep, or the aftermath could be distressing.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in social activity.

★ Invitations come in waves; you may be obliged to make a difficult choice. Entertaining and being entertained will leave you scant leisure, but you'll love every minute of it. Theatregoing, especially in a group, and dancing are well aspected. Hobbies, educational interests are scrap-ped. Lightheartedness will be the chief ingredient.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a decision.

★ A fork in the road means you must choose your path. If young, you may change your occupation; if a little older, opportunity may beckon from an unexpected quarter. In any decision, there are likely to be advantages and drawbacks. Advice from elders may be valuable. If in love, your beloved may reach a turning point in career.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy-blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in hobbies.

★ Your sign is intense; you put your whole heart into what you are doing. Spare-time interests should be creative or they will soon bore you. If they are original, demanding concentration as well as skill, they may become your chief joy in life. A regular schedule, and place to keep your materials, are an enormous help.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck through a disappointment.

★ Don't take it too much to heart if a much-desired scheme falls through. If it involves a journey, you may avoid an accident. If it's a party you hope to attend, something still more attractive will turn up. Should it be a handsome stranger who promptly fades out, there is soon a new candidate for your regard arriving on the scene.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in teamwork.

★ What one person cannot accomplish a committee may. The voluntary worker is likely to find willing helpers. Working-bees for good causes are under kindly stars. Social affairs tend towards pre-wedding parties, gift presentations on behalf of a group, and luncheon or cocktail parties given by an organisation you are connected with.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a programme.

★ Write down your engagements, allowing yourself reasonable time to carry them out. If you arrange an appointment, be clear about time and place. The hit-or-miss system won't work while under pressure, and this week you tend to take on more than you can handle. If you wear a uniform, you can expect important developments.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a visit.

★ When Fortune knocks at your door be ready to open it quickly. She may bring what you have long desired—a home of your own, a wonderful new frock for a party, or the chance to train for a career. Your financial basis could be given a lift through a successful investment. Good luck in business could come through an acquaintance.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

WHAT GRANDMA RECOMMENDED...



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The staying power which Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits have made available in the most strenuous of all tests is equally available for every competition calling for physical stamina plus a clear mind.

JACKY'S DiARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 3 1/2

Yesterday Mummy wanted to get Beautiful, so I went with her to the BEAUTY PALLO.



There was Lots of other Ladies who were waiting to get Beautiful inside. Some of them Looked Like they were waiting a Long Time.



Lady got her HEAD stuck in a Machine But she was Very BRAVE & didn't yell but just read a MAGAZINE.

There was A Big sign on the wall to help you pick the kind of Head you want. Also they would paint it any Color.



*That's what's called Dying. Only it don't hurt as much.

An other Lady was getting Medicine put on her toe. I guess that's so she'll stop Biting them.



Finely a man came out & said it was Mummy's turn. 1st He Tied A big table-cloth on her. Then he started into give her head a SHOWER.



After that He PLUGGED in her hair so it would have a Permanent wave.



*Which means it waves for about 3 days.

Then HE MUST of got mad At Mummy cause he said he'd like to give her a BANG on the Fore-Head. Only she said DON'T, so He didn't.



So then she gave the man Lots of MONEY & we went home. I can't see if her hair is still waving cause she got it wrapped up in a BANANA.



**ADD VICE FOR
CHILDREN:**

if you grow up & marry A Lady, make sure she got NATURALLY Wavy Hair. Or else she'll pay Lots of MONEY to TRY & make it UN-NATURALLY Wavy.

Your Friends,
JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RU



FIGHT FLU



4 WAYS

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets with their effective 4-way action are made especially to defeat flu and colds! Millions of people all over the world take L.B.Q.'s to:

1. Relieve nasal stuffiness.
2. Relieve headaches.
3. Bring fever down.
4. Banish muscular aches and pains due to flu and colds.

Two tablets after meals and two at bedtime bring swift, effective relief from these discomforts. Ask your chemist for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (L.B.Q.) Tablets.

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Winter Beauty

Correct cleansing and nourishing are essential for lovely winter skins. In winter the skin contracts and tends to clog, but this can be obviated by using softening ulan by day. Feed your skin nightly with ulan vitalizing night cream, massaging in well and being sure to leave a rich fingerful around the eyes. Repeat your skin feeding in the morning with your oil of ulan, leaving a more generous layer for a few minutes to soak in. Oil of ulan is most important as a foundation base in winter.

...Margaret Merril.

REMOVE ACHING CORNS!

- * Painlessly!
- * Quickly!
- * Safely!

CARNATION CORN CAPS

(AVAILABLE FROM DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE)

RHEUMATISM PAINS PUT TO SLEEP

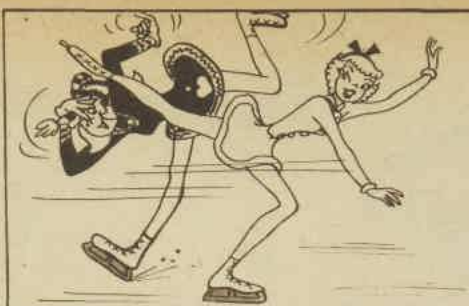
Sufferers from stabbing pains and aching joints and muscles from Rheumatism, Neuritis and Fibrositis get discouraged. But now you can cheer up and get fast help just as thousands of Australians who put these pains to sleep with the great U.S.A. formula, ROMIND. It is just as simple as turning off an electric light. Just take ROMIND and pain goes fast. Safe and harmless. Get ROMIND from chemist. Feel fit fast.



Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS
Banish nasty cradlecap
4 weeks treatment 4/6
Curlypet

TEENA

by Lilla Terry



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is investigating a series of mysterious crimes. The victims say that an invisible thief caused the valuables to seem to move by themselves. How to track down a criminal who vanishes with his loot into the air has the police baffled, but Mandrake has an idea. He

has set up a bogus laboratory, where he claims to have a device to make himself invisible. Mandrake thinks the thief, through his vanity, will come to the laboratory. In the park the Invisible Thief is reading the announcement of Mandrake's discovery. NOW READ ON:



To wake fresh and fit...



It's marvellous what a difference

MILO makes!



You'll greet each day with a smile, when you make soothing, energising Milo your regular nightcap. Delicious, chocolate-flavoured Milo is a blend of pure country milk, malted cereals, essential vitamins and minerals. Try Milo to-night. Wake fresh and fit.

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* FOR ADULTS (and children over 12 years)

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir is a proven effective formula to bring faster, more dependable cough relief. 6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3; 16 fl. oz., 12/6.

FOR CHILDREN—6 to 12 years

Nyal 'Decongestant' CHILDREN'S Cough Elixir is recommended. Cuts away phlegm, shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. 6 fl. oz., 6/-; 12 fl. oz., 10/3.

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Here's the Secret

1. STOPS COUGHING. Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing.

2. LOOSENS PHLEGM. Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation... rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.

3. MAKES BREATHING EASIER. The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine—an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion "hit" your family, you can depend on NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR to bring positive cough relief. *Here's why!* NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR is a balanced formulation of ten medically-proven active ingredients with a three-way decongestive, expectorant, sedative action.

The moment you take NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR it acts to *stop* constant coughing by suppressing the cough reflex. It *clears* the worst chest congestion *fast*, by gently loosening irritation-causing bronchial secretions. And—you can actually feel the demulcent elixir *penetrate* and *soothe* inflamed throat tissues.

An exclusive decongestive agent—phenylephrine—shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, thus restoring normal breathing. All these positive benefits of NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR allow restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR *treats all the symptoms* of the coughs of colds: bronchitis; influenza; laryngitis; whooping cough; tracheitis; distress of asthma.

CORRECT DOSAGE FOR ALL AGES*

Your chemist will tell you that an infant of 12 months, or a child of 6 years, doesn't require the same amount of medicine as an adult. That's why NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR is specially formulated in three accurately "age-adjusted" dosage strengths.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 15, 1961

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

July 15, 1959



**WINTER
INTO
SPRING
FASHIONS**
— pages 8, 9

Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

LETTERS

Girls! Don't scorn the schoolboys

WHY do girls admire boys who have left school early in life and are working more than boys who are still at school trying to get a good education? The ones who leave school at the age of 15 have most nights off to take girls out, while schoolboys are home studying hard so that they might do well in later life. I think girls should realise that schoolboys haven't much spare time and should appreciate the fact that these boys are trying to learn instead of wasting all their time every night. — G. Wilson, Waratah, V.S.W.

A time of rest?

WHEN a weekend approaches you may be sure a teenager has already made plans for dancing or parties or anything that will include a good time. But quiet married couples



BLINDA SPADACCINI
... two days wasted.

plan nothing. They treat the weekend as a time of rest and peace (that, I may add, is why some teenagers are allowed out freely on a weekend). If you compare the two ways you will see how older people waste two days of fun.—Blinda Spadaccini, Griffith, N.S.W.

Girls not so dumb!

I AM writing in criticism of boys' egos. It seems that for a girl to get anywhere these days she must boost a boy's ego. Evidently the old saying "a dumb blonde" still stands, for girls can be dumb quite easily, but if they aren't blond they just use artificial means to make it so. A girl cannot always be dumb because (let's face it) we do know quite a lot about world affairs which wasn't thought right for a woman not so many years ago. The other day I

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

heard two girls talking about a boy called David.

"Oh!" said one, "if you want to get hold of him just act dumb." Please, when will boys realise that we girls like to take an intelligent interest in life, and like to state our views, and just not be dumb to let the boy feel that he knows everything.—"Not So Dumb," Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

Co-ed schools

ALL schools should be co-ed. If they were, the boys and girls would not be so nervous or silly when they met members of the opposite sex. I have consulted other members of my class on this subject, and they all agree that if they had boys in their class they would work harder so as the boys would not consider them dumb. This method would probably also prevent so much time being wasted by the pupils' private conversation in class. The girls would not like to be reprimanded in front of the boys, and they would not like to be considered idle gossipers.—Cherie Burke (age 14), Brighton College, Manly.

Parents DO care

BRAVO "K.B." (T.W., 24/6/59). It was a delight to come across a letter which was not against parents. What's wrong with you kids who don't think your parents are sometimes right? Just think for a minute



D. HUGHES
... don't be ungrateful.

—who bought your beat bike, or that lovely doll for your sixth birthday? What about all the gifts they've given you while you were struggling at work? Don't be so ungrateful—at least it shows that they care.—D. Hughes, Hurstville, N.S.W.

The Empire line

WHAT'S wrong with 15-year-olds wearing clothes of a fashionable line, such as the Empire line, when going out to something special? I think they look young and demure, but adults say, "It's a shame she tries to look older than her age," and other teenagers say, "Doesn't she look stuffy?" How can an Empire-line dress possibly make anyone look older or "stuffy" when it is the sweetest and youngest design in Paris, which was worn by all children and their mothers in the 1800s! —"Fashion Conscious," Northern N.S.W.

Memo to teachers

IN schools these days there is a great demand for the wearing of the full school uniform, and anyone disobeying this rule is reported by a prefect and receives punishment. Of course this rule is right, but shouldn't the teachers obey it, too? Some teachers come to school looking like real bohemians, wearing great sloppy jumpers and skirts above their knees. These clothes look all right on some teenagers, but on women 35 and over they look utterly ridiculous and ugly. I think that if the pupils can look neat and tidy the teachers should also.—"Disapproving Pupil," Dural, N.S.W.

Licence at 15

THE age for car licences is slightly high, as some of the teenagers can drive better than a lot of adults. Most teenagers do not touch liquor, and in nearly every daily newspaper an adult is convicted for driving under the influence. The age for licences for cars and motor-cycles should be about 15 or 16. Teenagers should be allowed to hold a permit for about one year, and during this period their behaviour would determine whether they should hold a permanent licence.—Doug Klintonworth (aged 16), Duntroon, Canberra.

"Dead-end" jobs

AS the school leaving age is fixed at 15 years in N.S.W., I feel that something should be done about the apprenticeship position. A boy cannot become an apprentice until he is 16. This means he will have a whole year to fill in between school and his opportunity to begin to learn a trade. Many boys start work in a dead-end job with usually higher wages than an apprenticeship will offer, thus when they turn 16 they usually feel they would rather stay where they are than begin an apprenticeship on lower wages.—"Dead-end" Bathurst, N.S.W.

OUR COVER Of course, if you went fishing you mightn't catch a lamb chop like one of our cover girls. But you will catch some winter-into-spring fashion ideas if you turn to pages 8 and 9.

... AND PIN-UP The strong silent he-men in our pin-up on page 16 are two of TV's most popular Western stars, Brett Maverick (left) and Cheyenne. Cheyenne is Clint Walker, a real ex-deputy sheriff from Illinois, 6ft. 6in. of muscle, 32 years old. A strong man off the screen as well as on, Clint went on strike for 10 months when Warner Brothers refused to raise his salary. But pro-Clint feeling among the fans was so strong that he is now happily back in the saddle. Handsome Brett Maverick, the happy-go-lucky gambler who loves the girls then leaves them, is actor Jim Garner, aged 30.

Never too young

PEOPLE are always saying that girls between the ages of 14 and 16 are too young to date. I heartily disagree, as girls nowadays are as old as they feel. If a girl wants to have a date with a boy she should be allowed to, as maturity comes with experience. Parents should be more understanding on this subject.—"Waiting," Villawood, N.S.W.

... but 16 is

TEENAGERS should not be allowed to go steady until they are about 17, or an age where they have learnt to conduct themselves properly with the opposite sex.

If a girl runs around while she is young her name becomes marked among others, and it is very hard to clear, no matter how hard she may try. Teenagers should not go steady too young, as going steady leads to marriage, and it is silly to settle down too young, as you have to live with your partner for the next 40-odd years.—"Teenager," Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W.

"Cultured" pearls

READING your article on the "Beatnik" generation (T.W., 24/6/59) I was forced not only to admire the ability of your reporter in her misinterpretation of facts but also for her sheer beauty and originality as portrayed in the picture of her so-called transformation to "Beatnik" dress. Criticism of the younger generation has always been levelled at them from the Stone Age to the present and will continue as long as there is a younger generation. Criticism of a section of the community which is trying to break away from the regimented theme of modern civilisation is very narrow. Meeting together is a form of mental relaxation or just plain self-expression, which is so lacking in the world today. The atmosphere is one of a close group of friends not afraid to lend a helping hand and to share what little they have, even though it is only a cigarette or a cup of coffee. Just as we still have freedom of speech, surely we can enjoy the freedom to dress as we choose. At 18, this world is our "oyster" and the pearl is ours to seek and find, whatever path we choose to follow.—David MacD. Arnot, 176 Jersey Rd., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Scouting around

FOR quite a long time now I've heard complaints by adults about the boys who roam the streets at night; the main reason being that they have nothing constructive or worth while to do at home. Why don't these boys join the Scouts? They might be "mocked," perhaps, by their mates at first, but



PAUL DIRAGO
... worthwhile pastime.

soon will come to enjoy the Scouts as many millions of other boys have done. The Boy Scouts' Organisation is an excellent pastime and offers opportunities for boys to travel overseas and interstate and to meet other boys from all over the world.—Paul Dirago (aged 14), Palmerston Ave., Waverley, N.S.W.

Boring bachelors

WHAT does a young man want of a girl? If she shows the slightest initiative and ability to organise he is scared to death she will boss him around and try to "manage him." Well, nothing is further from my mind, anyhow. I have learnt even if my mother gives me spare theatre tickets it is unwise to call up a boyfriend. The idiot thinks I'm chasing him. Eligible bachelors are in-sufferably conceited—just because they are both bachelor and eligible. The average boy who asks a girl out makes no personal effort to entertain her whatsoever. How can you get to know a man if he won't talk to you! Men! Bah! When you are young you go out with a lot of boys before you fall in love, and wonder if they have any brains at all!—"Biggles," Goulburn, N.S.W.

She earned £1000 a year when only 17

While you dine and wine in a Sydney nightclub she sings for her supper

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Honey-haired Sandra Walker, of Sydney, swung into her career on a high note—at the top.

A NIGHTCLUB singer at 17, she had a £1000-a-year job in the Australia Hotel. At 19 she was in Casablanca, entertaining troops.

Now, only 21, she's back where she started as a starred singer in Sydney. This time at Prince's restaurant.

She sings old favorites like "Black Magic," and one old nightclubber may say to another: "My! That girl dates me. I remember when her mother, Bee Hussey-Cooper, used to sing that. Right here in this restaurant."

So that's part of the answer. With a mother famous first as a pupil of Blanche Marchesi (who taught Dame Nellie

Melba), then as a troop entertainer during the war, a nightclub singer, and a radio personality, Sandra grew up with music.

Very tall and slim, wearing the white-rimmed spectacles she always wears as just Sandra Walker and not Sandra Louise, the nightclub singer, she looked more like an intellectual than a singer when she came into the office to tell me her story.

Told unaffectedly with a slightly English intonation, her eventful and varied career seemed to have a purposeful streak running through it.

Without that drive, how else could she cope with her present work routine?

She works when all her young friends take time off to relax: dancing, going to parties or the films.

She's not even completely free at the weekends because she works singing on Saturday afternoons, too.

So she avidly snatches at the social life her working hours can afford.

AT WORK,
"Sandra Louise" sings while Sydney's society relaxes in Prince's restaurant. Her job starts at 9.15 p.m. and finishes at 11.45 p.m.

"I can go to cocktail parties, lunches in town with girlfriends—usually at a coffee bar—and then I'm free at dinner-time, of course," she said.

She has fitted so comfortably into her working routine that she can relax completely over wining and dining in a restaurant with one of her several young escorts.

Then suddenly it's work-time.

"It's usually too expensive for him to come to the show," said Sandra.

Even if it isn't too expensive, it wouldn't work well. Sandra never mixes business with pleasure.

But after the show she may join a party of friends and go to a city coffee bar.

More often she just goes off alone—always to the same coffee bar in King's Cross, where she has a weary cup of

hot chocolate and chats to the faces which are always there at about 1 a.m.

Then she'll drive herself home to Bondi, where she lives with her grandmother, Mrs. V. Hussey-Cooper.

Sandra's life in the daytime is not routine, but it's more than likely she'll spend a couple of hours at the sewing-machine.

For her job she needs about 10 evening dresses in fashionable working order. She makes them all herself.

"It's a tremendous saving," she said. "I'm madly trying to get one finished at the moment, embroidering it with pearls."

"It'll cost about £5/10/- by the time I've finished. To have it made by a dressmaker could cost me anything from 35 to 40 guineas."

"But I've always made my own clothes. Even from school days—I went to Frensham, in Mittagong."

Then how did she suddenly step into big-time singing?

Sandra shrugged. "Well, I learnt typing and then worked

● To page 4

SOCIAL LIFE for Sandra is mostly restricted to dinner before the show. (Escort Peter Johnson then went to a film alone—while Sandra went to work.)

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3





£1000 a year at 17

● From page 3

in a publishing office. I hated every minute of it. So I left.

"Then I worked in a jewellery shop. Loved that, every minute of it.

"One day I came home from work and Mum just said casually that Mr. Simpson—he's the orchestra leader at the Australia Hotel and I've known him all my life—wanted me to sing there.

"It's funny. I was earning about the same money then, at 17, as I am now.

"It was different in England and Europe, though.

"Oh, that was fantastic!" Her voice was nostalgic.

The fantasy of Sandra's overseas career began after her four months' £20-a-week Australia Hotel job.

She set off for England with her mother, Mrs. John Nixon.

"One evening I went with three young friends to the Gargoyle Club—it's famous in Soho—and the fabulous Harry Roy was entertaining there," she continued.

"It was pretty late—or early in the morning—and someone said, 'Why don't you get up and sing?' So I just got up and sang.

"Three weeks later Harry Roy offered me a job there. At 15

guineas a week, the money was wonderful."

Sandra was snapped up for TV shows. Then she sang with Ray Ellington and his string quartet. There was a term at some cabarets.

"There was the Cabaret Astor, I remember—Edmundo Ros and all that jazz. It was all hard work. Those hours! 10 p.m. till four in the morning!"

Then she had a holiday—a busman's holiday, singing at a nightclub in Amsterdam.

Sang in Holland

"It was called the Cabaret de Doolpot—that means a coal scuttle or something in Dutch.

"I was earning £30 a week and my hotel on a canal—that was the Hotel Bom—was only £5 a week for full board. It was just great.

"Back in England"—here she paused before summing up her experiences travelling round England and Scotland for six months, singing in most places she visited.

Her next booking took her to Germany to entertain American troops.

Sandra was told that the contract would be anything from six weeks to three months.

It eventually ran into a year.

She sang in nightclubs throughout Germany. She sang with great American jazz groups—Lionel Hampton's was one. Then she ran her own trio, all German boys.

"That was in Wiesbaden. Fabulous," Sandra remembers.

She earned 300 dollars a month, and the job included trips, wherever the U.S. troops were.

Casablanca, too

After the first two weeks she went to North Africa.

Ah! To Casablanca?

"Yes, it was wonderful!"

"I remember the bazaars. I bargained furiously for bracelets and wonderful jewellery."

Back in Germany again she used to take holiday trips, and mentioned the "inevitable trip to Paris."

"It was only nine days. I had introductions to most of the jazz clubs.

"I went in to see the manager of the 'Mars Club'—it's quite famous for jazz, and just off the Champs Elysees—and he said, 'Oh. Bon! You have come at a good time. Our singer, she has just broken today her collar-bone. You can sing!'"

So Sandra found she had earned her hotel bills.

On her way back to Australia, slowly through the United States, Sandra sang when she felt like it—usually at a nightclub she was visiting as a guest.

"I just sang for kicks," she said.

"I'm always happiest when I'm singing."



NEW TREATMENT of an old favorite followed this discussion with piano-playing orchestra leader Jimmy Henney.



EARLY MORNING and Sandra relaxes after the show with her usual cup of hot chocolate in a King's Cross coffee bar.

A GUY has his say

on MAKE-UP

● For every teenage female face that would launch the traditional thousand ships there are a hundred that would SINK a thousand. Simply because they muck up their make-up.

BEFORE we start don't get the idea I'm talking through my crew-cut about this. I've studied it all scientifically.

Let's first talk about lipstick. After all, a girl's mouth is her most eye-catching feature—it's moving most of the time, isn't it?

Now, there's nothing wrong with lipstick itself (except when a feller gets it on his collar or absent-mindedly returns an old flame's to the current light of his life.) But, brother! the LIPSTRICKS some lasses get up to. Put a tube of Purple Passion in their hands and they proceed to paint the town—and themselves—really red.

Why, I was about to offer a hankie to my girl when I met her the other night—until I realised that her nose wasn't bleeding. She had just slapped the scarlet on a wee bit too high.

Why? I asked. (Oh, the risks I take in the interests of science!) Just, she explained, to give her lips that ripe fruit effect.

I had to admit she'd succeeded. Her mouth looked like a slice of watermelon. And, like watermelon, it gave me the pip!

This points up to the major lipstick mistake—the exaggerated outline. A generous Cupid's bow is okay, but leave really stretching the bow to Robin Hood.

Yes, there's many a slip 'twixt the stick and the lip. But that's not all. The eyes don't always have it, either. Many girls get mascaraed away and deserve more lashes than they've got.

And those shadowed eyelids! Eye-shadow is all right if it's used as it's intended—to accentuate the eyes and make them more limpidly lovely. But when it makes a girl look like one of Sugar Ray Robinson's sparring partners . . . !

Powder, too, can be laid on so thick or in such a wrong shade that it makes the offending girl's boy-friend take one!

Of course, no—or not enough—make-up can be just as bad as making a sow's ear out of a silk purse by going the whole hog.

Boys never go places with girls with scrubbed faces—for the simple reason that there are few (if any) truly natural beauties.

And a girl whose make-up is so half-hearted that it looks as if she'd mixed it with six parts of water doesn't make a very good impression.

I'd also like to crown some girls for treason to their Crowning Glory. Notably those colored patches. "Silver hair among the gold" comes soon enough without girls deliberately looking as if they'd stood under a painter's scaffold.

Nail make-up, too, doesn't always hit the nail on the head. I'd like to kill the goose that laid the golden nail polish. That's one type of gold I don't care to "dig"!

Oh, it might pan out all right with an appropriate formal evening outfit. But the way some girls wear it all the time . . . that's not for mine!

Perhaps you think I'm pretty harsh in my views on make-up. Well, I'm a cheer-squad compared with a crop of English Parliamentarians back in 1770.

They passed an Act about beauty-aids that was a beauty!

Through the Act it became law "that all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether maids or widows, that shall impose upon and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by scents, paints, or cosmetic waters . . . shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

And that Act has never been repealed.

Give me credit for not going that far. I just want to make sure girls learn their mistake—no burn at the stake!

—Robin Adair

PARTY PROBLEMS

SHOULD PARENTS STAY AT HOME?

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

● Should parents be at home when their teenage sons and daughters have parties? The general opinion among both the young fry and their parents is a very definite "yes."

ANNE, a pretty 18-year-old blonde, said: "I think parents or somebody older must be at home, especially if it's a girl giving the party."

"However, they should let her be the hostess. Some grown-ups insist on running the show and over-organising everybody, but it doesn't work. You can't force people to have fun."

Jim (17) said: "Mum and Dad—or perhaps just Mum—should be round to help say hello at the front door. Then they can help with the introductions."

"Young people's parties are usually rather slow warming up, but shock tactics don't help at all."

"It's awful if the parents of the host or hostess try hauling you from one group you know to another lot you've never laid eyes on. Some of them think that's the way to really get people mixing and make the party go. Instead, you just feel like going home."

Not wanted till supper time

A mother of two teenage sons told me: "I'm expected to say hello, then disappear till supper-time. The younger they are the more they hate older folk hanging around trying to help."

"I think they feel we're trying to muscle in on their party and it does make them very self-conscious. My younger son nearly died of embarrassment when I had a dance with one of his friends. Never again!"

"However, his brother's nearly 19 and he doesn't mind my coming in at all. His friends even say they enjoy talking to me."

"I suppose it's all part of growing up."

Tony (14) put forward the young teens' point of view: "Mum's awful at my parties—she keeps coming round and checking up. Watching every little thing. I can just see her thinking 'There's Mary sitting out in the corner, must make

Tony dance with her.' You know the sort of thing I mean."

"Then the next day she says things like 'Who's the boy who had three helpings at supper?' Well, fellows get awfully hungry."

"And she always wants to know who spilt the drink on the floor. I tried to clean it up, too."

Mum and Dad are really appreciated if they're seen briefly and heard very little."

Where can they go?

But what are the older generation to do and where are they to go when their children have parties?

If it's a big house there's probably a room where they can sit and worry about whether the young ones are having a good time."

But if home is a small house or flat—well, where? Maybe Mum can be doing things in the kitchen, but what about dear old Dad?

One father said rather sadly, "Every six months or so my 16-year-old daughter has a party—and am I tired the next day!"

"There are teenagers everywhere. The only place I can sit

is in the kitchen or the bedroom. I can't go to bed because I have to drive half the kids home."

"Last time I sat on my bed trying to read a detective story, but I had to move out to the kitchen every half-hour when the girls came in to put on more lipstick and compare notes. What a night!"

If you don't want to blight your party from the start, don't criticise your parents to your young friends. That's the end."

And no matter how much family drama has gone on before the night, please don't let it show in company."

Parents have a few sharp words to say about this type of bad manners."

"I could have smacked her," one loving mother said. "I came in with some savories and Mary-Jane turned up her nose and said, 'Oh, mother, can't you leave us alone?'"

"I realised that she was only showing off in front of her friends, so I waited till they'd all left before I told her just how bad-mannered she was and how she embarrassed her guests—to say nothing of me."

Some mothers and fathers get very het-up about their offspring playing kissing games. If yours



"Okay, okay, if you must kiss him goodnight!"



"The most important thing in handling men is to make them feel important."

feel like that, don't have Postman's Knock at your party."

But most parents can remember playing the same games when they were young and don't worry unless the lights are off for TOO long."

Anyway, kissing games are considered strictly kids' stuff by most 16-year-olds."

Gate-crashers are now among the hazards of party-giving in the city. Some boys form gangs and will invade half-a-dozen parties in one night."

Boys and girls just haven't got the authority to get rid of crashers like these, who will

happily wreck the party and even the house."

Danger of gate-crashers

Suzy (16) said:

"Dad and Mummy stay home for all my parties now. Once last year they went to the pictures and six louts came and barged their way in. We were all teenagers except my older sister, who's 24, but these crashers wouldn't take any notice when she asked them to leave."

"They broke glasses and vases and completely wrecked the radiogram. There was about £50 worth of damage."

"I suppose we should have rung the police, but you can imagine how you'd feel with all the kids telling their parents that we had to call the police to our party."

Police advise party-givers bothered by rowdy gate-crashers to call them immediately."

One teen summed it all up: "When Dad and Mum are home, even in another room, it stops the party from getting wild and nothing too awful happens."

So if you want to have a successful party, include the parents on your next guest-list."

They'll not only help keep party manners in check, I'm sure they're charming company—just like you."

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

● It was a wonderful party and you'd like to be asked again — so don't forget to say "thank you."

NOT just the gabbled "thanks very much for a beaut evening" as you walk out the front door, but the polite note or phone call that really goes down well with the older generation."

You always thank the mother of the young host or hostess. She probably did all the work, anyway."

Letters are really the best

and simplest method of saying thanks. You don't have to worry about awkward pauses over the phone when you've said "thank you" and wonder what else you can possibly add."

And you're not expected to write a six-page resume of the evening, just something like this:

"Dear Mrs. So-and-So, Thank you for the party on Saturday. I had a wonderful time and am so pleased

that you asked me to come. Sincerely . . ."

However, if it was a very informal, spur-of-the-moment kind of party, a phone call is quite polite enough. If you can think of some part of the evening you enjoyed especially—perhaps supper—mention it."

The formal "thank you" isn't much trouble, and IS much appreciated."

Make it a habit and you'll be asked again—for sure."

Tame rebel is gentleman of rock-'n-roll

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● The money-spinning voice of Johnny Rebb was pitched to just above a whisper for most of our interview.

THIS was because we were tuned into a lively background of Johnny's popular rock-'n-roll recordings and a fortissimo foreground of his manager, Syd McDonagh, talking on the telephone.

Every time Syd rang off, he came back with a big smile and said, "That's another TV show teed up, Johnny," or "They want us to go to Brisbane."

The discs of Johnny Rebb backed by his six instrumentalist Rebels played on, and to the throb of his Western-style rock-'n-roll we cantered through the life story of this young man sitting by the heap of fan mail.

"Johnny Rebb isn't my real name," Johnny began. "That's what all the teenagers know me by. I've got three Johnny Rebb fan clubs, so my real name would just confuse them."

Syd McDonagh explained, "We chose Johnny Rebb because it's a name with an association. People have heard it before, but they can't quite think where. Actually every Southerner in the United States Civil War was known as a Johnny Rebb."

"Also it goes well with the Rebels — my instrumental group," Johnny added.

"His other name is 'Gentleman of Rock-'n-Roll,'" Syd said.

"As far as dress is concerned, Johnny is the tamest of the lot. For professional appearances he always wears a collar and tie and a well-cut navy suit."

Flat on his back

This particular morning, as Johnny quietly browsed through his fan mail, he certainly was tamely dressed. He wore a grey-and-white-striped shirt and a black jumper threaded with blue tinsel, black trousers, and black suede shoes.

But Johnny's sober "college-boy" appearance does not keep the enthusiastic fans at bay. When Johnny and his Rebels were in Brisbane recently with Lee Gordon's Big Show, Syd went backstage and found Johnny flat on his back with teenagers crawling all over him.

He helped Johnny struggle to

a sitting position so that he could sign autographs!

"I always say 'Thanks very much for asking me' as I sign, and I always answer every fan letter personally," Johnny told me.

"He gets more than 100 letters a week. It's a helluva chore answering every one," Syd said. "Some of the questions are difficult, too. The latest one wants to know if Johnny is secretly married."

"Well, are you?" I asked.

"I'm very young—only 20. And very single," Johnny replied with a big smile.

"How about dates, then?" I asked.

"Don't go out very much at all," he admitted. "Occasionally to a movie. I like horror films. But I gave up dancing and outings for my career."

"Spare time, I just listen to

records, read about latest record developments overseas, and compose my songs with Syd."

Johnny himself has never learned music, and doesn't play any instrument except the drums. The two songs the pair

have published and the others they are working on are put on paper by Syd, who plays the piano.

If their songs are a success and business goes on booming, Johnny Rebb and Syd plan to take a trip overseas later this year, probably to America.

Johnny loves his new life as an entertainer, with all its uncertainty and haphazard working hours. He takes the first-night tensions, the TV performances, and the adoration of the fans all in his placid stride.

"Sometimes the kids dirty my clothes and once I had some girl's make-up all down one side of my new suit. Gets expensive with all the dry-cleaning," he said. "And every time I go on a show I seem to lose my pocket handkerchief and sun-glasses to the fans."

Likes camping

Occasionally he likes to "get away from it all." He and Syd go camping in the bush, really roughing it. They told of billy tea and sausages fried with gum-leaves. "Johnny's not much of a cook, though," grinned Syd.

Johnny finds it hard to realise that scarcely 12 months ago he was leading a normal suburban working life.

FAN MAIL — more than 100 letters a week — pours into Johnny's home in Sydney. Johnny shows a letter to his mother, Mrs. B. Delbridge.



JOHNNY REBB and manager Syd McDonagh (right) run through their latest song, "Pathway to Paradise," which Johnny has recorded.



"I was a butcher," he said. "It's so different now to be able to sleep in in the morning."

Johnny started butchering when he was 14 and had just finished his apprenticeship when, with Syd's encouragement, he sang for a local charity concert.

"Johnny and I have been buddies for eight years and I always thought he had a voice," said Syd.

Changed jobs

After the concert Johnny was snapped up for recordings by a local record company; personal appearances with the Rebels followed.

Johnny changed his profession from butchering to singing, and Syd gave up being a clothing buyer to be his manager.

Johnny gave up his sport, too. He used to be an A grade basketball player for Eastlakes, the Sydney suburb where he still lives with his parents and three brothers.

"All I have time for now is an occasional game of golf," Johnny said.

"Perfect weather for golf today, isn't it? But — I am so behind with my fan mail."

"It'll take me all day," he sighed.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 15, 1959

LISTEN HERE — WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

"Primitive" is for exotic tastes

• Anyone with a taste for the exotic in music will have a whale of a time with "Primitive" (LLP.501), which is the soundtrack from the documentary film "The Mating Urge."

THE picture tells, I believe, of the incredible ways in which boy chases girl and vice versa.

The music, composed and conducted by Stanley Wilson, is not genuine native stuff—that might have been a bit too hard on the ears—but I assume Wilson has translated and dressed up the original

tribal music for a modern, lush orchestra.

You'll hear Bath Music from Ceylon, a South Seas can-can, and a bridal abduction from Bali.

The three tracks I enjoyed most are the thrilling "Land Divers" (New Hebrides), "Pinchak Knife Fight" (Malaya), and the "Turkana Love Dance" (Kenya). A most unusual and interesting platter, so hear it if you feel like going native.

POPS Maurice Chevalier, who made a smash movie comeback in "Gigi," has now followed up his recent album, "Yesterdays"—songs he introduced in his heyday—with a sequel LP, "Today" (MGM-02.7546), which is somewhat mistitled.

The songs are not recent pops, but mainly vintage standards that belong in all disc libraries.

That famous Chevalier infectious charm—to use that old cliché—is all there as he sings "Best Things In Life Are Free," "If I Could Be With You," "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover," "You Were Meant For Me," "Fascination," "Some Of These Days," and six others.

If you like your music spiced with sauce piquante, this is definitely your dish.

GOONERY Whoever lured comedian Peter Sellers into the studios to record "The Best Of Sellers" (PMDO.1069) has won my lasting thanks, for this is one of the funniest discs to hit the turntables in a very long time.

It's this Goon's first LP, and how it showcases his amazing versatility and uncanny knack of portraying various characters!

At one moment he's a jammy English earl showing tourists over his stately home—you'll guess who the real earl is as soon as you hear it—and the next he's Auntie Roiter conducting a fiendishly macabre radio programme for children.

In "Trumpet Volunteer" he has a dig at Tommy Steele and the rock-n-roll brethren, while his "Party Political Speech" reminded me of the broadcasts from Canberra, where everyone talks a lot but hardly anyone really says anything.

The best track of the eight is undoubtedly "Baltham, Gateway to the South," a really wicked satire on the

American movie travelogue. It's a gem.

If you're lucky enough to have a funnybone, this most definitely is your record.

CLASSICS Glinka, the father of present-day Russian music, is a comparatively little-known composer. Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov seem to get all the limelight. But an LP simply called "Glinka" (APL.10600) presents his work in a nutshell, so to speak.

It is presented by the Bamberg Symphony, under Jonel Perlea, and has been most impressively recorded. I have heard only the monaural version, but the stereo disc must be a complete knockout.

Side 1 contains the overtures to two of Glinka's operas, "Russlan and Ludmilla" and "A Life For The Czar," separated by the delightful "Valse Fantaisie."

Side 2 goes to Spain, where the composer lived for quite a while. Taking native tunes as his foundation, Glinka gives the colorful "Capriccio Brillante on the Jota Aragonesa" and "Summer Night in Madrid." Russia again for the final piece, the vivacious "Kamarskaya."

For me, at least, this is one record without a single dull moment.

JAZZ I don't think the album notes exaggerate when they say Johnny Mandel has made film-music history with his soundtrack music for "I Want to Live"—the movie in which Susan Hayward plays the part of a woman sentenced to execution in the gas chamber.

This jazz score (HAA.7528) brings together a line-up of musicians who are the pick of present-day jazzmen working on the West Coast of the U.S.A.

To name a few, there are Jack Sheldon (trumpet), Shelly Manne (drums), Bill Holman (saxophone and clarinet), Frank Rosolino (trombone), and Pete Jolly (piano).

Johnny Mandel is only 32, but it is no surprise to learn that he was formerly an arranger and trombonist with Count Basie.

When he wants a special effect, and the disc is filled with them, he doesn't hesitate to borrow instruments from the longhair boys. Keep a chilled ear open for the sounds he can produce from an E flat clarinet, a contra-bass clarinet, harp, contra-bassoon, and flutes.



Ooo... Guess who?

• Toothy, hockey-stick-waving English comedienne Joyce Grenfell gives wonderful value in her LP "At Home" (OCLP.1155), 12-inches of brilliant satire—never bitter, nearly always hilarious.

NOW in Sydney to appear at the Phillip Street Theatre in her one-woman revue, "Meet Joyce Grenfell," this versatile actress will be remembered for her "cameo appearances" in many English films.

She was "Fluffy" in "Laughter in Paradise," the hotel receptionist in "Genevieve," Policewoman Gates in "The Belles of St. Trinian's," and "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," the games-mistress in "The Happiest Days of Your Life," and the organist aunt in "Happy is the Bride."

One of the special things about Joyce Grenfell is her ability to be

madly funny and yet more than a little touching at the same time.

She has been a painter, poet, radio critic, organist, and scriptwriter.

An unrepentant and unqualified 49, Miss Grenfell is the wife of Reginald Grenfell, London representative of a South African copper mine.

Among the best things on her 12-incher—if one can select the best in such a gem of a record—are "Nursery School," a wicked little parody on those advanced schools where children are encouraged to behave exactly as they feel, "The Woman on the Bus," and "Shirley's Girl Friend."

I don't think you'd need to see the picture to appreciate this extraordinary music, but I warn you it's eerie in many places, moody to a degree, but at most times tremendously exciting.

The percussion sections are perhaps the most interesting. At one point, when the character played by Susan Hayward gives herself up to the police, five drummers will dominate your radiogram. They play just about everything—standard drums, rhythm blocks, cowbells, claves, a scratcher, chromatic drums, Oriental gongs, bongos, and conga drums. That may sound to you like the very dickens, but the effect is horrifyingly absorbing.

Other tracks underscoring the girl's nightmare, the preparation for the execution, and the

final scenes are written with such originality that you'll be spellbound.

Actually there are two soundtracks from "I Want to Live." The other is on HAA.7538. Without having seen the film I can only guess that the second is largely made up from scenes in which musicians appear on the screen.

Gerry Mulligan's Jazz Combo is featured on this platter, which has only six extended tracks—"Black Nightgown," the film's title theme, "Night Watch," "Frisco Club," Barbara's Theme," and "Life's a Funny Thing."

Still yet again, if you only want to sample some of Johnny Mandel's jazz writing, look out for a 45 r.p.m. platter (45-HL.1471) which brackets "Nightgown" with the "I Want to Live" theme.

Teenagers' Weekly—Page 7

Open that door!

EVERYONE knows that America is the home of the hit parade, but recently there seems to have been a swing to other countries. Italy, Canada, France, and Britain, in particular, have produced records that were good sellers in the States.

MAYBE NOW IT'S AUSTRALIA'S TURN.

Slim Dusty's "A Pub With No Beer" went well in England, Canada, and South Africa, but it was a little bit too "Australianised" to make State-side charts.

Now Col Joye has come up with "Bye-Bye, Baby," which could put Australia on the map with overseas teenagers.

For years the Australian hit parades have been a closed door to local artists.

Slim Dusty got through, but couldn't hold the door long enough for anyone else to make it.

Now Col Joye has the door open again, and this time it looks like remaining that way. Johnny O'Keefe has a number racing up the charts ("Why Do They Doubt Our Love") and Johnny Rebb's "Pathway To Paradise" is well on its way.

Other possibilities for honors are "Gee," by the Deltones, "White Lightning," by Johnny Devlin (of New Zealand), and it's for sure Col Joye has another big hit on the way.

But keep your foot in that doorway, Col. It may lead to America.—Ken Quinell, 174 Henry Lawson Drive, East Hills, N.S.W.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—July 15, 1959

Winter

The winter chill won't last much longer—soon it'll be spring. Choose your colors to highlight the days: from the warmth of red to the cool blue look of summer.



COLD weather—and a red, red suit. The gold-buttoned blazer tops a slim skirt and has a Chanel-style casual look.



RAINY weather—and a pink-and-white ensemble. The coat's check lining is worthy of note. It's chic.



into Spring



COOL weather
—and a sunny
yellow dress,
slender and
wide-belted,
makes the day
seem brighter.

WARM weather
—and a dress
that's pretty and
pink. Chunky
beads are a dec-
orative accent
for the neckline.

HOT weather—
and a dress of
blue, the cool
effect accented
with a white
fichu collar. It
is young, smart.



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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's your answer

Sharing the honors

"I AM being married in a few months' time and would like an answer to a question regarding bridesmaids. I wish to have two of my friends as bridesmaids, and one of them is married. Can you tell me if it will be correct to have the unmarried one as chief bridesmaid, as this is the arrangement I would prefer? I know that a married woman is called the matron of honor, but have been told that this automatically makes her chief bridesmaid."

"XYZ," Vic.

No, it doesn't. "Matron of Honor" is just a courtesy title to show your attendant is married. Supposing you had four bridesmaids and they were all married. You wouldn't have four chief bridesmaids, would you?

Your choice of a single friend as chief bridesmaid and a matron of honor as a second attendant is quite correct.

Get out, have fun

"I HAVE been keeping company with a boy for 18 months. Last week he broke it off, saying he didn't know if he liked me or another girl. He took her to the pictures. He told me he would call it on with me in a few weeks perhaps. As yet he hasn't said anything to me. Will I sit and wait for him or get out and have fun? I am 17 and he is 18. I am very fond of him."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Obviously he is not very fond of you. Get out and have fun. Forget him.

No interest in boys

"I AM nearly 15 and have no interest in boys. I have never been out with a boy — or even been asked — nor has a boy ever rung me up, but I have been told I am very attractive. Do you think I am a girl of high moral standing or am I a frightened baby?"

"Waiting," N.S.W.

I don't think you are either. You are simply a normal girl. Interest in the opposite sex starts when your body is fully mature. And being fully mature doesn't simply mean that you have your periods. That is just the first step towards it.

Doctors call the period of your maturing your adolescence and in the era before growing-ups were called teenagers they were always called "adolescents." It's an awful time, it is not only marked by your menstruation and changing shape but also by moods. You stop being a simple, uncomplicated girl who is hot or cold or tired or hungry, and turn into a female. One minute you're miserable, the next happy, you're ready to cry and ready to laugh, you feel mixed up, moody, you hate everyone, but life is marvel-

lous. It's all very trying. Eventually you come out of this and find that life is still partly mixed up but less so. You look around, and bingo! Boys! They're colossal.

What is difficult is that every human being matures, male and female, at a different time. With girls it can come any time between 12 and 20. Don't try to hurry it along. If you do, you just sit at home wondering what's the matter with you. Be patient and you'll be right, you'll find—just leave it all to nature.

Dire tyre trouble

"I AM to be a bridesmaid at a wedding in three months' time and I am going to wear a ballerina-style frock, which requires stockings. That means I would have to wear step-ins, which give me a spare tyre. I was wondering if I went on a sensible diet and exercise twice daily, would this remove the excess fat so there would be no spare tyre? I wonder could you tell me exercises for my waist and spare tyre."

"Spare Tyre," Vic.

Diet and exercise combined are the perfect way to deal with your spare tyre. Try cutting out all butter, cakes, pastries, and puddings, and do these exercises twice a day.

Sit on the floor, legs wide apart, arms out at shoulder level. Bend forward and try to reach your left foot with your right hand, then right foot with left hand, returning to your starting position after each foot-touching. Make the movement fast, smart, and rhythmical. Do it eight times.

Lie on your back with your right arm bent (as you do for hands on hips) but with your hand resting on top of waist and your left arm straight out at shoulder level, palm down. Raise your legs straight up and then swing them directly to the right, over, over.



"Bill is intelligent, sensible, thoughtful, and the finest character I ever met — while Jack is a welcome relief!"

over until your toes touch the floor. Do this three times. Then reverse arms and swing to the left three times.

Stand up straight, feet together, tail tucked well under, hands on hips. Bend to the right as far as you can, then to the left. Do this eight times each side.

Stand up straight with legs a yard apart, hands on hips. Keeping hips and legs still, swing the upper part of the body round as far as you can to the left, then to the right. Do this quickly, rhythmically, eight times.

Ask your teacher

"I AM 16 years old and an only child.

I was wondering if you could advise me, please? At school we have a very understanding teacher of whom I am very fond. I am very shy and cannot talk to my mother, as she has never spoken to me about intimate things. As I have a lot of problems I would like to talk over with someone, would it be wrong for me to go to my teacher? Am I abnormal wanting someone to talk to about these things?"

"Jane P.," Vic.

Of course you are not abnormal, you would be if you didn't want to talk such things over. I think it would be a good idea to talk to your teacher, but speak to her some time when she's not too busy to give you all her attention.

Double trouble

"I GO with a boy called Peter and I love him very much. We have been going together for four years. Just recently another boy has come into my life. When I am with Peter there is no one else I could live for, and all day I think about him until I see this other boy and then my heart melts. Peter knows of this other boy and is very jealous, but I cannot blame him really. What shall I do? Also, could you tell me how to cure my sister of bossing me? Before I had my mother, father, and my brother and now I have my sister bossing me, too, and it is too much to put up with. What can I do?"

"Worried," W.A.

A famous operetta, "The Beggar's Opera," was written round this situation you find yourself in. The hero was in love with two girls, both of them melted his heart, and he sang a song about it. Part of it says "How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away." He worked his problem out. You'll have to, too.

I feel sorry for Peter. That sentence you use, "It's too much to put up with," would probably describe exactly how he feels. You were silly to

let him find out how this other boy affected you. You might lose him, and why not? You're young enough to lose many before you make a final choice.

As for that bossy sister, it sounds to me as if you're the youngest of the family, which makes life tough as far as bossing is concerned. If you can take it in good part without making a song and dance about it, it often loses its *fun* for the people who do it. Try letting it make no apparent difference to you for a while.

He needs protection

"I AM 17 and I am madly in love with a boy the same age as me.

Last year, when I had a chance of going with him, I was going steady with another boy. Now I find I have fallen in love with him. I go to a dancing class where he goes and he always stops and talks to me. I see him every day also. His boy-friend knows I am heart-broken over him and I think he might know, too. When I see him dancing with other girls I feel awfully jealous, and when I dance with him in progressive dances I feel I can't ever let him go. How can I let him know I want to go out with him—just wait and see what happens, give him a slight dig to wake him up (if so, how) or find someone else? Please don't say I am too young, as I know my own mind."

"Young Love," N.S.W.

You frighten me; you sound like the original pursuing, possessive female. I have no doubt that you do know your own mind. I really can't give you any advice; I don't think you need it. But I do feel that poor young man does. I think he's going to be eaten alive at any moment.

That's not chasing

"THERE is a very well-mannered boy in my home town whom I know by sight. For the past few months he used to just smile every time I saw him, but now he says hello and has gone to the trouble of finding out my name (I am not well known). Do you think if I send him an invitation to some of our club parties I would appear to be chasing him?"

"Desperate," S.A.

No, certainly not. I think it would be a very nice idea to send him an invitation.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

LEGGY LEGS ARE PRETTY

By CAROLYN EARLE

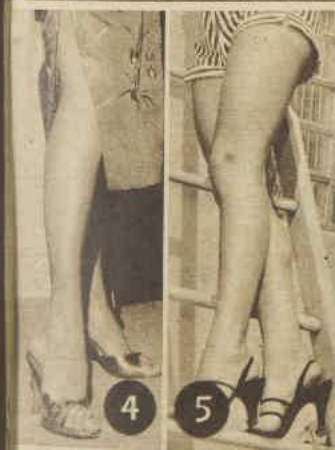
• Last year the "leggy" look was all the rage: this year fashion is even "leggier." Make yours pretty and shapely now and, because you start from scratch, they'll stay eyecatching for years.



WHOSE LEGS ARE THESE?



• The pictures numbered 1 to 5 on this page are of glamorous legs in show business. Can you pick the owners? Answers, page 15.



THERE is something endearingly coltish and young about long and slender legs which makes schoolgirls of everyone who is lucky enough to own them.

Somehow legs that are long and lithe a la leading fashion models look very elegant in a razzmatazz sort of way that appeals to all teenage girls.

Obviously, everyone can't have the "ideal" leg of the moment; even the famous legs with beautifully boned ankles and tightly muscled calves that are pictured on this page are widely different in length and shape.

But there is nothing to stop almost any girl from doing the next best thing and creating an illusion of length and as much shapeliness as possible for her legs.

Here's how to go about it:

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by removing every scrap of hair with razor, wax, or cream depilatory. Take your choice and suit yourself—just so long as you get rid of the wool. There is also the abrasive type of hair-remover which many people favor because the friction used helps keep the skin smooth.

All these methods are in the do-it-yourself range, but don't expect perfect results at the very first go. Like faces, legs need constant attention.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by "polishing" until they shine. Try a salt or oil rub before your bath—one tablespoon of common salt to one tablespoon of olive oil—smoothed in gently with up and down movements.

This treatment gets rid of old scales of skin and deals efficiently with goose pimples. One warning: don't try this just after you have waxed or shaved your legs or the results might be painful indeed. Finish off by smoothing in liquid lanolin cream or a similar preparation.

Within a few days, your leg surface will begin to gleam as if it had been french polished.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by using colored foundation lotion or cream (one shade darker than your natural skin tone). Try this trick under your sheerest and palest nylons for an attractive translucent effect.



NO MISTAKING these gorgeous legs — they belong to Hollywood actress-dancer Cyd Charisse. Cyd's famous legs are among the longest and shapeliest in the movie colony and admired everywhere.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by never, never patching leg make-up. It's always off with the old before you put on the new. You know that leg make-up is inclined to be drying and that it's wise to be without it eight hours of the 24. Remove make-up by two scrubbings with soap, warm water, and a brush or heavy cloth, with a particular eye on the ankle-bone area, where color may collect in ridges.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by kneading and pinching heavy calves and thighs while you are bathing. Somehow it's less painful that way.

Try this exercise for knees which tend to stand out like bony promontories: lie flat on your back, arms to your sides. Raise your right leg, tauten your knees, and point your toes. Then draw small circles in the air with your foot. Repeat six times for each leg.

As your knees help to control the balance of your whole body, they should always be kept loose and flexible.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by trying the following spot exercises for thighs, calves, and ankles:

For Pretty Thighs—lie on the floor on your right side, your right arm supporting your head. Put your left hand on the floor for balance. Now raise your left leg about 10 inches from the floor, bring right leg up to touch it. Lower right leg. Count five, lower left leg.

Repeat five times, then turn on to your left side and continue five more times.

For Pretty Calves—hold on to the back of a chair. Stand on the balls of your feet and slowly lower yourself to a deep knee-bend, keeping a very straight back. Relax and repeat the exercise 10 times.

For Pretty Ankles—sit with your legs outstretched; heels only touching the floor. Bend your feet towards you and hold for a count of five. Relax and repeat 15 times. Only exercise can reshape and remould the legs, defining contours and toning the muscles.

Another good ankle one—pivot each foot in wide circles, 20 times around each way.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by sitting gracefully. Don't try to cross your legs if your skirts are tight as well as short. Sit with your knees close together, your legs slightly to the side.

And do keep away from brightly colored stockings or socks unless your legs are very slim and well-shaped.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG by wearing shoes with a low-cut vamp, with medium or high heels. These give a long, slender look to the calf.

SHOW A PRETTY LEG and face up to the fact that, although boyish pants and thick socks may be in fashion for just a while, the beauty you add to your legs now will last for years to come.

'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

PART 2: DO IT YOURSELF

In this second part of Pat Boone's best seller, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty," he tells you about his "do it yourself" plan for growing up. There's a lot of hard work in becoming an adult—and Pat, who graduated from his teens only five years ago, gives you lots of hints from his own experience.

WHAT does it really mean to "grow up"?

Did you ever think it meant an existence where you could run your own show in your own way?

Well, tain't so! Remember the wisdom offered by a father whose son wanted to know: "When will I be old enough to do as I please?" And the old man replied: "I don't know. Nobody ever lived that long."

That's about the size of it.

Our physical growth—height, hands, feet (especially feet!)—is miraculously taken care of whether we co-operate or not.

But the growth we have to concern ourselves with is strictly the do-it-yourself kind. To be really grown-up is to arrive at maturity.

A mature teenager will be the one who can live comfortably and harmoniously with himself and the world.

For all-round development I'd like to offer you a checklist I've used to help myself. It charts progress and goals in these major areas: Spiritual, Social, Mental, Physical, Financial, and Work. And since, during the teen age, change is so rapid, I tried to check on it once a month.

My object wasn't perfection. Not me, I'm a realist! It was growth in all departments. But I actually took a pencil, listed my aims under each heading, checked my progress, added or revised the goals.

Remember, this is strictly a do-it-yourself programme. So you might as well be honest from the start. It's what you think your potential is.

Pilgrim's progress

FIRST: Spiritual. The road map for the adventure of your own Pilgrim's Progress should come from the Bible. This is my road map.

The point is, we need help. Exciting as the road is, it is no easy road. And so I recommend with all my soul that every teenager seek this guidance.

There really isn't any other way to begin a sound emotional growth, to learn to love where we have hated, to replace fear with confidence, erase doubt with faith.

The social animal

SECOND: Social. In this I found one thing pretty quick. I couldn't go far wrong on the purely social side if I honestly tried to practise the Golden Rule. Now, the Golden Rule is *not*, as one teenager wrote in his exam: "That the man who finds gold first keeps all of it." It is: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Or treat Joe the way you'd like him to treat you.

I'd say most good manners are just that one rule put into practice. We're not apt to slurp our soup in our neighbor's car if we've considered how we'd feel if he returned the compliment.

The Golden Rule helped me to improve my relationships with others. And it did make a surprising change in my manners.

I remember at various times putting questions on my list based on the Sermon on the Mount. Did I ever "turn the other cheek" in a fight or an argument? Was I ever a peace-maker? At first my answers weren't very satisfactory compared to my aims, believe me! But they got better as I worked on 'em.

A second part to this social check is our responsibility to the world in which we live; our duties as citizens and members of the community.

We can begin by doing the things our church suggests, definite things for our community, our nation, countries all round the world.

We can become active in the student government of our school. We can take on the jobs of baby-sitting or driving older voters to the polls.

We can read a good newspaper or news magazine and try to keep up with what's going on in the world nationally and internationally.

Ourselves

THIRD: Mental. Our mental progress, naturally, includes our scholastic aims and goals. In my opinion these should be as high as we honestly think our potential will stand!

I approached my first day of school with the idea of getting it all over with as quickly as possible and getting back to the "Holiday." When I came home from the first grade, so the family story goes, and Mama asked what they'd taught me, I replied: "Not very much, I have to go again."

Do you know what I came to believe about education? I think with most of us it's like a guy walking into a

fancy restaurant and ordering a big dinner, everything from soup to nuts, paying for it, and then trying to sneak out without eating it.

It makes about that much sense to go to school and have this terrific feast, one we need, one we've paid for, all spread out before us—and then to get by with taking as little as possible, or to cut, or to play hookey, or fudge on exams, and think we're putting something over on the teachers. Does the waiter care if we eat that dinner?

Let's admit to ourselves that the guy or gal who wants an education can get one. There's some truth in the story of the boy whose father wanted to know why he was always at the bottom of the class. "It doesn't matter, Dad," said this young man. "We get the same instruction at both ends."

Is it the teacher's fault if we don't learn? Honestly?

Teaching is their job.

But learning is ours! We can take it or leave it.

For me, this learning business has two parts.

First, acquiring knowledge and skills.

If you're a girl and know for certain that you want to be a home-maker, then tailor your pattern to fit that: First Aid (in case you get a son like me), Home Economics, the things you know you'll need, plus the things that you think will make your home a happier one.

If you're a fellow and you already know you want to be

a machinist or a missionary, you can get plenty of guidance on how best to fit yourself for your particular life.

But remember that many of us change our minds. A lot of fellows who say they aren't even going to college because they want to be mechanics out-grow the hot-rod stage, decide to become lawyers, and, if they have set their high-school educational sights too low, have to waste time catching up.

So, set your sights high, and list your interest and aims together with the grades you honestly think you can and should maintain.

Then get to work and stick at it.

The second part of learning is learning to think!

This kind of thinking means taking your knowledge—facts, figures, civics lessons, history, current events—and sifting them through your mind until you reach a conclusion or an opinion of your own based on facts, knowledge, observation, or experience.

Until we can think, and do think, we are second-hand people. Echoes. Imitators, not using our own God-given intelligence and mental powers.

Youth has amazing powers. They say you're never too old to do great things. Well, I say you're never too young, either.

Three sixteen-year-olds amazed Convair technicians in 1956 by building their own rocket test stand in California, and a rocket with a ten-mile range that the technicians described as similar to the one they were working on.

We may not all do something so spectacular. We don't need to.

But there is something special for each one of us.

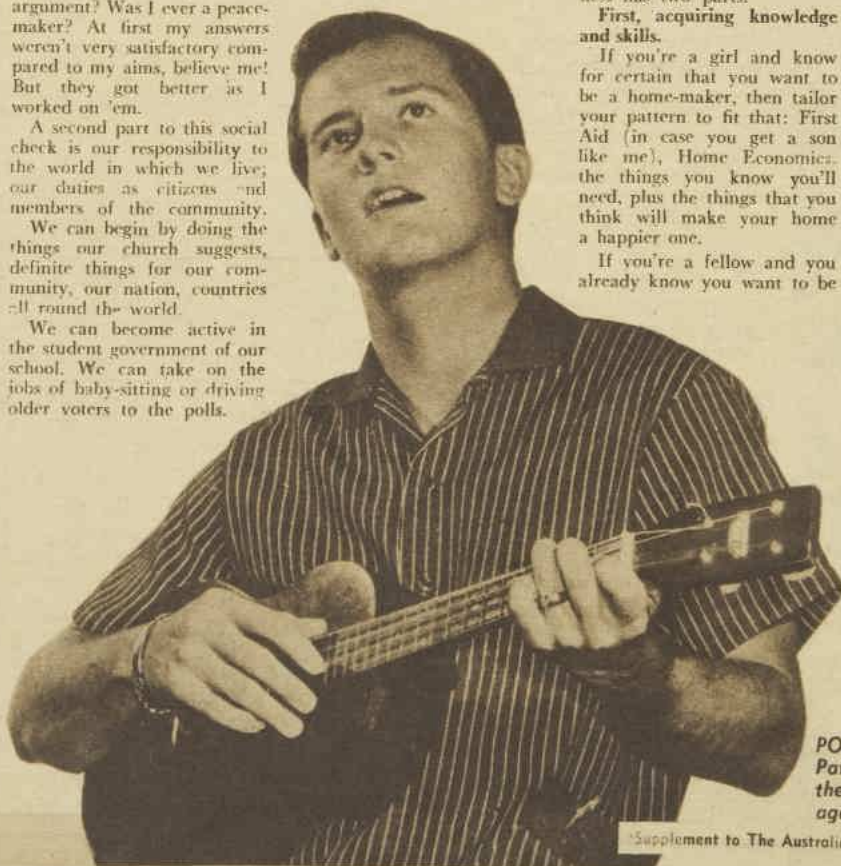
And we never know what we can do until we try.

Fit as a fiddle

FOURTH: Physical. Here, for a check list, are the major departments in health for which we, as teenagers on our new do-it-yourself plan, are now responsible:

(a) Proper Diet: The prim-

POP-SINGER and film star Pat Boone has, at 24, become the idol of millions of teenagers throughout the world.





LAURA GENE, the youngest of the four Boone daughters, a few hours after her arrival wins the instant approval of her mother, Shirley, and father, Pat.

ary rule here is — three balanced meals a day starting with breakfast! It is hard for me to believe that anyone has to be coaxed.

I like to eat. So do most teenagers. The catch is that three meals doesn't simply mean stuffing ourselves at stated intervals. The experts throw in that word balanced. That means we have to get certain kinds of food daily for present health and energy, plus prevention of things like tooth decay.

A good friend of mine who is a first-rate dietitian says you can't claim to be properly nourished just because you tip the scales at a round figure. To illustrate she quotes:

*There was a young lady from Munich,
Whose appetite simple was unich,*

*"There's nothing like food,"
She contentedly cooed,
As she let out three tucks on her tunic.*

"A case," points out my friend, "of being overfed and undernourished. Because you don't get overweight from eating a lot nearly so quickly as from eating the wrong things — like popcorn, sweets, and carbonated drinks."

Those three meals a day should include vegetables (yellow and green, cooked and raw), fruits (one citrus, one other), milk (three glasses), whole grain cereal or bread, meat or poultry, and eggs. Boy, I sound like those food charts! Still, what they say is true.

(b) **Personal Cleanliness:** This means a bath or shower daily (as if you didn't know) with soap, remembering that ears, neck, face, feet, and fingernails are all attached to the human body. Personally, I

like mild toilet water or perfume for girls and a shaving lotion for guys (after soap).

(c) **Sleep:** Not less than eight hours a night for teenagers. Better at nine or ten. But less than eight, brother, what it can do to your disposition, looks, and vitality!

(d) **Exercise:** Just because we stop playing tag doesn't mean we're supposed to sit the rest of our life. As teenagers we need to outline a possible programme for ourselves based on our athletic interests and the facilities available, and keep at it. Don't give up that bicycle too soon. I rode mine all through high school, and my wife's when I was at college in Texas. With a full work-study-home load it was more than transportation. It was my daily exercise. And if goodness sakes, watch your posture.

(e) **Teeth:** All together now... "brush teeth after each meal and see your dentist twice a year."

(f) **Hair:** Shampoo once a week. Brush for girls (Shirley says fifty strokes for cleanliness and shine!), massage for boys (let's keep it with us as long as we can!).

(g) **Clean clothes:** Always and often.

Whistle while you work

FIFTH: Work. You know, I almost committed a big breach of faith with you on this area in our check list. I almost called it "Creativity and Accomplishments" to sugar-coat the pill. That's because the word "work" makes most of us think of "Sixteen Tons, and What D'ya Get?" I was going to slip it to you gently and never mention work.

But work is the word for it. Set down the things you

think should come here. The work you see right now for you to do. And then when we come round to the chapter on talents — on Creativity and Accomplishments — let's see how they stack up.

SIXTH: Financial. Somehow, finances and work go together in the natural scheme of living. Actually, work and money are the freedom twins. Money in the bank means greater freedom of mind and action and we don't get financial security without working for it.

If we have the opposite of financial security, we usually have debt. Debt is a form of slavery, whether you're manacled to a finance company on the instalment plan or beholden to some friend who has made you a loan.

Right now is the time to start developing sound financial practices. When you are old enough to work, you are old enough to save, to begin to pay your way in some things, to plan ahead.

Setting up this check list could be your first honest effort towards self-discipline (the kind that takes all the others off your back), which will be your first honest step towards maturity. You are holding a mirror up to your life. The sum total of where you now stand in all these areas is **YOU!** as you are now; the sum total of your goals and aims is **YOU!** as you wish to be; and the first time you sit down and check your progress you will discover whether or not you are an idle dreamer.

When you finish this chart you'll see how you rate you! You are putting together the man or woman you want to be.

NEXT WEEK: April Love

From "Twist, Twelve and Twenty," by Pat Boone, published by The World's Work.

PARTY ICEBREAKERS

'Music' will thaw the shyest guest

● Barbara Johnson, of 15 Bank Street, Meadowbank, N.S.W., wins this week's £5 progress prize with a party icebreaker which she says "is certain to thaw out the shyest guest."

SHE illustrated her ice-breaker with the sketch you see at right.

Here's Barbara's suggestion for warming up a party:

"As guests arrive, give them a comb and a piece of tissue paper. Then give them a card on which the name of a well-known song is written, arranging it so that each tune goes once to a boy, once to a girl.

"At the word 'Go' guests are requested to play their tune on the combs and at the same time march around until they have found their partner—the person who is playing the same tune.

"As they pair off they drop out, and the last pair left in conducts the whole party in playing 'Rule Britannia'.

"Noisy? Yes! But great fun."

You only have until next Wednesday, July 15, to send us your favorite game or idea for breaking the ice.

Write it out fairly briefly and address your letter: "Party Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Winners of the £5 progress prizes are eligible for the big prizes.

Here is a list of the prizes you have a chance of winning with your icebreaker.



FIRST PRIZE: A Philips Model 215 9-valve True 2-Unit Stereophonic Radiogram in walnut or maple finish valued at 159 guineas.

OTHER PRIZES:

FOUR Philips Model 198 push-button all-transistor portable radios valued at 42 guineas each.

FOUR 25-guinea courses at The Arthur Murray School of Dancing. The course of 26 private and group lessons can be taken at the Sydney or the Parramatta studio.

ONE grooming and deportment course at the June Dally-Watkins School valued at 20 guineas.

FOUR Agfa Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color slide projectors valued at £19 each.

SIX prizes of two vouchers each for 12in. L.P. stereophonic Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings valued at three guineas each.

● This contest is governed by the rules as published in our issue of June 10.



SIX prizewinners in our Party Contest will each win vouchers for two 12in. LP Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings.

LOVE STORY

Do you ever feel that everything is wrong with you . . . your job . . . figure . . . your clothes . . . your complexion? Then read Rosemary's story . . . and discover what's REALLY wrong with you.



OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

"Girl Friday" in a fashion shop

By BARBARA WALLIS, in Melbourne

● Melbourne girl Margaret Grant is technically a shop assistant, but with a difference. Margaret's success story shows just how much you can make out of a job if you are enthusiastic and interested in what you are doing.

SIX years ago, when she was 15, Margaret started work as an office girl at Le Louvre, one of Melbourne's most fashionable dress salons.

Now, at 21, she has charge of all the salon's materials, dresses the windows and the showroom, acts as emergency salesgirl, assists at fittings, helps customers match accessories — in fact, she never knows what she is going to do next.

How to become A SHOP ASSISTANT

QUALIFICATION S: Minimum age, N.S.W., 15; Vic, 14; neatness and a knowledge of English and mathematics; ability to sell.

PROSPECTS: Promotion requires initiative and usually, in departmental stores or big shops, specialised training. There are evening Technical College courses, and some stores conduct their own training courses.

SALARY: N.S.W.—a £1 increase has just taken salary at 23 to £12/19/-, plus 7/6 for Saturday work. Under 15, £5/9/-, plus 5/- for Saturday, increasing about £1 a year. Vic.—Over 21, £11/6/1; under 15, £4/16/3. Negotiations are in process for a wage rise in Victoria.

"I've even been a nurse-maid for husbands," Margaret laughed. "Sometimes when a customer from the country or interstate is going to spend a long time having a fitting I take the husband out shopping so he won't become too impatient."

"Of all the things I do, I think I like dressing the showroom and the window best of all."

Subtle mouse

Miss Lillian Wightman, who runs Le Louvre, told me that one of Margaret's best efforts at window dressing rated a mention in a Melbourne daily paper.

"It was during the Christmas holidays," Miss Wightman said. "Margaret put one tiny grey felt mouse in a completely bare window. The mouse looked so real that people stopped to study it, thinking it was a real mouse in the deserted, closed shop."

"It was the most subtle window dressing we have ever had."

Margaret loves angels and roses for displays and uses them whenever she can.

"After I dress the window and the showroom in the morning, I go upstairs to see to the materials, which are my charge, too," Margaret said.

"I have to know quite a lot about them—which country they come from, what they are made of, anything important about the more unusual ones."

Margaret has become a favorite with all the customers.

She is always on hand to help them choose handbags or shoes

to match clothes bought at the salon.

Packing the gowns is another of Margaret's jobs.

"We have to pack the clothes so they come out uncreased and perfect," she said. "And we like them to look attractive when the customer opens the box."

For her own clothes Margaret prefers something plain, with continuity through the whole outfit.

Naturally enough, she is particularly fussy about matching accessories.

She prefers the Princess line for her short (5ft. 1in.), slim figure, and seldom wears straight skirts.

Margaret's long hair is coiled in a topknot like those of the little Siamese children in the film "The King and I."

"My hair is so long I can sit on it," she said. "I've resisted all temptation to have it cut."

The only difficulty with Margaret's unusual hairstyle is that she cannot wear a hat. So she wears a bow, usually in a material to match her frock, sitting right on top of her head.

"Of course if I wear a bright color like red I tone it down with a beige bow and black accessories," she said.

Easter bride

In her private life Margaret is just as energetic as she is at work.

She teaches Sunday school and does some amateur acting.

Her Sunday school class was originally for little girls about three, but as they got older they refused to leave, so the ages now range from three to six.

Margaret's experience helping brides will be invaluable when she has her own wedding to Graeme Armfield next Easter.

She usually makes the most of her own clothes, but her wedding dress will be something very special, made by Le Louvre.

After her marriage Margaret will keep on working for a while.

"It is the only way for young couples to get a home these days," she said.

And most people would think that with a job like Margaret's it would be hard to find a more pleasant way.



WINDOW-DRESSER: Margaret Grant arranges accessories in the window of the Melbourne dress salon Le Louvre, where she started work as a junior office girl when she was 15.

SALESGIRL: Margaret has a flair for choosing correct accessories. Here she matches gloves and hat for Tasmanian customer Mrs. Rod O'Connor in Le Louvre boutique.



Whose legs? The owners of the glamorous legs on page 11 are: 1. Eva Bartok; 2. Martine Carol; 3. Marilyn Monroe; 4. Elizabeth Taylor; 5. Rita Moreno.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE . . .



● Everyone knows that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, but my, oh, my, sometimes I doubt it.

My doubts are strongest when I hear girls chattering and they say, "Sarah Sminklehoff is awfully nice, but . . ." and plunge into a list of nastinesses.

That sort of nasty nature sours the sugar and spice and shows just as clearly as your too-long slip. It's a wonderful thing to remember that old rule — if you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all.



BRET MAVERICK

CHEYENNE

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 15, 1957